

December 1914

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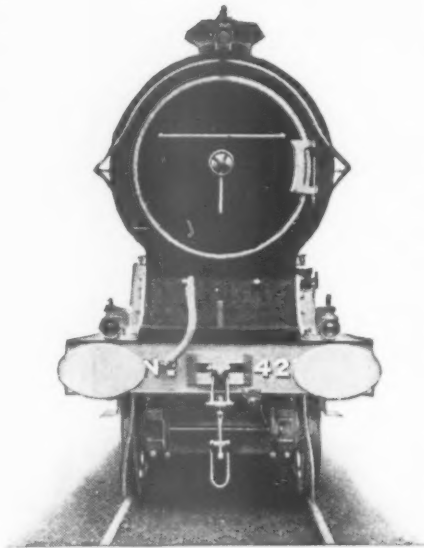
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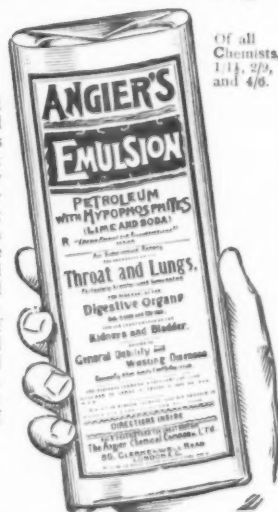
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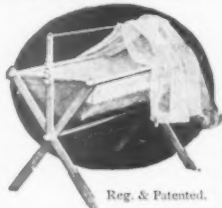
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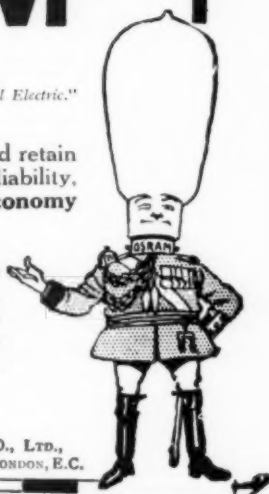
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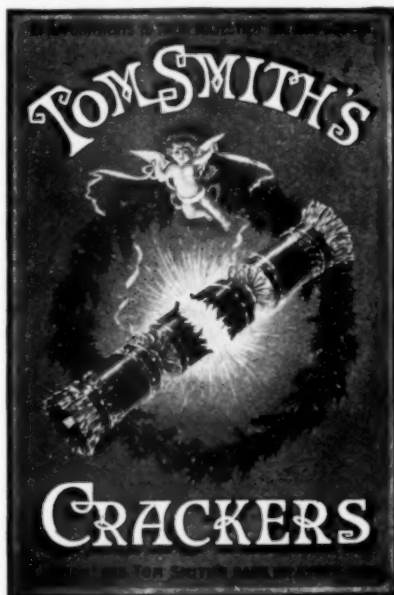
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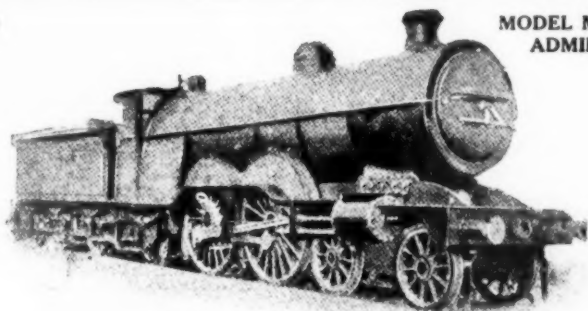
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It is to be remembered that the old-established charities have (a) the necessary premises for the work they have in hand, (b) trained workers, including very many who give their services without fee or reward (c) invaluable local experience and full knowledge of the needs of the poor.

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THE WAR AND CHARITIES

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

The special national appeals for War Relief have been nobly responded to. But many of our great Charitable Institutions are threatened with serious loss of support. The work they are doing is a permanent work of relief, more than ever necessary at this time of crisis.

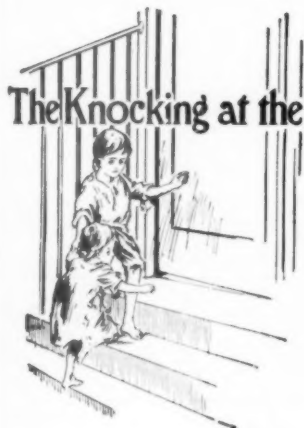
May I earnestly commend to your sympathetic consideration the claims of the Societies mentioned in the following pages?

I shall be most pleased to receive and pass on subscriptions for any or all of them, and need hardly say that we make no deduction for office expenses.

Your friend,

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Christmas, 1914.

The Editor



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"We Must Dig Deeper!!"

Dear Friend,

The many appeals in connection with the War and on behalf of the Belgian Refugees has unfortunately almost dried up, for the time being, the stream of contributions towards our own poor and home work. Surely, whilst doing one, we ought not to leave the other undone. All the help that can be given to the national Appeals should be given gladly and instantly. At the same time, whilst opening our arms to the thousands of poor Belgian Refugees, don't forget our own folk.

I know it means sacrifice, much personal sacrifice, but at such a time as this we should not murmur. As a writer in the *Evening Standard* put it:

"We must dig deeper. Deeper into our national "and personal resources. Most of us 'do what we can,' and "give what we can afford.' But do we allow either doing or "giving to affect the comparatively smooth running current of "our lives? Belgium and the Belgians have given their all; "we are spared their anguish and suffering."

Let us do even as Christ did—give until it hurts.

We are feeling the effects of the War very seriously here. Free meals distributed last year by the *Daily Graphic* have all been stopped, yet the price of food has risen enormously for those whose means are only a few shillings per week. To take one or two items out of many. Last year we paid 39s. per sack of peas (for our soup kitchen). This year the same quality pea is 59s. per sack. Haricot beans have jumped 4s. per cwt. Sugar is up 1½d. per lb., from 2d. to 3½d., and so on.

The people must be fed. The problem of keeping them from sheer hunger must be faced. With prices rising and gifts falling it is a heart-breaking task with which we are faced.

£5 goes a long way, but the smallest gift is a boon indeed at such a time.

Gifts may be sent either to Editor of "The Quiver," or direct to me at above address.

Yours in His Happy Service,

FRANK SWAINSON.

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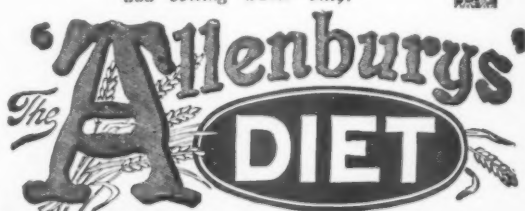
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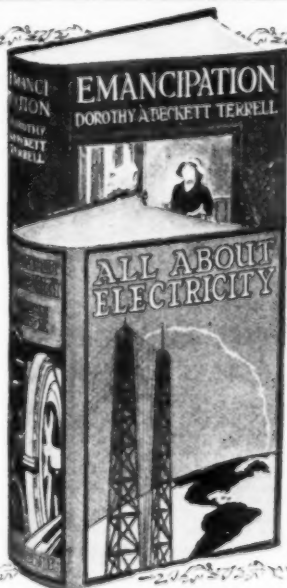
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THE QUIVER

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By THE EDITOR

SINCE war was declared last August the amount of contributions sent in for the League of Loving Hearts has been painfully small; indeed, for weeks at a stretch there has often been next to nothing. Of course, we realise the exceptional situation, and that everyone with money is putting his hand in his pocket to help the national funds dealing with the war.

But on December 31st we make up our books, and it is certain that, failing some

miracle, the total will be much below last year.

I make an urgent appeal to all subscribers of the past to send in at least one shilling to the League before Christmas if possible. Never before have the societies we help to support been faced with such a serious financial outlook, and I am most anxious that the League's help at this critical time should not fall off.

Here is the list of the Societies among whom the funds of the League are divided:—

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SALVATION ARMY (Women's Social Work), Mare Street, Hackney, N.E.
MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.
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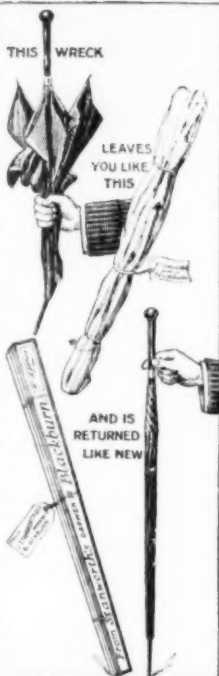
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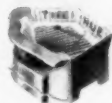
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**A Real
Old-time Christmas.**

Painted by
P. Tarrant.

The QUIVER

CHRISTMAS · NUMBER

VOL. L., No. 2

DECEMBER. 1914

THE INTERLOPER

A Christmas Story

By ANNIE S. SWAN

"I DID not intend to go to Brydges so early in the month—in fact, not before Christmas," said Sale to his secretary one morning at the beginning of December, "but I had some disquieting news this morning about my younger daughter."

"Oh, I am sorry to hear that," said Agatha Melsand, but her tone was very guarded. She was not a *persona grata* at Brydges Manor House with Mr. Sale's daughters; she felt that they both hated and somehow feared her. That was absurd, because there was not a straighter, better-hearted creature in the world than Agatha Melsand, and the idea of being regarded as the disturber of family peace amused her. She was one of a large family, her father a hard-working clergyman on the borders of Wales, and her own home had been an exceptionally happy one. All the children had done well, two of them were distinguished already, and Agatha herself, as secretary to John Brydges Sale, M.P., had nothing to complain of. But she was happiest when working with him in London, the atmosphere at Brydges Manor, in Dorset, being very chilly by reason of the unexplained distrust and dislike exhibited by his daughters. Sale was a widower, and looked young for his years. Agatha could only suppose that they feared he might be indiscreet, where she was concerned. Agatha said, and indeed thought, that she had no looks, but she was a wonderfully winning, pleasant person and had a

certain dignity which enabled her to wear simple clothes with distinction and to strike the right note in all the relations of her life. Sale had found Agatha a most capable secretary, and a very pleasant comrade in his work. He was then finishing and revising a new book dealing with the politics of the Victorian era.

When in town Sale worked at his flat in the Albany, to which Agatha came for certain hours each day. In spite of herself a little dismay crept into her voice when Sale announced that they must return to Wareham before Christmas. He looked as if he wished to tell her what was the matter, but she, anxious to avoid any confidence concerning Patricia Sale, said quickly, "I suppose that would mean that I should not get home for Christmas?"

"It might mean that," he said. "I suppose it would be a frightful deprivation?"

"It would rather," admitted Agatha frankly. "But I dare say I can survive it, if necessary. How soon must we go?"

"To-morrow morning by the eleven train."

"Very well," said Agatha quietly, "I shall be ready——"

"I have sometimes wondered whether you have noticed anything at Brydges, Miss Melsand——" began Sale rather hesitatingly.

"I noticed a number of things, of course," said Agatha, but did not attempt to specify.

THE QUIVER

"I mean about my daughters; somehow I seem to have missed the way with them," he said heavily. "They don't associate with the right kind of people, and they don't care to come to London, even for the season. The younger has been carrying on a love affair with a most objectionable person in Wareham, a man of no social position, though he seems to have some money. As a matter of fact I believe he was a Shropshire auctioneer and came into some money. I have forbidden her even to speak to him, but I have had an anonymous letter to-day warning me to watch them."

"How unpleasant! But anonymous letters are despicable, and ought to be thrown into the fire unread."

"Granted, but there is usually a germ of truth in them," observed Sale. "I must go home anyhow, and put an end to this at once. I believe you could help me, Miss Melsand, you are so wise and capable. Can I count on you? You might be able to tell me wherein I have failed."

Agatha reddened stupidly. She intensely desired not to have any personal relations with her employer, or his family. All her instincts and her common sense warned her against it.

"What is wanted at Brydges," went on Sale wistfully, "is the right sort of woman at the helm—"

Agatha then very hastily and abruptly brought the interview to an end.

They met next morning at Waterloo at the appointed time, and journeyed down to Brydges, which they reached in the course of the afternoon.

When they entered it that afternoon the tea was laid in the sitting-hall, a low old-fashioned place with dark oak-panelled walls, and a black-and-white roof which was much admired. It can be very bleak in Dorsetshire on a grey December afternoon, and the sight of the fire was welcome to both travellers. Behind the table sat Miss Rose Sale, tall, thin-lipped, and very sour-looking, while her sister, Patricia, small, red-cheeked and flushed, was curled on the hearthrug beside the muffin dish. She picked herself up rather unwillingly, and from the expression on both the girls' faces, and an indefinable something in the air, Agatha knew that they had been discussing her.

"How are you, papa?" said Rose, scarcely

rising to welcome him as he bent to kiss her cheek. "Good-afternoon, Miss Melsand; please find a chair, and will you have some tea?"

She did not so much as offer a chilly forefinger to Agatha, and Patricia stared at her with quite open disapproval, but these things merely amused Agatha. She was quite independent of the daughters of John Brydges Sale, and did not very much mind what sort of treatment they gave her. True, life would have been a lot pleasanter had they been friendly, but since they elected to be hostile, well, they were welcome to their choice.

"It looks as if we might have snow," she said politely to the younger, who merely replied:

"Do you think so? I don't; we don't get nearly enough snow or frost here. It is the sea air, I suppose, but it makes the winter very dingy. How long are you going to stay this time?"

She put this question in an undertone, and was not overheard by her father, whom it would have annoyed.

Agatha answered that she did not know. Conversation did not flourish, and Agatha, though she had had no lunch, merely drank one cup of tea and ate a morsel of bread-and-butter before she said she would go to her room.

"The same room as before, Miss Melsand, on the second floor at the end of the corridor," said Miss Sale stiffly.

"And I hope that they have seen that Miss Melsand's fire is all right," said Sale quickly. "It's frightfully cold down here."

Rose affected surprise.

"Miss Melsand has not a fire, I think. When she came first, she said she did not care for a fire in her room."

"That was in the summer," murmured Agatha.

Sale, much annoyed, walked to the bell-pull and rang violently. When the footman came, he instructed him to give orders about Miss Melsand's fire.

Agatha had escaped by then, and when they were quite alone Sale said pointedly to his daughters, "I expect Miss Melsand to be treated with proper respect here, and she must be made comfortable. You understand? She will probably remain in her room till dinner-time if I do not require her. It is preposterous that she should not have



"Behind the table sat Miss Rose Sale, while Patricia was curled on the hearthrug beside the muffin dish."

Drawn by
Stanley Davis.

THE QUIVER

had a warm room to go to. Please don't let it happen again."

"Very well, papa," said Rose demurely, but her eyes were a little wicked. "If it is your wish that the secretary should be coddled, then she shall be coddled. But I wish you had told me quietly about it, not in front of her. She gives herself quite sufficient airs as it is; soon Pat and I shall not be able to call the house our own."

"Absurd," fumed Sale, feeling the irritation of his spirit growing on him. He was a far better and a happier man away from Dorset, and though he mourned over the unsatisfactory state of his home, he felt himself powerless to mend or improve it. He was both kind and generous to his daughters, but they took very small interest in him, and cared neither for his pursuits nor his friends. "No person in the world ever gave herself fewer airs than Miss Melsand. She is the embodiment of common sense and is very easy to get on with," he said pointedly.

"Of course, *you* find her that," said Rose quietly. "With us she is very different. She tries to undermine and belittle us in your eyes in every possible way."

"You are quite wrong," said Sale, more and more amazed. "She takes so little interest in you that she never mentions your names even."

"Ah, but there are other ways of being rude and uncomplimentary, aren't there, Pat?"

"I think she is a sneak and a spy," said Pat viciously, and with that made her escape. Then Sale turned seriously to his elder daughter.

"I have received a most objectionable communication, an anonymous letter about Pat. It was posted at Poole. It contains a warning about that man Dynevor. Has she been seeing him again, do you know?"

"Not that I know of," answered Rose; "Pat doesn't confide in me, but I should think it unlikely, and if you have received an anonymous letter you might ask Miss Melsand about it. Ten to one, she knows."

Sale, who was fastidious as to the manners and speech of women, forbore to take exception to Rose's rather slangy expression.

"I must make it my business to find out. I shall speak to Pat myself about it, and if I cannot be at rest about her, I shall most certainly send her abroad for a year."

"Is Miss Melsand going to stop over Christmas then?" she asked.

"If she is, it can make no difference to you. She is a very pleasant person to have in the house. She will work, as she did before, in the library, and I require that proper consideration and courtesy be shown to her. It is preposterous that I should have to mention it."

Rose's thin lip curled, but her father's expression warned her that she had better not say any more.

A week passed away. Sale, absorbed in his work, noticed nothing amiss, but Agatha, whose perceptions were very keen and fine, quickly became conscious of the existence of undercurrents. She was sure something underhand was going on, something which had to be kept from Mr. Sale. In spite of herself, she began to watch the sisters, suspecting them at every turn, a state of mind which was hateful to a person of Agatha's open, straightforward temperament. One day in the second week, Sale found it necessary to go to London to look at a book of reference, only to be found in the library of the House of Commons. He left by an early train, and Agatha worked quietly at her proofs in the library till lunch-time. When she entered the dining-room Miss Sale was alone.

"My sister has gone out to lunch," was all the explanation Rose vouchsafed, and they talked a little in very desultory fashion while the short meal lasted. Immediately afterwards Agatha left the house, feeling in the mood for a long walk.

She had not seen Corfe yet, and after she was out she conceived the idea of going there by the early afternoon train, and walking part or all the way back. When she got to the ruins the only two persons she encountered there were Patricia in company of a big, handsome-looking man of the florid, overdressed type. She had no difficulty in deciding that he was the suitor whom Sale had absolutely forbidden the house. Patricia was most frightfully angry. For a moment she looked as if she might even make a scene, but, appearing to think better of it, she drew her companion out of sight.

Agatha knew perfectly well that Patricia's presence there with the man was in direct contravention of her father's wishes, and she was wondering what her own duty might be in the matter. She decided as she pursued

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her way to the station that she would speak to Rose the moment she got home. As she passed the picturesque old inn she saw their heads quite near the window of one of the sitting-rooms and guessed that they had gone in for tea. Then she hastened on, her walk somehow spoiled, for she felt that there might be a tragedy in the Sale household. If she were a judge of character at all, the man with whom Patricia seemed to be infatuated was not one likely to give permanent happiness to the heart of any woman.

It was about half-past four when she got back to Brydges, and, finding Rose alone at the tea-table, the moment was quite opportune.

Rose was reading a book and merely glanced up casually at Agatha's entrance.

"Yes, thank you, I shall be glad of a cup of tea, though I did not walk quite so much as I intended. I took the train both to and from Corfe."

"Indeed!"

"I want to tell you something, Miss Sale. I saw your sister there in company with a man."

"Well, and why not? Surely if my sister should go to Corfe under escort of a gentleman it has nothing to do with you."

"Nothing personally; only he happens to be the man whom your father pointed out to me one day in Wareham as an objectionable person," said Agatha bluntly. "I thought I would tell you, instead of speaking to Mr. Sale."

A thin red streak of anger appeared in Rose's pale smooth cheek and she looked steadily across the table at the secretary's face.

"Miss Melsand, would you mind telling me what is your little game here? It might simplify things if we knew."

Agatha neither looked surprised nor angry; she merely laughed.

"I have no game. I am your father's servant."

"Yet you hope soon to be his wife, and mistress here, but I warn you that will never happen."

"No, it won't, Miss Sale," answered Agatha steadily. "For, as it happens, your father has already asked me, and I have refused him."

Rose Sale sprang to her feet in no small astonishment.

"I don't believe you for a moment. You would never be such a fool. Why anybody could see how you angle for him."

"Suppose you ask him," said Agatha, as she nibbled calmly at her bit of bread and butter. "I think you will find that I am correct. I don't mind in the least how you treat me—you can't hurt me, and you only worry yourself over it—but I do mind that you are so unkind to your father. He is a very lonely man. I have never in the whole of my life been so sorry for anyone."

Rose, considerably staggered, continued to stare at Agatha Melsand.

"If you would only disabuse your mind of the idea that I have come here to make trouble," went on Agatha, "we should all get on comfortably. I'm so very sorry for you all, because I have such a happy home myself. It is a home your father wants. He asked me to make it for him, not, I believe, because he loved me, but simply because his heart and life are empty. Why don't you try? You have everything in the world to make it easy. Do try, and begin by advising that foolish little sister of yours that if she marries a man like that, she'll surely die of a broken heart. Now I've said my say, and I'll go upstairs to my room. You can't be any angrier or dislike me more than you have done, and it has cleared the air."

Agatha walked off quite quietly, but the tears were in her eyes when she reached the room because her deepest feelings were stirred.

It was only yesterday that Sale had asked her whether she would not take him and his home affairs into her keeping and help him to sort out the tangle, and though she had refused, with, as she imagined, perfect absoluteness, the experience had shaken her. She did not know whether she had done wisely to tell Rose, but, anyhow, as she said, it had cleared the air.

She threw herself down on the bed, and to her own no small amazement was soon asleep.

When they all met again it was at dinner-time, and when Agatha entered the drawing-room, a few minutes before they went to the table, she was conscious of a fresh undercurrent. Rose's expression was certainly gentler and she seemed to be studying Agatha intently, and her voice when she addressed her had lost its metallic ring.

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"She put her hand in, and drew forth an envelope addressed to Miss Patricia Sale."

Drawn by
Stanley Dool

Sale himself was rather gloomy and absorbed. He told them he had been disappointed in the business which took him to London, had not been able to find his reference, and would probably have to go back again for a few days.

"So perhaps you should go home, Miss Melsand," he added, looking kindly at

had seen at Corfe, deciding that as she had informed Rose, who was of age to know the seriousness of any love entanglement with an undesirable man, the responsibility must now be hers. Sale apparently had enough to trouble him, and he was taking Agatha's rejection of him hardly, though too proud and well-bred to show it. Agatha's perfect

Agatha. "We have no business really to keep you here over Christmas."

"But I hope you will stay, all the same," put in Rose's voice, and the utterance so surprised Sale that involuntarily he glanced from one to the other.

"Yes, I think I will, thank you, Miss Sale," said Agatha, for somehow she felt a sudden and poignant interest in the situation. "They have got accustomed to the idea that I shall not be at home for Christmas, and perhaps I could be of some use here, in your own celebrations. I am quite good at decorations and private theatricals, and all that sort of thing. We were always organising something at Caerlawn. Being so far out of the world, we had to do something to keep ourselves alive."

To the surprise of all, quite a happy little conversation ensued, and it was the pleasantest dinner-hour that had ever been spent at Brydges.

Patricia, with colour a little high, and eyes a trifle defiant,

held aloof, and later in the evening she had something disagreeable to say to the secretary.

"I hope you enjoyed your little spying trip, Miss Melsand," she said, with a dangerous snap in her voice.

Agatha merely smiled.

"Oh, you poor foolish child!" was all she said as she passed upstairs.

She said nothing to Sale about what she

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naturalness of manner made it possible for them to resume on the old lines, and the days passed very pleasantly, the atmosphere distinctly more friendly. Agatha with great skill and adroitness tried to get Rose interested in the idea of Christmas, and even asked her whether there were no waifs and strays about Wareham who would be likely to have a lonely Christmas, and whom they might invite to Brydges. The idea was very new to Rose, for, beyond her father giving a sum of money for Christmas treats to the various institutions in the little town, they did nothing to celebrate Christmas at Brydges.

Agatha, full of schemes to help and brighten other lives, managed to get her interested, and they sent out some invitations to lonely people in Wareham whose names and circumstances Rose knew, because she had lived there all her life. As the friendly spirit increased between Rose and the secretary, it seemed to decline between the sisters. Patricia was suspicious and resentful, and, hearing the snappy nature of any talk between them, Agatha wondered whether Rose had spoken seriously to her sister about the man Dynevior.

The weather was ideal for Christmas, clear and bright and cold, and Agatha, who loved the open, spent as much time as she could out of doors. Sale returned to London for a couple of days to get his references, and on the afternoon when he was expected home Agatha was out in the grounds. They were very beautiful though not extensive; the glory of the park was its trees of gnarled oak and spreading beech, very old and fine, giving dignity to the place. She was examining one of the gnarled and knotted trunks in a little glade not far from the house when she came upon a large hole in it, so curiously hidden by moss and small interlacing boughs that it would easily escape the casual eye. But, struck by the marks of footsteps about the base of the tree, she stood on tiptoe to peer into the aperture, and there caught the gleam of something white. Without a moment's hesitation she put her hand in, and drew forth an envelope addressed in a big, bold handwriting to Miss Patricia Sale.

Her face flushed a little, and for a moment she hated herself for the part she had so unwittingly played. It was like a bit out of a story-book to find a post-box in a tree and actually to handle its contents.

And just then Patricia, with rage and indignation in her pretty eyes, came flying down the glade. Agatha still held the letter in her hand, and she had no fear or shrinking, though she knew perfectly well of what she would be accused.

"Oh, you horrid mean sneak and spy! I'll—I'll kill you!" cried the girl as she made a dive at the letter to which Agatha, out of some instinct to protect the girl, still clung. She wondered whether it would be any use making an appeal to her honour and honesty, for she knew that she had promised her father faithfully to give up seeing Dynevior or writing to him.

"It is no use trying to tell you that I discovered this purely by accident," she said calmly. "I shall not even try. But do reflect on what you are doing, child. Your father knows far better than you. He has made some inquiry about Dynevior. He bears a very bad character, even before he came to this place. There are some who even say he has a wife alive."

"It is all lies; give me my letter!" cried Patricia shrilly.

"I must give it to you, but I shall have to tell your father."

"Oh, do!" said Patricia mockingly, caring for nothing now that she had the precious missive safely in her possession. "Do whatever you like. You can't hurt me now."

From the tone of her voice and her air of triumph Agatha had no doubt but that the letter contained some very important message, perhaps some instructions as to further meetings, and almost she wished she could have kept it in her own possession.

When she got back to the house, Rose met her with the information that her father had wired to say he could not return until the following day. Agatha was rather sorry for that, yet said nothing. Something kept her from telling Rose about the scene just enacted in the oak glade. But she was very anxious about Patricia, and that night could not sleep. Her bedroom was in a part of the house a little remote from the corridor where the sisters' rooms were situated. Some provision made her get up after she was in bed and open the door at the end of the corridor which shut her off from the other inmates. Her own door she left ajar also, placed a fresh log on her fire, and, putting on her dressing-gown, laid herself down on the top of the bed.

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She had never been more wide-awake in her life, and in about half-an-hour's time her strained ear caught the soft opening of a door. She sprang up and waited, and heard somebody step across the landing and go down the stairs. Hastily she began to throw on some clothes, and, walking to the window as she fastened a big heavy coat above her things, she saw in the bright moonlight the figure of Patricia cross the terrace and take a slanting direction through the trees. Hastily winding a dark scarf about her shoulders, without reflecting or imagining what she alone and unaided would be able to do, she ran down the stairs and out into the cold crisp clearness of the night. She sped after the girl, whose figure was still easily discernible among the bare trees, and presently, about half-way down the glade, Patricia swerved out of sight.

Agatha knew exactly what had happened. There was a gate there which led into a lane used by farm and tradesmen's carts. Her quick imagination supplied the rest. Dynevor was waiting there with a trap of some kind, and in a few more moments probably Patricia would join him and all would be lost.

Agatha hastened her steps, and presently came within sight of the gate, against which Patricia leaned, looking, with apparent disappointment, into the lane. She had with her a roomy dressing-bag, closely packed. A long sealskin coat and a small cap of the same gave her an odd, pitiful, childish look. She was very, very young, not yet twenty, and the pity of it sank deep into Agatha's heart. For a moment she did not know what to do. Whatever happened, Patricia was bound to resent her interference, but, if in her power at all, Agatha would prevent the elopement, and she had something to say to Mr. Roger Dynevor which might make him hesitate.

It was strange that he should make the girl wait for him. The eager lover, willing to risk all for her he loves, is generally on the spot first, and leaves nothing to chance. As they stood there, these two women-creatures, the clock in the stable yard struck the quarter after two.

The minutes passed; for another good half-hour they waited. Patricia went out into the lane wringing her hands, looking anxiously up and down, but not a sound broke upon the air. When three rang out

on the stillness, Patricia snatched up her bag and started to run towards the house. Agatha followed.

Agatha had just decided that she would slip back and enter unobserved if possible, so that the girl would not know that anyone had witnessed her humiliation, when Patricia rounded suddenly, and saw her.

Agatha stood still, fully expecting a storm of vituperation and abuse, but none came. The child's face was very white and drawn, and great shadows of fear and misery showed under her eyes.

"Oh, it's you!" she said in a low, dull voice; "I might have known. Well, I hope you are pleased now, and that you understand——"

"I do understand!" cried Agatha thankfully as she sprang forward and laid her kind hand on the girl's trembling arm. "I went out determined to save you and bring you back if I could, but God intervened. Come, my dear, and let us get into the house. We are both chattering with cold."

Nothing surprised Agatha more then, or in days to come, than the girl's complete abandon to her care that night. She behaved exactly like a lost and frightened child who was thankful to find herself in strong, capable hands.

"Let me put up all the bolts and things," said Agatha in a cheerful whisper; "then we shall go up to my room. There is a nice fire there, and I'll get you a cup of tea in a minute. Let me have that."

She possessed herself of the bag, and put an arm protectingly about Patricia, and they crept upstairs through the open corridor, which Agatha then carefully closed, and presently found themselves in the warm, comfortable room. Then she began to take off Patricia's things with deft, tender hands.

"You poor, shivering, frightened thing; you hardly realised what you were doing, I am sure."

"I didn't want to go, really," moaned the girl, too weak and spent to have any pride left. "Something kept warning me all day not to, but you don't know what a power he has over me. I am sure if he came in now, right here, and told me to come, I should follow."

"Not while I'm here, I promise you," said Agatha with a firm set of her lips. "Now sit down there, and let me chafe your hands. The kettle will boil immediately, and



"'Father has just told us, and we've come
to say how glad we are!'"—p. 87.

Drawn by
Stanley Davis.

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you will get some warm tea to revive you."

"Why are you so kind? What do you get out of it?" asked Patricia wonderingly. "Neither Rose nor I can understand you quite. You seem different from other women somehow."

"No, no, my dear, not different at all, only an honest human creature trying to get the best out of life. And I'm so much older than you that I have a sort of an idea where happiness lies. It is in duty, and work, and loving those about us, and not thinking always about ourselves. When you've learned that very simple little lesson, child, you will be ever so much happier. It's beginning to-night. There now, here's your tea. Drink it quickly, for I don't like your colour."

Patricia drank it gratefully, nibbled a biscuit, and the colour stole back to her pale cheek.

Quite suddenly she sat forward wistfully.

"Don't tell father, Miss Melsand, please don't! This really will be the end of it."

"I should just think so," said Agatha grimly. "No, you poor dear, I won't tell your father."

"But I wonder what happened to him," went on Patricia.

"Perhaps his horse ran away and he broke his neck," said Agatha rather recklessly.

Patricia looked rather shocked.

"Oh, I hope that hasn't happened. I don't want him to be hurt."

"No more do I, but don't let us worry over him, child. Can't you drink any more? Then you must go right back to bed."

"Don't tell Rose, please, Miss Melsand; I don't want anyone ever to know about to-night. Will you promise?"

"Yes, since you have promised that you won't see Mr. Roger Dynevor again."

"I never will; he could not expect it after to-night. And I want to say I'm sorry for the way I've treated you, and I hope you'll stay ever so long—in fact, if you'd stay altogether I think somehow it might be happier for us. Rose and I have never had anybody to show us things."

"You poor child," murmured Agatha, and at the same time thought what an indictment of Sale was contained in these words!

"It will soon be four o'clock. Come now,

and let me put you to bed—I want to get to my own—and, to-morrow, this night will be as it had never been, I promise you."

But they had not got to the end of the tangle yet. Next afternoon, when Rose had gone to the station with the dog-cart to meet her father, and Agatha was trying to make up a little leeway of her sleep, Patricia came flying to her room. She was as pale as death, and her eyes were quite wild. Directly she got within the door she burst into a fit of passionate weeping.

"My dear, whatever has happened?" Agatha asked, trying to soothe her, but it was several minutes before the girl could speak.

"Oh, I am so thankful, and you were quite right, Miss Melsand, and," she said at last, "I can never be grateful enough for what happened last night."

"Try to tell me, my dear," said Agatha patiently.

"She has just been to see me, a woman who says she is Roger Dynevor's wife. It was she who prevented him coming last night. Oh, Miss Melsand, just think where I should have been to-day had nothing happened to prevent him coming."

"I should not have let you go, my dear," said Agatha resolutely; "I had my mind made up to speak very straightly to Mr. Roger Dynevor."

"It was horrible, sitting down there and hearing her tell how he has treated her. She is not a lady, and she has had a most unhappy life with him, but she is his wife, Miss Melsand. She showed me her marriage lines. I was so ashamed and terrified I did not know where to look. I just ran off and left her. I suppose she has gone by now; yes, there she is, walking across the park."

Agatha walked to the window and looked after a slim figure in black moving off from the house in the direction of the glade where the gate opened on the lane.

"Poor thing," she said, and her eyes were soft and pitiful. "Well, my dear, it might easily have been worse. Don't cry any more. It is all over, and you are going to begin a new life in this house. Why, just think, to-morrow will be Christmas Day, and we don't want any long faces. Promise you will try to put this all behind you."

"Oh, I can promise that, though I'll never forget it, nor your kindness; and you won't tell Rose or father?"

"I promise you faithfully, though perhaps

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some day you will tell your father yourself, when you understand him a little better. He is a lonely man, my dear, and he would be glad of a little kindness."

Patricia suddenly dried her eyes and looked up.

"I wish you would stay always here. Couldn't you? We do want you. I am sure we should all be happier if you would promise to stay."

In spite of herself, Agatha's colour rose, and just then their talk was interrupted by the roll of the dog-cart wheels on the gravel before the door. Agatha sent Patricia to her own room to bathe her face, and when she was left alone she found that sleep was banished from her eyes and that she had never felt more alert or wide-awake, but she did not go downstairs till tea-time, about an hour later.

Sale arrived home in very good spirits. He had had a successful issue to his search in the Commons Library, and a little talk he had had with Rose as they drove over from the station had cheered him considerably.

Sale asked Agatha to come to the library after tea, so that he could report on his London visit.

"It seems a shame to talk of work on Christmas Eve, doesn't it, but I shall be so very glad to get this bit of work over before Parliament opens on the fifth of February. We are likely to have a busy session, and my particular hobby is going to receive some attention at last."

"What are you going to do when Parliament opens, then—go back to your chambers as usual?" asked Agatha interestedly.

"Yes, unless you can suggest anything different."

"Why not take a house for the season, and take your daughters up with you? It would be much better for everyone."

"Do you think they would care for it?" he asked doubtfully.

"I think they would, now; at least, try them."

"It would be the only safe way where Patricia is concerned. I should then have her under my own eye."

"There will be no more trouble with Dynevor, Mr. Sale, I can assure you," said Agatha on the spur of the moment.

She spoke so positively that he looked at her inquiringly.

"You know something about it, then,

Miss Melsand. Perhaps you have won Patricia's confidence, as I hoped for——"

"I think I have, and I can assure you she will think no more about the man."

An immense relief sprang into Sale's face, and he looked at Agatha almost wistfully.

"I know I have to thank you, though I don't exactly know for what. If we do take a house in town, you will come there to live and give up your lodging?"

"Oh, yes, I think I can promise that, if you still want my services."

"I do want them, heaven knows, I want you altogether," said Sale almost passionately. "I wonder whether it would make any difference if I were to tell you what Rose said as we drove out from the station this afternoon?"

"What did she say?"

"She said, 'Father, I wish you would persuade Miss Melsand to stay altogether. Won't you ask her again?'"

The colour flickered in Agatha's face and her eyes fell.

Sale took a step nearer.

"I do ask you again. We need you in this house. We will try to make you happy. You have won us all, you can't go away and leave us in the lurch now."

"No," said Agatha, with a lovely little smile, "I can't——"



Never had there been such a happy Christmas Day at Brydges Manor. The whole family appeared in the Manor House pew at morning service, then there was a Christmas dinner early in the day for certain poor friendless people Rose and Agatha had managed to seek out, and the day closed as happily as it had begun. But the happiest moment of it was late at night, when Agatha had gone to her own room and got into her dressing-gown: a low tap came to the door, and two girls begged that they might come in.

"Father has just told us, and we've come to say how glad we are."

"That the interloper is going to become a stepmother?" said Agatha, smiling a little coquettishly as she kissed them both.

"I don't know about stepmother; I do believe we shall have a real mother at last," said Rose, "and that is what we have been needing all along."



"The distribution is made by Queen Alexandra, assisted by the Queen and other members of the Royal Family"—p. 92.

*Drawn by
Wm. Pigott.*

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CHRISTMAS WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY

By SARAH A. TOOLEY

In the long, anxious days of the war, the thoughts and prayers of the nation are with their King and Queen, upon whom have fallen so much additional responsibility and anxiety. I am sure we all wish them the happiest Christmas possible under the circumstances.

NOTHING pleases our national sentiment better than to feel that the King spends Christmas with his family in the good old-fashioned style of a country squire amongst his tenants and retainers. We care not that there is less of pomp and pageant about the royal Christmas than in the days when our monarchs kept the great festival at Windsor with courtly ceremonies; the present simpler mode of observing it brings the palace into touch with the cottage, and unites ordinary folk with the highest in the land in the keeping of the joyful domestic and Christian festival.

Sandringham, viewed as a modern "Bracebridge Hall," is very fascinating. Washington Irving, when he wrote his sketch, discovered us to ourselves, although "superior" people said, when his "Bracebridge Hall" appeared, that it was "out of date." Nevertheless, everybody liked the idea of its being a faithful picture of an English Christmas, and ever since we have been trying to live up to the description of the great American writer.

Christmas at Sandringham

For fifty years Sandringham has been an object lesson to the nation of the typical English Christmas of the olden time, such as Washington Irving described. The old Hall, to which the late King brought his fair Danish bride to spend her first Christmas in this country, has given place to the Elizabethan mansion of to-day, and the merry boys and girls who assembled around the Christmas tree at Sandringham in the old days have been succeeded by another generation of royal children who carry on the old traditions.

When King Edward ascended the throne the custom of spending Christmas in family style in their Norfolk home had become so much a habit with the King and Queen

Alexandra that they resolved to continue it, although Windsor was deemed by some a more regal setting for the royal festivities. But Sandringham had the claim of domestic sentiment, and, to the joy of every man, woman, and child upon the royal estate, it was decided that the old Christmas, bound up with the hearts of all, would be observed as before.

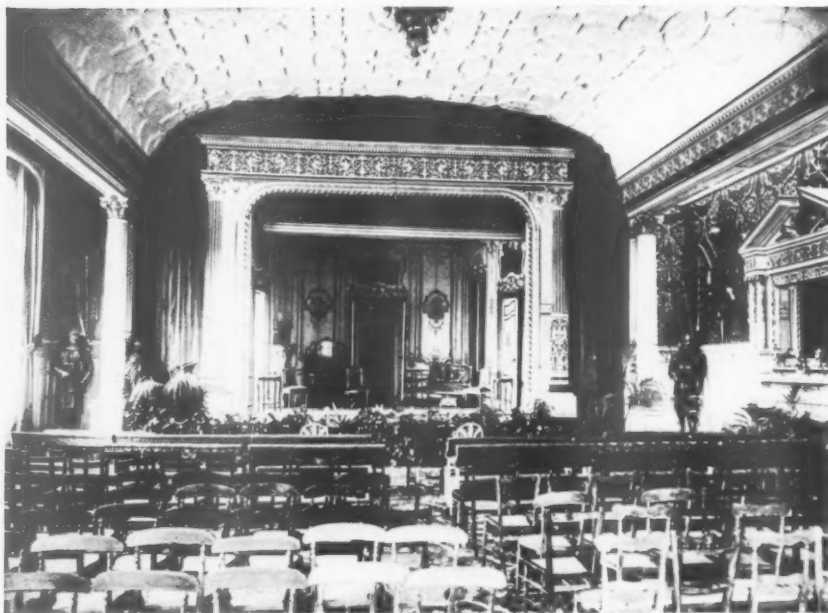
To-day the King and Queen carry on the tradition at their modest country abode of York Cottage, in the park within a short distance of Sandringham House, where Queen Alexandra comes for Christmas as of yore. It is her dower house, with the immediate grounds around it, but the King owns the estate which comprises the villages of West Newton, Babingley, Sherbourne and Anmer, and he follows in his father's footsteps as the "squire," dispensing his Christmas hospitality to the countryside. The borders of the royal estate have extended, and the number of people employed have increased until now there are upwards of 1,200 persons supported on the domain, and all share the King's Christmas in some form or other.

A War-time Celebration

In this article I will endeavour to depict the sort of Christmas the Royal Family usually spend. This year, of course, the occasion will be of an altogether exceptional character, and how far the usual order will be departed from it is impossible at this date to say.

However, in the ordinary course of things the joyous time is heralded by the arrival of the "family," and Wolferton Station is a scene of great activity with the coming of the "specials." Motors whirl over the frozen roads past the long stretches of pine woods wreathed in hoar-frost, taking the arrivals to Sandringham House or York Cottage.

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Where the Christmas Concerts, Private Theatricals, etc., are held at Sandringham.

Photo :
Ralph, Dersingham.

We always assume that there are frost and snow at Christmas; no artist would risk his reputation by painting a village Yuletide scene without these features, and Sandringham never looks better than when the red house, with its white facings, is seen in a snowy landscape amongst the dark green pines, and the lake in the park is frozen over.

Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria are usually the first to take up their residence in Norfolk for the Yuletide, and they are joined by the Princess Royal and her younger daughter, Princess Maud. The elder daughter, Princess Arthur of Connaught, and her infant son will probably join the party this year, and we hope Prince Arthur will be home from the war.

At York Cottage, Princess Mary and her youngest brother, Prince John, are generally the first arrivals for Christmas, and the family party is gradually augmented by the Prince of Wales down from Oxford, Prince Albert on leave from his ship, Prince Henry from Eton, Prince George from his school at Broadstairs, and the King and Queen from their many duties in London.

Meantime Christmas preparations have

been going on apace in the village and royal households. The beautiful little church of St. Mary Magdalene in the park is decorated in a simple but beautiful manner. Holly and mistletoe deck the walls of the "House" and the "Cottage," and Princess Mary and her brothers have helped in the decoration. Logs of home-grown pine blaze upon the hearths; a giant Christmas tree, so stout and strong that a boy may climb it, has been brought from the woods and set up in the ballroom, and skilful fingers are loading it with dazzling objects and fairy-looking toys.

The Christmas Distribution

On Christmas Eve the first thought of the King is to ensure that every man, woman, and child upon the estate has plenty of good cheer for the Yuletide festival, and he and the Queen, with their family and guests, visit the annual distribution of beef which takes place in the coach-house, suitably decorated for the occasion. Some 500 cottagers and employees are assembled from the various parts of the estate, and a ton of prime home-fed Norfolk

CHRISTMAS WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY

beef is distributed to the heads of families in joints averaging a half-stone each. There are seasonable greetings and good wishes from the King to his people as the joints are borne away. Those who have grown old in the royal service receive special attention. Many of the men who are heads of families to-day were boys with the King, and joined him in many a game of cricket. The ties are strong between the royal squire and his people, cemented by the common joys, sorrows, and responsibilities of life.

The distribution occupies a good portion of the day, and the country roads are all astir with people passing to and fro between Sandringham and the neighbouring villages.

The old and infirm are at this season the special concern of the royal ladies. Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria send presents of warm clothing to the old folks in the Alexandra cottages, and special Christmas dainties are provided for the sick and delicate.

Queen Mary sends presents of shawls and useful things to the old people in the vicinity of York Cottage, and Princess Mary helps in her mother's benefactions.

When the royal party has returned from the distribution of beef, tea is served in the saloon of Sandringham House, and afterwards an inspection is made of the ballroom, which presents a very festive appearance. The walls are decked with greenery; the Christmas tree, lighted by electricity, stands at one end of the room, and around are long narrow tables, covered with white cloths, on which the presents for the family, guests, and royal household are displayed. A certain space is reserved on the table for each individual, and is labelled with the name of the person for whom the presents are intended.

In the spaces set apart for their Majesties and Queen Alexandra, the beautiful gifts from foreign sovereigns are placed—there will be some painful omissions this year!—together with the presents from their immediate family and the royal children.

The royal party, attended by the household, walk round the tables and in turn present their gifts. No one removes the presents; they remain throughout the Christmas holidays, and several visits are paid in the ensuing days.



The Ballroom at Sandringham,
decked for the Christmas Celebrations.

Photo:
Ralph, Sandringham.

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The Christmas tree holds the gifts for those connected with the estate but not living in the "House," and these are ticketed for distribution later. Two tickets are given to each family, to correspond with the numbers of certain presents on the tree. The distribution is made by Queen Alexandra, assisted by the Queen and other members of the Royal Family.

The present-giving on the royal estate at Christmas is on a very wide scale. No one is forgotten, from the highest official to the lowest servant. The clergy, the doctor, the agent's family, and the lady superintendents of Queen Alexandra's School of Needlework all receive suitable gifts. Presents of game, too, are sent to various people and to charitable institutions.

On Christmas morning the scene at York Cottage is much like that in happy homes throughout the land when parents and children exchange the time-honoured greetings. The young people eagerly await the arrival of the post-bags, and, of course, there are some belated presents which did not come in time for the Christmas Eve display. A special postmaster and staff attend at Wolferton Post Office to deal with the royal letters and telegrams, and by well-ordered method the huge collection is disposed of before the day is over, and the young people are not kept waiting very long for their Christmas mail.

After breakfast the Prince of Wales, with his sister and brothers, walk across the park to the "House" to give "Granny" a Christmas greeting. Later they accompany their parents to church. Queen Alexandra and her guests drive over to the service. The hymns are frequently chosen by the King, and the occupants of the royal pews in the chancel join with the village folk in the singing and responses. Their Majesties and the elder members of the Royal Family generally remain for the Communion.

The Christmas Service

The scene in Sandringham Church on Christmas morning is entirely typical of English village life, with the royal squire in his pew in the chancel surrounded by his family, guests, and household, and the village folk filling the nave.

The little sanctuary is beautiful with greenery and white flowers on this Christmas morn. It has many memorials of the loved

ones gone before, and its walls are hallowed by tender memories of joy and sorrow which the Royal Family have shared with the people. Christmas cements afresh this bond of human sympathy and affection.

The service is on more modern lines now than in the old days when a harmonium led the rustic choir, and the old clerk repeated the responses in stentorian tones with an air of importance not to be equalled by the most distinguished person in the congregation, but it still remains a simple village service.

The old custom of spending Christmas Day at the "House" is still observed by the King and Queen and their family as when King Edward was living. Queen Alexandra is delighted to have her children and grandchildren around her at Christmas.

After luncheon the royal party walk round the grounds, visiting the kennels, the stables, and the beautiful model dairy, where Queen Alexandra sometimes dispenses tea from the Balmoral china, each piece of which is painted with a scene at Balmoral. Favourite animals are fed by the young princes and their sister, and put through their tricks. If the weather is seasonable the younger members of the family play hockey on the ice, skate on the lake, or go sleighing over the snow-bound roads.

All reassemble at the "House" for a merry family tea-party round the blazing logs, and there is music and games until the hour approaches for the great event of the day, the Christmas dinner.

It is served in the dining saloon, a magnificent apartment, hung with costly Spanish tapestry. The Royal Family enter the apartment in procession and order of precedence, the King leading his mother, who still defies time by her innate grace and charm. For fifty years, with scarcely a break, Queen Alexandra has been queen of the Christmas feast.

The company are arranged at oval tables, with footmen in scarlet coats and waistcoats with gold trimmings, and white satin breeches, standing behind the chairs of their Majesties and those of every two guests. The band plays suitable airs for the occasion while dinner is served.

The royal Christmas banquet is purely English in character. The boar's head and the baron of beef adorn the sideboard as in the days of the Norman William, and

CHRISTMAS WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY

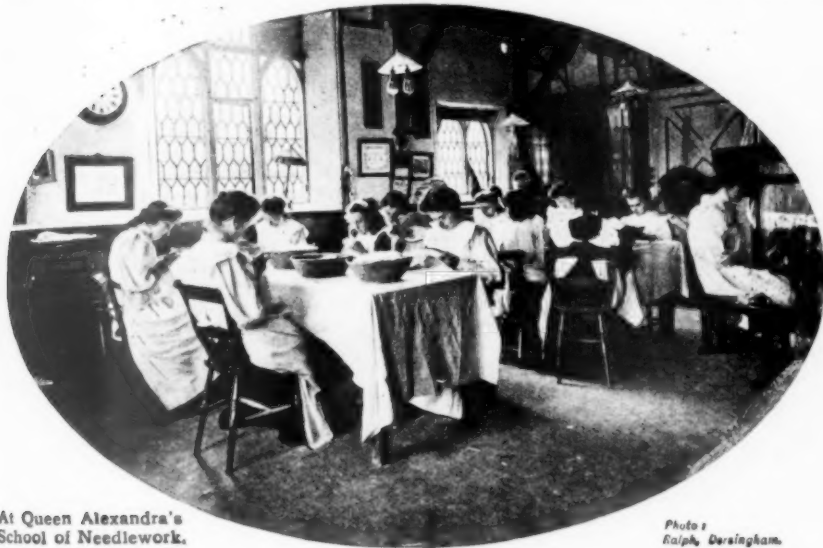
compete for favour with the modern dish of turkey. There are also a peacock pie, such as our forefathers loved, and a sturgeon—a present from the Tsar to his aunt, Queen Alexandra. The mince pies are made from a special Sandringham recipe, and the plum puddings are carried in ablaze by the scarlet-coated footmen—to the delight of the younger members of the party.

After dinner the company visit the ball-room, and again view the tree and the Christmas presents, returning to the "House" for music and some light entertainment to close the festive day. When

a hundred boys and girls, naturally claims the greatest interest.

The royal children are on friendly terms with the youngsters, and have at times joined in the school games. The open-air gymnasium erected by King Edward for the village children is also used by the King's sons. A great number of toys, books, and other presents are distributed amongst the school children at Christmas, and certainly none in the land have a happier time at this season than those on the royal estate.

The pupils at the Boys' Technical School and at Queen Alexandra's School of Needle-



At Queen Alexandra's School of Needlework.

Photo:
Ralph, Dersingham.

the royal children were younger, games were played in the evening.

The Yuletide festivities at Sandringham extend practically throughout the twelve days of Christmas. There is a ball for the servants at Sandringham House, which is attended by their Majesties' servants from York Cottage, and a Christmas dance is also provided for the employees on the estate, and generally takes place at the Foresters' Hall, Dersingham.

Treats are also provided for the school children during Christmas week, and these take place at various centres and are visited by members of the Royal Family. There are five schools upon the estate, but that of Sandringham, where there are about

work share in the general provision for entertainment, and their beautiful handiwork is much admired by their Majesties' visitors.

In concluding this survey of the royal Christmas we must not forget that many hospitals and institutions in London, Windsor, and Norfolk share in their Majesties' benefactions at this period. Gifts of game and of toys for sick children are distributed in many directions.

The royal children also send many gifts to poor and sick children, and have from infancy learned the lesson that Christmas is not only a time for pleasure and amusement, but the season when the spirit of the Christ child should rule our hearts.



" 'Thank you,' said Frere in a stifled voice.
'It—it was like you to think of me' "—p. 98.

Drawn by
A. G. Michiel.

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH

A Story of the Hazards of War

By HELEN WALLACE

SKY and sea and sand, but such a sky and such a sea!—a burning, flawless azure, and a boundless rolling plain of deepest cobalt—blue beyond all words, save where on the far, dim, horizon line it melted to a vague and tender amethyst. And beneath that flaming sky and girdling the boundless blue of the sea a great sweep of sand, smitingly, blindingly white in the sun-glare.

Blue and white—there was no other colour in the wide picture, for the bare, arid country which stretched inland was but a duller tone of white, and so were the clustering houses on the farther horn of the bay, though distance had draped them in its softening purple veil. And between the empty sands and the bare, flat land stood a large, low building, its ancient gateway and semi-Moorish cupola still surmounted by a battered cross. Its squat and sturdy walls were as white, too, as limewash could make them, and on the seaward side they were pierced by a line of narrow, lancet windows.

At one of these windows, in the deep recess formed by the thickness of the walls, a young man was standing, gazing out with something of the sick desire, the proud endurance of a captive eagle, at the vast sweep of sea and sky, and at the snowy flash of a sea-bird's wings, as strong and free as the winds and waves. From the distant town came a waft of bells, toned by the clear air to a crystal sweetness, and he started slightly.

The bells! Ay, to be sure, it was Christmas Eve, he muttered unconsciously, as if half-bewildered, for that hard, aching brightness beyond the barred window was in violent contrast to the tale of Christmas Eves—a short one enough—which he could recall. In a surge of memory they rose up before him—the mild, weeping English skies and the laurel-walk all silvered by the soft rain, or more rarely in that southern county, the crisp silence of the snow under the cold purity of the frosty stars. Yes, it was a strange Christmas Eve indeed, and

stranger still and more absolutely foreign to the hitherto smooth and easy course of his days—the well-mapped-out career of a gently born young Englishman—were his position and surroundings. Little wonder if his mind, dazed by loss of blood and mortal weariness, still reeled under the shock of the contrast.

With an effort young Roger Frere turned his eyes from the wide, unfettered space without to the long, dim, vaulted chamber, once the refectory of the old convent, disused since Napoleon's wars, and now turned into a prison for the time. After the blinding sun-dazzle he could see nothing clearly for a moment, then out of the shadows there slowly emerged groups of dark figures, some wrapped in their long brown cloaks, lying as if asleep on the stone floor. So still were one or two of these muffled shapes that they seemed already sunk in their last sleep, and so it might be, for where every man had his wound, some of these had like enough proved mortal, and well for these sleepers if it were so. They were escaped beyond the vengeance of man. Others were devoutly at prayer; while a few, with an air of fierce, desperate gaiety, were throwing dice.

"No good, Pedro. The dice have no message to-day. Chance has no more to say to it. We've risked our last throw, it only remains to pay the stakes now," said a tall man in sweet, sonorous Spanish. With a faint, pitying smile he had been watching the players for a few moments.

The man addressed shrugged his shoulders.

"True, General," he answered. "Well, they'll find us ready to pay the forfeit when they demand it, but meantime this serves to pass the time as well as telling beads," with a reckless laugh, and a half-scornful glance towards the kneeling figures.

The first speaker turned abruptly away, and with a suppressed sigh dragged himself across the hall to the window where Frere leaned against the thin rusty bars. A red handkerchief, crimsoned with a deeper stain, formed a sling for one helpless arm, while his head was roughly bound with a cloth

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which might once have been white. But under its stained folds the deep eyes shone calm and steady, and neither wounds nor weakness could lessen the calm dignity of his air.

"Señor Frere," he said, "I could take what has befallen us as the fortune of war, but that you should share our fate—ah, that cuts!" The grave courtesy of his race with which he spoke was pierced with a sharp thrill of pain.

Frere pulled himself together.

"I threw in my lot with you, General, for good or ill. It couldn't have been in a better cause, nor with braver men. We've had no luck, but I'm ready to 'follow my leader' to the last." He drew himself more erect. There was a brave smile in the unflinching blue eyes as he gave the military salute.

The pitying smile with which General Torrijos had watched the gamblers deepened as he looked at the high-carried blonde head and the pale young face, its alien Saxon fairness so much more striking amid the swarthy faces of the Spaniards and the heavy shadows of the low-browed arch of the old refectory.

"It was *our* quarrel—it is *our* country! Would God it had been otherwise, but whatever the issue, our lives were not *our* own, they were vowed to Spain and to her liberty, but you—*you*—" He broke off, and in the moment's pause Frere saw the dark stains on the bandage round his head suddenly tinged with a brighter hue.

"Ah!" he exclaimed sharply, "your wound is bleeding afresh."

Torrijos pressed his uninjured hand to his head.

"It does not matter," he said coolly. "I shall live long enough to gratify Morenos' vengeance, but you, Señor Frere! If there were any hope of a trial, we would plead your nationality. They would not dare to deal with you as summarily as with us; but I know you would rather have the truth—there's no hope of a trial. We are rebels caught with arms in our hands, and how soon the order 'Shoot them all' may come from our gracious sovereign, God only knows, or perhaps," bitterly, "I should say, Morenos knows, for he may not even wait on Ferdinand's pleasure. I have done the one thing I could. Though we have been betrayed, we have still sympathisers, and while we were being brought here and you

were yet unconscious, I contrived to send a message to Señor Markham at Malaga. He is your consul there, and a relative too; is it not so? I implored him to move heaven and earth—" Torrijos broke off. The pale young face fronting him suddenly flamed scarlet and then blanched again.

"Thank you," said Frere in a stifled voice. "It—it was like you to think of me—believe me, even if the worst comes—I—I don't regret—" He turned away his head to the narrow window, and the shadow of the bars fell dark and heavy across the whiteness of his face.

Torrijos saw that some word of his had gone too sharply home. He took one of the cold, clenched hands in his for a moment, and then moved silently away, weighed down by a brave man's knowledge of his blank helplessness.

Markham!—Malaga! Two words only, but they broke up the fountains within. Since consciousness had returned, Frere had striven to keep his agony at bay, but now with full and heavy swing the tide rolled over him—"the waters entered into his soul." Familiar faces, never to be seen again, came thronging back on him. His mother! Thank God, she was spared this—her gentle heart would not bleed—there would be one less to weep for him; but his gallant old father, so proud of his eldest born, the gay troop of brothers and sisters and friends, and—Juana Markham!

Juana! The thought of her was never far away, rather it coloured all other thoughts, but at Torrijos' words it had come like the turning of a knife in a raw wound. He saw her again that last Christmas at home, when with her father she had paid her first visit to her English kinsfolk. With her glorious eyes, and her Spanish mother's dark beauty, she had glowed like some tropic bird against the dim, colourless background of the leafless English lanes, and all the world had been changed for him. Last Christmas Eve!—one little year ago to-night, he had for the first time held her in his arms, under the old cedar by the gate, and, heart beating high against heart, he had vowed himself, his life, his all, not only to her, but to her mother's land, which she loved with all the force and fire of her hot southern blood.

And from the flame of her ardour Roger Frere had caught fire. He had thrown in his lot with a band of exiled patriots who

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH

were trying to free their country from the Bourbon yoke. Welcomed home with enthusiasm by his too loyal subjects, when the tide of French invasion had been rolled back and Napoleon overthrown, Ferdinand VII. had for ten long years played the tyrant and bigot, had trampled on his people's liberties, and banished or slaughtered all who raised voice or hand against him.

Like a young knight with his lady's gage on his casque, and ready to spur on any course at her behest, Frere had set sail with Torrijos and his little following of kindred souls. To him it had seemed the earnest of success, the assurance of triumph, that their descent on the Spanish coast was to be made near Malaga—Juana's home—Malaga, that dream-city of romance from which had come the precious letters which he had carried above his heart. Had ever young lover a fairer chance, a more intoxicating prospect, than to strike a blow in a noble cause under the very eyes—"sweetest eyes were ever seen"—of the girl he loved?

But, alas, it had been grim and awful reality, and not romance, which had fronted the devoted band. Lured ashore by the assurance of friendship and aid from Morenos, the general commanding the district, they had landed in all confidence, only to find themselves betrayed, trapped, and hopelessly outnumbered. What had followed was still vague to Roger—that hour of hand-to-hand struggle, when amid slash and shot, sulphurous smoke and stench, each man had sought to sell his life as dearly as he



"She cast a despairing glance across the serene blue of the bay"—p. 98.

Drawn by
A. C. Michael.

might. Then a crushing blow had blotted out all, till now Frere found himself caged with the other survivors in the old convent. Ay, and caged in the very sight of Malaga itself, now floating like a dream-city indeed beyond the roseate waters of the bay, the empurpled haze which softened tower and rampart flushing to rose as the sun sank down. The last sunset he might

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see on this his last Christmas Eve, for it had not needed Torrijos' grave, sorrowful words to warn him of their desperate plight.

And Juana was yonder, only a little mile or so away! He might be gazing at the very roof which sheltered her, and yet he was as hopelessly severed from her as if death's dark curtain, so soon to fall, had already dropped between them. Oh, if he could only look into her eyes once more, only implore her not to break her heart over the utter failure of all their hopes, only assure her that since he might not live for her, he was willing to die for her and for her country!

Willing? Yes, though young life and young blood and young love rose up in wild revolt and cried out against the coming doom. Willing! He uttered it again through clenched teeth while the sunset splendours of the wide free world without wavered dizzily before his burning eyes. His head sank. "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death." How often he had repeated these words in the little grey church at home. "The sharpness of death." God help him, he knew the meaning of it now.



And in the distant sun-steeped town, under a gaily-striped awning, which sheltered a balcony bright with camellias in their red and white waxen bloom, a girl with her hands tight-clasped was walking up and down with a swift, lithe step like some captive forest creature. Now and then she cast a despairing glance across the serene blue of the bay to the dim white cupola of the old convent, but her whole being seemed absorbed in eager listening.

At last—at last—there came a slow dragging step upon the stair, and an elderly man appeared and sank heavily down upon a chair. She flashed round on him. She could not speak, but her whole being breathed a question. As she stood against the glowing background of the sunlit waves, framed in the glossy green of the camellias, the sharp contrast between her dark sumptuous beauty and the look of haggard anguish which had drained the youth from her face would have struck hard at any heart. Her father gave one glance at her, and then, with a suppressed groan, let his head sink into his hands. She stood still for a moment as if smitten to stone, and then came up to him.

"The news," she demanded hoarsely. "It is not good, I see—but I must know—I can—I will bear it."

"No, my poor child—my poor Juana—it is not good," said Mr. Markham brokenly.

"You have seen him—Morenos?" she asked, and the name as she uttered it sounded like an execration.

"Yes, I have seen him," dully.

"Well?" the monosyllable curbed a fierce impatience, an agony of longing.

"I told him that a relative of my own, an Englishman, was among the prisoners in the convent of Santa Concepción," said her father in an even, sustained tone, like one reciting a lesson. "I told him he must send an express to Madrid asking for instructions, that I had already dispatched one warning the Government of the consequences of any hasty action, and that meantime, in the name of His Britannic Majesty King William IV., I claimed stay of execution in the case of Roger Frere, and demanded to be allowed to see him."

"Yes—yes!" the words came hissing through her tightened lips as again he paused.

"Morenos shrugged and laughed," went on Markham with difficulty.

"He *laughed*, did he?" echoed Juana, and the flash of her eyes was like the gleam of a descending blade. "And then?"

"I know of no Roger Frere, señor," he said. "Their names are nothing to me. They are all accomplices of the arch-traitor Torrijos. I need no instructions how to deal with him and his gang. They are already outside the law. You see, my dear Señor Markham, if a pigeon will consort with crows, its whiteness won't save it from the net spread for its sable friends. Your Englishman must take the consequences of being in such company, if an Englishman he be; but pardon me, señor, if I venture to doubt that one of your very prudent and phlegmatic nation would embark in such a hare-brained enterprise as to attempt with a hundred men or so to overturn His Most Catholic Majesty's throne." Oh, curse his smooth tongue! "broke off Markham in helpless distress.

"But was that all? Won't he—oh, won't he let me see him?" her voice suddenly breaking. "Even if I can't have a word, if I could have only a look I would know if he forgave me, though I can never



" 'In place of the British consul, I claim
the body of this British subject ' "—p. 102.

Drawn by
A. C. Michael.

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forgive myself. It's I they should slay. If it hadn't been for me he'd be safe in England to-day, instead of——"

Her eyes swept across the bay again to where the level sun struck a fading gleam from the battered gilt cross on the convent dome. A hard, rending sob broke from her, though her great eyes were dry. Her tears were scorched up at their source. Despair does not weep. Her father turned away his head. What could he say? What could he do? After a pause she said in a low voice:

"Then he would promise nothing—nothing?"

"I—I can hardly bear to tell you," said Markham, his voice sinking. "Just as I was turning away he flung over his shoulder at me, 'If you like to claim the body for private burial, you may. The mob will likely exercise its right to loot the others of such rags as they have after——'" He could not speak the word.

"Ah!" the exclamation broke like a gasp from Juana; her slight figure was drawn taut and erect like a strung bow. "So he promised that! And when—when is it——" she began in a strange voice.

"That he would not say, but if I know the man it may be to-night—any time."

Again there was a silence, then Markham roused himself. "I am going to seek the Bishop—he is a merciful man and may have some influence with Morenos. I fear he has left the town, but I'll follow him. It's all I can do," despairingly.

His footsteps died out on the stone stair, but still Juana stood erect and motionless, a strange wild gleam in her eyes, which were fixed on the last sparkle of light on the convent cross.



The crimson sunset glory had died off sea and land, leaving a pallid, ghostly world beyond the narrow window where Frere still leaned. The merciful numbness into which after a time acute agony must sink, if reason is to endure, had laid its brief spell on him. Vaguely he noted the passing-by of one or two dark figures on the white sandy ground without, vaguely heard the groans of pain, the muttered oaths, the restless movements in the room behind him. The old refectory was now in darkness; no

lights had been brought and no food, though the prisoners had fasted since morning.

"We're in the slaughter-pen right enough, but since we're not calves they won't fatten us." "I could relish a good bowl of polenta, though it were the last." "Ay, or a drain of wine; we'd look straighter down the musket barrels after it." "They know that, curse them," came the snatches of words from hoarse voices.

Frere hardly heard them. For the moment he seemed to have passed beyond earthly needs. He was still mechanically watching the stray groups drifting by, when suddenly he was stabbed back to life and to full bitter consciousness again. Some person was singing softly—singing "Juanita," that song over which all England, and not England alone, had gone wild, and whose lulling passion-charged refrain ever spoke to him of Juana. Now the singer came nearer. The notes were full and low but clear. With his heart and temples throbbing to bursting, he did not pause to consider that it must be only some stray passer-by, and from his dry lips came the appeal which went floating out into the windless air:

"Nita, Juanita, ask thy soul if we can part;
Nita, Juanita, lean thou on my heart!"

The words died out, in the second's pause he could hear the hammering of his pulses, then a voice, strangely altered from the rich, sensuous accents of the song, cried shrill and high in English:

"Roger, Roger Frere, if they lead you out to execution, to-night or to-morrow—fall—fall—fall," in a mounting crescendo of desperate eagerness, "as the muskets are levelled for the first volley."

The cry broke sharp off. There was a sudden scuffle. Frere strained his eyes into the dark. In the reflected glimmer of light from sea and sand he could dimly see what seemed a slim, cloaked, boyish figure, struggling in the grasp of a sentry.

"I heard there was an Inglese among the pirates. I was asking him in his own ugly tongue how he liked his lodging," cried the same voice, but in Spanish now, its impish gamin note blended with what seemed a boyish sob of fright. There was a growl from the sentry, and the figures passed out of sight. Frere clutched at the bars as if with his naked hands he could wrench them from their sockets. In vain—with flayed

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH

and smarting palms he sank down on the ground beneath the window. He was beyond amazement. It was Juana's voice, his heart told him, or else he was mad or dreaming, which had sung the too-familiar air—and then that strange message! Who but she or some friend could have spoken it in English? Was it some wild forlorn plan for his deliverance? If it were Juana, had she escaped from the sentry?

The brief suspension of thought and feeling was shattered. These and countless other questions raced through his brain. Vivified by the fever of his wound, scenes and faces, with Juana's ever foremost, now amid images of peace and joy, now in some dire peril from which he could not rescue her, came crowding upon his mind, till at last blank exhaustion claimed him and he lay motionless in a heavy stupor.

A flare of light cut through the blackness, a strident voice was shouting orders, he was dragged to his feet and jostled back to consciousness. The big doors of the refectory stood open, the red smoky glare of half-a-dozen torches showed two files of soldiers drawn up in the cloister, and threw dusky lurid gleams into the shadows of the great vaulted room. The prisoners who could stand were being pushed and hustled into column form. A soldier stumbled over one of the prostrate figures, tried with an oath to drag it up, and then noting the limp, heavy fall of the head, thrust it aside with his foot, grunting out, "One dog the less." Frere saw it, but forgot to shudder. For the moment he was wholly absorbed in

the effort to hold himself erect, to walk steadily to his death.

"Courage, brother, it will soon be over," said a voice beside him. It was Torrijos. There was only time for a handclasp, then the soldiers who were supporting the leader hurried him on.

Presently they were out in the open, a pitiful procession, slow and halting. But their "Dolorous Way" was short. Soon a voice called "Halt!" and the mist cleared from Frere's eyes.

The ruddy flare of the torches was already



"It was no dream, then," he murmured"—p. 102.

Drawn by
A. C. Michael.

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beginning to pale before the coming day, and in the strange mingling of lights he found himself one of a long line drawn up on the sand of the seashore, in which a deep, straight trench had been roughly dug. Their backs were to the sea, their faces to the east, where the far horizon was flushing to the dawn. But between them and the kindling heavens stood a file of soldiers at attention, and beyond them was a vague, dark crowd, whose hoarse murmur sank to a sudden silence. So it had come—the last moment! He set his teeth.

"What scarecrows! They should have been propped up against a wall. Some of them will hardly stand long enough to be shot," said someone in the firing party.

"No matter—we can always finish them off on the ground," growled his companion, and back on Frere's mind rushed that strange message of the night before. If it had been Juana who had spoken, at least she had thought of him to the last, God bless—

"Shoulder arms!" the order sounded, and the glinting musket barrels rose in a serried row. "Make ready!"

With a groan the man next to Frere suddenly lurched heavily against him. Frere threw out an arm to stay him up, but the dead weight bore down his weakened strength, he staggered—sank—fell—

"Fire!" The long line of muskets flashed, the hush of dawn was rent by a crash and the smoke billowed up to the serene morning sky. Slowly it wreathed up in thick eddies, showing a row of prostrate bodies, some in the last convulsion, some already still enough, while a few unfortunates who had not received their release instinctively struggled up to their feet.

"Reload!" was the shout, and again the muskets spoke, but before the smoke was dispelled and the crowd, unleashed, could rush upon its prey, a slim cloaked figure dashed out of the throng, darted across the death zone, and with a swift hand flung wide the flag of England to the wind of dawn. For an instant the brave old flag, the red, white and blue, fluttered out in the growing light, then it was thrown over the fallen body of a fair youth.

"In place of the British consul, I claim the body of this British subject for honourable private burial by order of His Excellency the Captain-General Morenos—deny me

who dare!"—a woman's voice rang out clarion clear through the clamour.

Amid the slain she stood erect, fearless, breathing proud defiance, one hand still grasping a crimson fold of the flag, as she faced the amazed soldiery and the excited crowd. Her cloak had slipped to her shoulders, and, as the rim of the sun cleared the horizon, the first long golden ray fell full on her noble head and face, lighting up the dark splendour of her beauty and the fixed, fearless smile in her eyes. The outcry died down to a murmur of awed admiration, and when at her command the motionless form swathed in the sacred folds of the flag was raised and reverently borne away, there were none to say her nay.



"Alive—unhurt—oh, my God, I thank Thee! Oh, Roger, when I flung our flag over you, when I faced the crowd, I feared it might indeed be only what I had claimed that I would bear away, but now—" Her voice broke. A joy too great and piercing for words found vent in hot, happy tears.

As they rained on his face, Roger Frere, still in a half-swoon of weakness, as he looked up and met the lovelight in Juana's eyes, vaguely thought that he had passed through the Valley of the Shadow indeed and that this was a foretaste of Paradise. Then his eyes wandered round the balcony, the brilliant awning, the camellia-trees, and back to Juana's face, and there they rested.

"It was no dream, then," he murmured when he had made her tell again of her night-long vigil under the convent walls, and of her wild, audacious venture. Then silence fell upon them—the silence of a bliss so profound that it passes into awe.

"If only it could have been all of them," said Roger at last in a low voice, as a stab of memory brought back the scene of slaughter from which he himself had been snatched by a woman's love and courage.

"They rest in peace. I do not sorrow for them," said Juana proudly. "Some day their country will learn to honour them, when it reaps the fruit of their lives. To-day is our day of joy, we will not darken it. Listen!—the whole world is rejoicing with us"—and from every tower and campanile in the town the Christmas bells flung out their jubilate, their message of new-born hope and joy, on the morning air.

" ON EARTH PEACE "

A Christmas Message

By the Right Rev. Bishop WELLDON,

Dean of Manchester

IN the humble grotto known as the Chapel of the Nativity at Bethlehem there is on the floor a slab of marble, and in the heart of it a silver star, and around it are inscribed the Latin words which tell that "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

A Christian cannot enter that grotto without deep feelings. He ponders upon the immemorial Messianic hope which alone has made and kept the Jews, in their uniquely chequered destiny, and keeps them still, a people. He reflects how that hope was, as Christians believe, divinely realised in the Incarnation of Him who is at once the Son of Man and the Son of God.

For the birth of Jesus Christ is the dividing line of human history, as the conventional dates B.C. and A.D. attest. It was then, and then alone, that "the herald angels" proclaimed to mortal ears their twofold message of "glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men," or "on earth peace to men of good will."

It is not, perhaps, always remembered that the two parts of the angelic message are complementary each to the other; there can be no "glory to God" without the assurance of "peace on earth," nor any true "peace on earth" without the recognition of God's glory. But he who considers all that the Nativity of Jesus Christ has meant to the world will needs ask himself, on Christmas Day especially, "Has the peace which was the message of His Incarnation been fulfilled?"

Is Christmas a Failure?

It seems almost ironic to ask the question at a time when practically all the Great Powers are at war. It may well happen that to some sensitive Christian consciences Christmas Day speaks not so much of victory as of failure.

Yet the birthday of the Divine Child cannot but be fraught with a lesson of

hope. For every child that is born into the world brings hope with it. As Wordsworth says, in the poetical passage chosen for the motto of "Silas Marner":

"A child more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking
thoughts."

A child is so pure, so innocent, so beautiful, so free from all stain of the troubled world. But this virtue of childhood attains its supreme example in the Divine Child. In the vision of Isaiah, when he foresaw the world in which righteousness and fidelity should reign supreme, in which the hostile forces of Nature should be reconciled, and the oppressor and the oppressed, as the young lion and the fatling, should lie down together, he discerned the climax of peaceful felicity in the thought that "a little child should lead them."

Jesus Christ as Reconciler

It is worth while, then, to estimate what Jesus Christ has already achieved as the reconciler of divergences in human society. He has not yet done all that He shall one day accomplish; yet He has done much. Not in one instance only, but in many, is it true of His influence on opposing and contending classes that He has, as St. Paul says, "made both one."

There was the division between Jew and Gentile. No such formidable division has ever existed in the Christian Church. To harmonise Jews and Gentiles at the foot of the Cross was a task which might well have seemed as impossible as it would seem to-day to harmonise Protestant and Roman Catholics among Christians. Yet at the first Council of the Christian Church that harmony was effected, and the Church entered upon her campaign of evangelising the nations with her Jewish and her Gentile members united in the cause of Jesus Christ.

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There was the division between the Greek or the Roman and the barbarian. It was intensified by long-standing pride and prejudice. Yet when the barbarian armies overran the Roman Empire and therein the Greek-speaking peoples of the world, it was Christianity that proved in the end to be the bond of union between the conquerors and the peoples whom they conquered.

There was the division between master and slave, a gulf so impassable that modern society now scarcely dreams what it meant to the ancient world. Yet slowly but surely the message of the Gospel that in Christ Jesus "there is neither bond nor free" worked its way in the hearts of men and of nations, and there is not to-day a Christian state which could endure the scandal of slavery.

So the angelic proclamation of "good-will on earth" as of "glory to God in the highest" was not, as history shows, made in vain. Much remains to be learnt, much to be done, ere the time shall come when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea"; yet year by year Christmas Day brings its promise or its hope of peace.

Peace in the family. For Christmastide is primarily a domestic festival. It shows Joseph and the Virgin Mother looking with wondering eyes upon—

"the Child
Whose tender winning arts
Have to His little arms beguiled
So many wounded hearts."

It is at Christmastide that families reunite. Old memories come to life again; old joys return. For it is Christ who has created the Christian family. The sanctity of the relation between husband and wife, father and child, master and servant, springs from His homeless home in Bethlehem. Christians are not true to the spirit of Christmastide unless on the birthday of the Child Jesus angry feelings die away, discordant words are stilled, and for the while all is only peace and goodwill in the family.

Peace in the family, but peace in the nation too. It is only too sad a truth that the severance of classes has become a predominant feature of modern society.

Half the trouble of social antagonism, of strikes and lock-outs in industrial life, is caused by mutual ignorance. The rich and the poor, the employers and the employed, do not meet as of old; they live at distances one from the other; they are too often estranged in thought and embittered in heart. Whoever increases this moral divergence is the enemy, whoever mitigates it is the friend, of his country. It was an encouraging sign to see how the outbreak of war brought together so many who had been before divided, and how, in so many cases, there was the practical display of helpfulness and sympathy. For it is not equality that the modern world requires so much as sympathy. Laws, however wisely ordered, are impotent to create the good understanding which holds society together. Time will, perhaps, reveal that the true benefactors and harmonisers of a modern state have been above all others the cultivated men and refined women who have spent their leisure in ministering by personal service to the needs of the poor and outcast and suffering in the dark, crowded slums and alleys of great cities. For it is easy to dislike and resist law; but in the end there is no possibility of resisting love.

Peace among the Nations

Finally, the peace of Him who is the Prince of Peace shall descend not only upon one nation, but upon all the nations; for all are in truth one state and one family. Democracy deserves and demands the presence of Christ. It is so far as the people are loyal to His law that they shall be worthy of their sovereign authority. They, at least, will be clamorous not for war, but for peace. It is not they who are the gainers by bloodshed. The glory of warfare, such as it is, has ever belonged to the few; for the many has been reserved the suffering, the misery, the desolation. Whatever may be the faults of democracy, yet it will make, as it even now is making, for international peace. Sad as the fact is that the so-called Christian nations of Europe are wasting in war the money which is so sorely required for the elevation and regeneration of society, yet at least Jesus Christ has achieved so much that peace and

"ON EARTH PEACE"

not war is now the normal state of Christian nations, and kings and statesmen are more and more withheld by the forces of public opinion from declaring war. Nor is it doubtful that the remedy, as for social discords, so for international jealousies and suspicions, lies in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

A Hundred Years of Peace

It would have been natural to think of international peace at this Christmastide. For a hundred years ago, on Christmas Eve, 1814, Admiral Lord Gambier signed on behalf of Great Britain the Treaty of Ghent with the United States of America. During those hundred years the great English-speaking nations on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean have lived in peace. That war should break out again between them nobody in either nation fears, nobody dreams. The example which they have set should be potent upon all nations, for upon it the blessing of the Highest rests, and shall ever rest.

How sad a contrast with this reflection is the war now raging, not only over a great part of Europe, but in most regions of the civilised world! That such a war should be due to the spirit of one man or one people is a bitter satire upon civilization, and, as it seems, upon Christianity. It had been hoped, as, indeed, some sanguine writers had declared, that "the passing of war" was imminent—that war had been shown to be "the great illusion." Christians found a difficulty in believing that the doctrines preached in Germany by Nietzsche and Treitschke, and still more openly by General von Bernhardi, were more than vague ebullitions of patriotic or military sentiment. These doctrines are now known to reflect the deliberate policy of the ruling class in the German nation. It is no wonder that men's hearts are "failing them for fear," and even for despair, at the spectacle of such teaching issuing in such results.

Yet it may be that the Battle of Armageddon, as it is the greatest, will be the last of all great battles. For warfare has now been seen, upon a scale unexampled before, in all its horrible atrocity. It is possible to pray, and even to hope, that the ending of the war may

be the ending of the militarism which has brooded like a nightmare over Europe. There must no more be left to any man, or any nation of men, the power of plunging the world into an ocean of bloodshed. It were well that the Great Powers of Europe should form themselves into an organised federation as custodians of the public peace. Whatever form of government is most pacific is the government best suited to Germany and to all states. For the flames of the war which is now raging have not been kindled by the peoples of Europe; they have arisen from false principles and practices which pay little or no regard to the public good; they are utterly hostile to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But Christmastide brings back the memory of His Incarnation; for it is only when the world shall bow itself in humble reverence before Him who is the Prince of Peace that the peace of the world can and will remain inviolate.

Once again, then, Christmas comes with its message of hope. It touches all hearts, it renews all lives. Christians all the world over gaze upon the Child lying in the manger at Bethlehem, and as they gaze they consecrate themselves afresh to the accomplishment of that high and holy end for which He willed to be born as a Child. "On earth peace, goodwill toward men."

The birthday of Jesus Christ is the promise of a new birth everywhere—in the individual soul, in the social system, in the economy of nations. It is as a light shining in a dark place. It is the assurance that human society shall approximate, surely if slowly, to the City of God.

Let us, then, as we wish each other "A happy Christmas," recollect what true happiness is. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." For happiness, which is so different from mere pleasure, is fully attainable only when God's will is done on earth as it is in heaven, and when He who alone unites heaven and earth in His own Person, He who is Son of God and the Son of Man, is the Author, the Governor, and the Reconciler of the hopes and the aims by which the children of earth assert and evince their citizenship in heaven.

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A Story of the War

By DORA FOWLER MARTIN

THE village was in a ferment because the news had circulated, as mysteriously as news does circulate in days of excitement, that at every cottage one of Lord Kitchener's new recruits was to be billeted.

And Miss Rayner was a welcome visitor at the general store for the simple reason that she had not heard the news.

The joy of imparting news, good or bad, is so universal that although she had been in a state of ignorance when she left her secluded cottage it was impossible for her not to get quickly enlightened.

"No wonder as they're sending the soldiers 'ere," said Saunders the clogger, who, seated on an upturned sugar barrel, led the conversation. "There's the viaduct to guard, and the waterworks to protect, to say nothing of all that grand room on the moors for drilling."

"We'll all 'ave to take 'em in," the stonemason chimed in. "There isn't a big 'ouse in the neighbourhood, so officers an' all 'll have to be content with little 'uns."

Mr. Serl, the grocer, paused, pencil in hand, to add:

"Miss Rayner 'll have to take an officer; hers is the only house in the village with two spare bedrooms, I do believe, and I understand as them officers always take a sort of body-servant with 'em."

"An orderly," said Saunders proudly.

"I shall be proud to do my duty," said Miss Rayner quietly, and then a certain financial problem suddenly confronted her. For a moment her calm face lost its serenity.

"That is all this week, thank you, Mr. Serl," she said quickly; "and did I say sugar and currants? how stupid of me! Cross them off, please."

Then she turned to the men who were lounging round.

"I hope your wives will try to come to our work meetings," she said. "We want to make some of the socks and other things the Queen is appealing for. I'll do my best to provide material for those who really can't afford to bring it with them."

She left the shop, and the men turned back

more comfortably to talk. They all liked Miss Rayner, but she was not one of themselves, and she had not the art of making them feel at home with her. And though she had lived there ten years, ever since she had inherited her pleasant home from her old bachelor cousin, she was still something of a stranger. The villagers did not resent what they took for a little natural pride; they little imagined how intensely lonely the stranger in their midst sometimes felt.

Lucy Rayner walked thoughtfully home. She had a secret, not a guilty or a very terrible one was it, but it seemed likely that it was now to be revealed. It was five years ago that she needed money—money in a lump sum, to save her only nephew, since dead, from open disgrace. And she had saved him, saved him at the cost of all her savings, the few items of jewellery she possessed, and what superfluous furniture there was in the cottage, including all contained in the two spare bedrooms to which Serl had referred. It had been easily managed without anyone being the wiser, for Miss Rayner's cottage was the last in the village, and a bend in the road hid her home from curious eyes. And since then she had lived meagrely on her tiny annuity, and no one had ever been told, for Miss Rayner was very proud.

A settled frown gathered on her smooth brow. Suppose she were unable to do her duty to the State?—for in her eyes to have a soldier billeted on her would be a sacred trust! And then everyone would know why. There were the wool and materials to buy for the work meetings; where were the funds to come from?

Miss Rayner felt her problems almost too many for her.

She entered her garden, passed between the lavender clumps of late Michaelmas daisies and the golden glories of chrysanthemum, and entered her little home. The autumn sun shone through the wide, low, latticed window of her sitting-room. Miss Rayner glanced round and smiled; she loved her home.

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In a corner a mass of bronze chrysanthemums in a blue china bowl made a riot of colour, and her eyes rested appreciatively on it. The black oak of the dresser on which the bowl stood seemed, with its ancient polish, to irradiate the glow, and for the thousandth time she enjoyed the beauty of it all.

Then her face fell.

Her problem was solved, and she almost was sorry that it was.

Suddenly she had remembered a thunderstorm some two years before—a stranger sheltering in her porch, an old man who had straightway become a guest. And then the stranger-guest's rapture at the sight of her old oak dresser, built there into the recess many years before, probably when her great-grandfather had built himself the house.

And the stranger had hinted that he would give much to make it his. She had not known before that it was of value, she only knew that she loved it for the dignity of its ample simple outlines, and the strong beauty of its wood. And she had repudiated the idea of parting with it, and yet she had kept the card which the stranger had left—it lay there now in the dresser drawer.

An hour later Lucy Rayner went out to post a letter; after all, it was not much sacrifice to make, partly for one's country and partly for one's pride. A few days later an answer came, and later still a van arrived with furniture, not much, but enough to replenish sparsely Miss Rayner's empty rooms. And in the cottage its mistress spent long hours making socks and belts, and pondered as she worked by whom and when they would be worn.

But the oak dresser still remained there, and would remain until its new owner could send skilled men to remove it with the care that it deserved. All now was ready, but the soldiers never came.

It began to be whispered that they never would come. The market town ten miles away was filled with men, who occasionally passed through the village streets on their route marches.

Miss Rayner was not the only one to feel rather disappointed. It is hard to make a sacrifice in vain, yet when she glanced at the pile of finished socks, and knew that she had power to add to it, she felt that some poor fellows at the front might after all not consider it in vain.

Then at last her rooms were occupied.

But it was not by the officer whom she had anticipated.

Instead, four rollicking, sturdy boy scouts crowded into her little rooms, left their dirty foot-prints on her spotless floors, ran her errands, and even proposed to do her cooking.

They were scouts in training, scouts with a high ambition of serving their country, and serving it at once. And when those at headquarters had hinted that they were eager to give the lads a fortnight's training, the villagers, denied their soldiers, had gladly offered their hospitality to a company. Miss Rayner was really frightened of them at first. Boys were an almost unknown species to her, and these city lads were so different from the villagers. She sat and listened to her guests' jolly talk, and at first it alarmed her—it seemed like a foreign tongue. Then bewilderment turned into comprehension, and then she found herself laughing.

Miss Rayner had a very sweet laugh, only it was a little rusty for want of practice. The first time she laughed the boys stopped in their talk and glanced furtively at each other. They had not thought that their hostess was capable of such a thing. Then Tony, the youngest, decided to make her do it again.

He succeeded beyond his expectations. After that it became a point of honour to "keep Miss Rayner smiling." They decided among each other that she wasn't so awfully old after all, indeed one told Tony in confidence that he didn't believe she was a day older than his mother. But Tony, having no memory at all of his own mother, shook his head vaguely and felt himself incapable of judging.

They were quite a jolly little party at the cottage, and as the nights were now beginning to close in early they had many a lively game round the fireside in which the boys forced Miss Rayner to take a part, though at first she declared she did not know how.

"Don't know how, indeed!" echoed Tony, who, perhaps, because he had no mother of his own, always seemed to look on his hostess as his own particular property. "why, you beat our scout-master."

She appreciated the compliment, which

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she had already learnt was the highest which could be paid her.

Of the quartette at the cottage Tony was the hero, although he was the youngest and weakest—for the simple reason that his father was at the front. "You see, there are only us two," he would explain carefully. "A chap can't help being interested in things."

It was his daily excuse for wanting first glance at the morning paper.

And Tony was Miss Rayner's favourite; somehow she couldn't help it, he was so jovial, and so plucky with it too.

So it was no wonder that her heart beat fast when one morning the scout-master came in with an official-looking letter in his hand, and told her that he had bad news for Tony.

"I don't know whether you'd better tell him or I," he sighed. "The little chap's father was killed in action—no mistake about it, either. A fine plucky fellow he must have been too!"

Miss Rayner told the boy; it was the hardest task she had ever had to do in her none too easy life, but she felt it was a woman's work, and she did it well because she felt it deeply.

And Tony proved that he was made of the same stuff as his father; he made no fuss.

"I feel as though I ought to go home," he told her wistfully later in the day. "Only I've no particular home to go to—just diggings, you know, and the woman is told to keep an eye on me. It wouldn't be wrong for me to just stay on with the rest—not disrespectful or anything?"

Miss Rayner shook her head.

"There's nothing for you to go for, Tony," she said. "You must stay—and oh, how I wish I could ask you to stay for good!"

But she remembered the exceeding smallness of her income, and Tony's amazing capacity for bread and butter.

No, mere prudence must deprive her of the boy—not to keep, for in a few years he would outgrow the village, but to love; and the child himself must lose that love and a starting place in life.

He interrupted her sad thoughts.

"I can't volunteer," he said dismally enough, "I'm such a little chap. But I suppose I shall manage somehow."

Their talk was interrupted by the sound

of wheels, and a knock at the cottage door, and Miss Rayner went out to learn that at last her treasured dresser was to be taken from her.

"I should have cared yesterday," she told herself, "but to-day—well, it doesn't seem to matter."

And she bade the men come in.

It was an awkward piece of work to remove the massive woodwork without injury to itself or to the surrounding walls, but at length it lurched forward and was lifted carefully out.

"My poor room will look desolate!" Miss Rayner cried.

And a few minutes later, when the men had disappeared with their booty, it looked dreary indeed. The wall was discoloured, and the dust of many years stood revealed. The dainty little sitting-room was a scene of disorder.

Miss Rayner's housekeeping instincts were aroused. It was no time for sentiment when dust and dirt stood thick around.

She got dustpan and brush and began to sweep it cautiously up while spiders ran before her. Tony came in and found her at work.

"That's just the work for me," he cried, "I know you're frightened of spiders!" and he seized the implements from her hands.

A minute later, as he vigorously swept down the wall under her direction, he suddenly stopped and tapped it hard with the broom end.

"It's hollow, Miss Rayner, it's hollow!" he cried excitedly, forgetting all his sorrows in the joy of discovery. In a moment he was down on his hands and knees, and running his hands lightly over the paneling. "It's a moving panel," he declared; "yes, it moves back. A candle, please!" She passed him what he wanted, and stepped hastily back in momentary fear of a stampede of mice and rats.

The boy looked eagerly in.

"It's a sort of narrow cupboard," he announced, "and there are two boxes in it. I'll pull them out."

"Old forgotten rubbish, I expect," said Miss Rayner, but all the same she felt her heart beating faster.

"Jolly heavy, anyhow," he answered, as he dragged them out. Then he looked round, and seeing a tool which the workmen

BILLETED



"'It's a sort of narrow cupboard,' he announced, 'and there are two boxes in it.'"

*Drawn by
P. B. Hickings*

had accidentally left behind he forced open the lids.

Miss Rayner drew near curiously.

"I wonder," she began, but he interrupted her with a shout.

"Money!" he cried, "money! Hidden treasure, Miss Rayner. It's all sorts of funny out-of-date money, silver and gold all mixed together, but it's good money all the same! Oh, I say, Miss Rayner, how awfully jolly!"

Miss Rayner suddenly recollected the old family story of the miser ancestor who had built the house—she had never thought of it since it had sunk back into one of the myths of childhood.

"Much money, Tony?" she asked, and fell on her knees by the boy to sort and count it.

It took her but a few minutes to be convinced that her financial troubles for many a long day were over.

Suddenly Tony rose up heavily and walked away.

A moment later she followed him.

He cleared his throat, and turning his back on her gazed out of the window and said:

"It's a rotten day for me; but I'm glad, for you, that it's all right."

Miss Rayner put her hand on his shoulder. "Tony," she said, "don't you see that it's only decent for me because—because now I can afford to keep you with me, dear?"

"You mean——" he began.

"If you'll consent," she went on.

"I'm to be billeted on you for good," he finished.

Rather shyly, he looked up and kissed her.

And Miss Rayner knew that that was settled.



"Not," said the scout-master a few hours later, "that there aren't funds and things that we could have got Tony on to——"

"As if," Miss Rayner interrupted indignantly, "I'd be justified in letting my country spend a penny on Tony!"

THE AFTER YEARS

Concluding Story in the Series "Heart's Desire"

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

FIFTEEN years had come and gone, the men and women who had sat round the fire on a certain New Year's Eve in Mrs. Ingram's hospitable country manor had left youth behind, and entered upon the strenuous term of middle age, while their host and hostess had reached a stage still farther on the downward path, and frankly ranged themselves among the old.

Fifteen years ago, in the ardour and impatience of youth, these eight men and women, infected by the emotional influences of the hour, had laid bare their hearts for the benefit of their companions, had confessed their separate longings and ambitions, and given a name to that special possession which they believed would ensure their individual satisfaction and joy.

Fifteen years ago—and now once more the end of the year was approaching, and Mr. Ingram and his wife were discussing their plans for the festive season. It was a very frail woman who lay back against the cushion of her chair, and to her husband all outside considerations were as naught, compared with the necessity of screening her from undue exertion.

"Forget that it is Christmas time—that's the best thing you can do! All your life you have worked and schemed to give other people pleasure, now you must take it easy, and let them have a turn for a change. No Christmas presents—no village treats—no house party over the New Year. You and I will have a quiet resting time, and think of nobody but ourselves."

His wife smiled, her fine, delicate smile, and stretched out her hand to meet his.

"Foolish man!" she said softly. "What folly you do talk! The Christmas presents are ready, dear. I begin collecting them each January, as soon as the last batch is out of the way, and it would break my heart to disappoint the villagers of their treat, but I'll be very good, and leave the whole of the arrangements to the Vicar. That's a concession made entirely to please you. I want to please you, because as regards the house party I am going to ask you to give in

to me! I'd been planning a very special gathering for this year. Please, dear, don't say no! It would be such a great interest. I want to ask all the members of that Heart's Desire party of fifteen years ago—all that are left, that's to say—and sit over the fire together as we did then, for the first hour of the New Year, and talk over our different experiences. I have thought of it for the last three or four years, but something has always come in the way, and now—now I would rather not postpone it again."

Her husband knew the meaning of that unwillingness. She was thinking that she might not live to see another New Year, and the knowledge was enough to stifle any objections which he might have made.

"You shall do as you choose, dearest," he said softly. "I ask only that you should spare yourself. You must spend the mornings in your own room, and then you will be able to enjoy your guests for the rest of the day." He was silent for a few minutes, gazing into the heart of the fire. "It is one thing to wish," he said at last, "and another to confess what has really happened. I wonder if they will confess."

"Probably—not!" Mrs. Ingram said. "We may be sure of one thing at least, that the happenings which went deepest will never be put into words. All the same we shall know. It is not only by speech that the heart tells its secrets, Hubert!"

Her husband pressed her hand, but did not answer. He knew well that his wife possessed a wonderful heart-vision which could pierce beneath the deceptions of surface appearance down to the truth beneath; but this was a plane to which he could not follow; and in truth he could not trust himself to discuss it. This dearly-loved wife had always been of an unusual exalted character, and with the decline of bodily health, she seemed to cast from her one by one the hindering frailties of the flesh, and to become ever more spiritual and crystalline. He revered, he worshipped, but—he feared! A spirit so fine seemed out of place on this gross earth.

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But, thank God! the old gaiety was not dead, and her laugh rang clear as ever when, a few minutes later, he brought a writing table to her side, and they embarked upon the work of tracing old friends under new conditions.

Mr. Ingram would have been hard put to it to remember even the names of those who had been present on the historic occasion, but his wife's diary supplied an account not only of these, but of manners and appearance, with a surprising verbatim record of what each person had said. She had the memory which records words, and now as she read over one message after another, something of her own keenness entered into her husband's manner.

"By Jove, you have a memory! It all comes back as I hear you reading—the very words—the very expressions. I can see Claudia sitting in that chair, telling us about the rich cousin who sent her cast-off clothes, and looking so wonderfully pretty and sparkling. Ah, poor Claudia! . . . Well, one is bound to come up against tragedy, if one follows the happenings of eight lives for fifteen years. All things considered I think we have less of it than might have been expected. . . . Who comes next on the list? Lilith Wastneys. No need to look up her address, eh? care of the Rt. Hon. Hereward Lowther, would reach her the world over. And John Harvey Malham. . . . These friends of yours have developed into very great personages, dear! Do you think they will care to accept invitations from simple country dwellers like ourselves?"

"I shall send them invitations, and I think they will come," Mrs. Ingram said quietly. People had a way of doing what she wished, which seemed the more extraordinary as she never argued or persuaded. "Those two are our only notables; the others are leading quite ordinary lives, so ordinary that we shall have to resort to the directory to trace one or two. I have not heard of Francis Manning for years."

"Manning, Manning! Which was Manning? The man who was in such a dickens of a hurry to get himself into trouble?"

"No, that was Val Lessing. Val is quite a prosperous City man now. He sends me a Christmas card every year. Francis Manning was the big, lazy creature who couldn't think of anything he wanted so

much as just to be let alone, to jog along in comfort. I have heard nothing of him since he wrote years ago to tell me of his marriage. I sent him a present."

"I'll bet you did!" commented her husband, laughing. "Oh well, we can easily track Mr. Malham. Then there comes Juliet! There's no difficulty about Juliet's address. Let me see! What was it that Juliet wished for?"

"Adventure!" Mrs. Ingram said, and they both smiled.

"So Juliet wished for Adventure, did she? Well! Well!" cried Mr. Ingram, nodding. "How many inches should you say she measures round the waist at the present moment?"

But at this his wife protested strongly.

"Too bad! Too bad! Why should the mere fact of being stout make it seem ridiculous for a woman to have a share in romance or excitement? I'm not going to allow you to laugh at Juliet. Wait at least until you have heard what she has to say. Now we come to the last on the list—Rupert Dempster. Rupert who wished for love."

"I remember," said her husband shortly. Many things that had happened on that evening had faded from memory, but the shock occasioned by Rupert's unexpected confession had impressed it on his mind. In imagination he could see the firelight playing upon the tired face, and hear the strong, quiet tone speaking of his ideal love, the primal, overmastering affinity of mind for mind, soul for soul, body for body. And it was this Rupert Dempster who had married a woman admittedly insane! Rumour said that she had to a great extent regained her reason, but still . . . Mr. Ingram registered a hope that Dempster and his wife would not accept his wife's invitation for New Year's Eve!

CHAPTER II

IT was New Year's Eve, and throughout the afternoon one batch of visitors after another had driven up to the door of the manor. Some had travelled by train, some by motor, and each guest in turn was received by the hostess, welcomed with her inimitable charm, and escorted to the rooms apportioned, where tea was served instead of in the hall downstairs as was the usual custom in the household. It did not satisfy Mrs. Ingram's dramatic sense that her guests

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should meet one by one; she preferred to postpone the moment until they met *en masse* round the dinner table later on.

Six invitations had been sent out, and in due time six replies came back. Some were affectionate in tone, others politely formal, some implied a willingness to stay as long as they should be asked; others regretted that one day only could be spared; but, so far as the anniversary itself was concerned, each of six notes brought the acceptance which Mrs. Ingram had so confidently expected. By six o'clock that evening the six surviving members of the original party were once more gathered together beneath the roof of the manor.

It was just eight o'clock when the sound of the gong pealed through the house, and Mr. and Mrs. Ingram took their stand in the great hall, to watch the procession of their guests down the stairway.

First of all came a tall man, muscular and healthy, a typical country squire, the sunburn of his skin showing in marked contrast to his white shirt and waistcoat. A handsome man, with an air of agreeable content, and beside him a stout matron, her large face wreathed in smiles, her dress a handsome creation of the year before last.

Behind her, creeping close to the wall, a plain, insignificant woman trailed a robe of magnificent gold brocade, while the glitter of diamonds on neck and head lent an additional wanness to the pinched face. This was the Lady Anne Malham, and by her side walked the husband whose success in life had made him a world-known figure. The large head, and hawk-like features had been so often represented in the Press that the public recognised him at a glance, but few of those who studied the weary face realised that this was a man who had not yet seen his forty-fifth year. There was no lingering trace of youth on the face of John Malham, millionaire!

Behind the Malhams came yet another couple; the woman's left hand rested lightly on the banister while, on the inner side of the stairway, her husband slipped his arm through hers, as though to afford a double security to her descent. Slim, ethereally transparent, her white shoulders rising above a dress of misty black, a carmine flush staining the soft oval of her cheeks, Eve Dempster appeared more like a beautiful wraith than a woman of flesh and blood.

The years had brought to her none of the ordinary signs of age; as though loath to mar so exquisite a creature, they had passed by, leaving behind nothing but an air of additional transparency and fragility to mark their course. Rupert on the contrary looked more than his age. His face was lined as by a ceaseless anxiety, but in his eyes there was a great content.

Eve Dempster's misty train floated so far behind as to necessitate a gap in the descent of the guests. The gap, and the isolated position which she occupied as the first of the guests to descend in single file, threw into greater prominence the stolid, ungainly figure of Mrs. Francis Manning, clad in a satin gown of a violent shade of blue. Her light hair was elaborately waved and dressed in the latest eccentricity of the day; tight white kid gloves came to an end halfway up her reddened arms. She looked what she was, a middle-class matron of the suburbs, divided between pride and embarrassment in her present position. Her husband followed close behind, large, heavily-built, with a clean-shaven face, patient, saddened, strikingly controlled. Mrs. Ingram, watching from the hall beneath, felt a smarting of the eyes as she looked at that face, and remembered the torpid complacency of the days that were gone.

The next couple were in appearance perhaps the most normal of any. A man too alert and supple to be yet classed as middle-aged, a pretty, soft-eyed woman, with humorous lips, and a graceful head poised at an angle which suggested an agreeable touch of coquetry. A woman whose spirit remained young; a woman who retained the power to charm, though the dreaded forty hovered but a few years ahead.

And then, last of all, sweeping downwards with the indefinable air of those accustomed to high places, came the guests of honour, the Rt. Hon. Hereward Lowther, and Lilith, his wife. The Minister was smiling, and the smile showed him at his best. A physiognomist would have read in his face a curious mingling of weakness and strength, but the old shadow was replaced by a radiant complaisance, and there was a touch of obvious though perfectly good-natured condescension in his bearing as he surveyed the group in the hall. He was ready to be all that was agreeable to his wife's old friends, but he expected that in their turn

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they would appreciate the honour paid by his presence.

As for Lilith herself, a murmur of incredulity arose from the watchers as she stepped into sight, so extraordinarily like the Lilith of old did she appear. The pale hair was twisted round the head in identically the same fashion as of yore, the white satin dress, with the swathing of tulle round the shoulders, followed the same natural lines. There was no glitter of gems, but Val Lessing noticed with a thrill of remembrance that round her throat there were ropes of pearls—lustrous, shimmering pearls, for which a man might venture his life. In the shaded light of the lamps there were no lines to be seen on the quiet face. It seemed impossible to believe that fifteen long years had passed by since that white robed figure had last descended that staircase!

A few moments of merry greetings, and laughter, of introductions by host and hostess, and then the house party once more formed into pairs, filed into the dining-room and took their places round the festive board.

It was a long and elaborate meal which followed, and in the drawing-room afterwards the guests found a delightful entertainment provided for their benefit. The days were over when dancing appealed as an ideal manner of passing the time: to-night the guests sat still and were amused by others, and as the hour of twelve drew nigh, watched the performance of an exquisite little masque of the seasons, in which the old year and the new played the leading characters.

More than one person suspected the authorship of that masque, and recognised another instance of Mrs. Ingram's generalship in tuning the minds of the hearers to a desired note before the moment of the conference arrived.

They stood together in the great hall, hand in hand, waiting for the striking of the hour from the church tower, men and women, where before had stood youths and maidens; together as the last note died away, they turned back to the fire, and

seated themselves in the circling chairs, but when they were all placed there were still two chairs which remained vacant. To the majority of the company the presence of these chairs appeared the most meaningless of incidents; two only of the number divined their significance, Rupert Dempster, and the Squire's stout, prosaic-looking wife. As usual, it was the woman who put her thoughts into words:—



"H's wife smiled . . . and stretched out her hand to meet his"—p. 110.

Drawn by
H. Schiögel.

"Ah, poor Claudia! poor Meriel!" she sighed. "How little we thought that they would be the two to be absent when we met again! And such tragic fates. . . That beautiful Claudia! Can you remember how she sat that night, making her naughty, audacious speeches, and looking so sweet and bewitching all the time that one could not believe that she meant half she said? But she *did*, or how could she have married that man? Meriel was staying with her, at the time that she first—found out. She

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persuaded her to see the specialist. Claudia *dared* not tell her husband. To the very last she braved it out. One would not have expected her to have such courage! And when he did know, he went straight away and never saw her again. She would see no one. She lived alone with her nurse until the end. Poor Claudia! She wished for great riches, and she got them, but——"

"Found bitterness to her soul! Yes. That is the reward of seeking the worthless thing," Mrs. Ingram said, quietly. "Claudia had a few years given to her in which to taste the power of money, and a few years more to test its helplessness. She learnt many lessons, poor child, in that hidden room. I sent for one of her nurses after she died. The woman cried bitterly when she spoke of her. She said she had never had a patient who was more thoughtful and considerate. I was thankful to know that the poor child had had someone with her who really loved and sympathised."

There was a tense silence. The pathos of Claudia's fate lay heavy upon those who remembered her in the flush of her youthful triumph, and with that other name, too, was the connection of tragedy.

"And Meriel! Meriel wished for Happiness," Francis Manning said slowly. "She was shipwrecked—wasn't she?—when she was sailing to India with some friends."

"With Geoffrey Sterne and his wife." Val Lessing told the sad story to the end, as far as the world knew it.

There was silence. With one accord the guests looked at Mrs. Ingram, and she recognised the meaning of that look, shook her head, and held out her hands with a gesture of helplessness.

"You are thinking that my theory has failed, and that Meriel found none of the happiness for which she longed. Yes! it sounds like it. Her youth spent in isolation, with a drunken woman as companion, and the result of it all—failure! I don't deny it, dear people. I don't argue. On the surface it is a pitiful tale, but we know only the surface. No one can read the secrets of Meriel's heart. She was happy in one thing, at least—that the time of her loneliness was short, and I think there are none among you who will deny that Meriel is happy *now*. Whatever may be your creed, you will agree that such brave, unselfish giving is a garnering of wealth for the life that is to

come. Meriel has come into her kingdom!" She paused just for a moment, then with a challenging smile turned towards Val Lessing, who sat on her right. The conversation had taken a pensive turn, and with the generalship of a born hostess, she was ready to switch it back into a livelier channel. Among all the couples who were present none looked more absolutely sane and satisfied than Val and his wife. Val could obviously be trusted to give a cheerful report.

"Well, Val, what have you to tell us? Was fate kind or unkind enough to lead you through perilous seas, before you reached your present very sunshiny haven?"

Val bent his head in acknowledgment of the compliment. There was a tinge of embarrassment on his face; he glanced across the hearth at his wife, and as quickly averted his eyes.

"W—e—ll!" he said slowly, "I think I may say that it *was*! I had an experience of—er—what appeared at the time to be very—er—acute danger. It lasted for some four or five weeks, and then was—er—*relieved*, in a somewhat remarkable manner. You will excuse the details. I have only to confess that the experience taught me the most useful lesson of my life to appreciate the blessings of safety! I don't deny that in the course of that experience there were moments of excitement which I intensely enjoyed, but on the whole I found that it is much more agreeable to live in peace." He paused for a moment, and into his eyes there leapt a delightful smile. "I may add," he said dryly, "that my wife has relieved me of one great dread. She is good enough to provide a spice of uncertainty, which makes it impossible that I shall ever have to complain of monotony!"

Everyone looked at Delia, and Delia flicked her long eyelashes, and stared into space with an expression of angelic innocence. But a dimple dipped in her cheek. Delia at thirty-eight was still a minx. There was more than one man in the room at that moment who envied Lessing the possession of his charming wife!

The general laugh subsided, and Mrs. Ingram turned to the Squire's wife.

"So much for Danger!" she said smiling. "Now, Juliet, what have you to report of Adventure? Your friends will remember how impatiently you were straining at your

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bonds. Has the adventure really come along?"

More than one of the listeners felt it an effort at that moment to repress a smile, so exceedingly unadventurous was the appearance of the portly dame. Perhaps she felt the covert amusement, for there was a note of defiance in her voice as she took up the challenge.

"Yes, it *did*," she said emphatically. "It most certainly did, and I have to thank you, dear Mrs. Ingram, for making me—er—*receptive*—so that when the opportunity arose, I was ready to take it. Before our talk here, fifteen years ago, I had drifted into the belief that nothing adventurous or interesting would ever happen to me, and that I must just resign myself to be bored. After that I changed my way of thinking, and expected the chance to come. I am like Mr. Lessing, I prefer not to give you any details, but I think I am quite safe in saying that no other woman ever met her husband in the extraordinary circumstances under which I met mine. It was very adventurous indeed, and we were engaged—oh, at once, and married in a month, and settled down in the dear old house where we are still living with our six children." She paused, and looked around with a warning air. "Please don't murmur sympathetically! Whenever I say 'six,' people always murmur sympathetically, and it's so misplaced. It's just what we wanted—*lots* of little heads round the table! Five sturdy boys, and one little girl."

"Well, at any rate, you can't have much adventure now!" It was Mrs. Francis Manning who spoke, the faint Cockney twang of her voice sounding discordantly in contrast to the cultured tones of her companions. "Children are such a tie. We have four, and I never seem to have a free hour. And to live in the country, too. It's a good thing you had some adventure when you were young, for there's no chance of it now."

"I deny it!" cried Juliet, hotly. "I deny it! Can anything in the world be more adventurous than to start a new home, and a new generation—to have six young lives entrusted to one to train for the world's service? Think what those six lives may mean—multiplying into fresh lives, spreading influence wherever they go! There are no such adventures in life, as marriage and

parentship, if one can only see them in the right light, and keep on seeing. . . ." She gave a little laugh, half shy, half apologetic, a trifle ashamed of her own intensity. "Ah, well! it's adventurous enough to have a pack of boys who are learning to ride, learning to shoot, trying to copy everything that their father can do to-day, hobbling home almost every hour of the week with cuts and bruises, and breaks, and sprains. I have all the adventure that I need, and—what shall I say?—I enjoy it even more than I expected!"

She stopped panting, and her husband smiled at her across the room, and silently clapped his hands. "I beg to second the motion!" he said, gravely, and there was a general stir of laughter. It was pleasant to meet a couple of the good old-fashioned type which was yearly becoming more rare. Every person in the room felt a sincere respect for Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Mapstone.

"Well, of course—if you put it like that," said Mrs. Manning doubtfully, "I'm sure I've always done my best to be a good mother, and the girls go to school now, which makes it easier, but with the boy being blind—well, naturally, it's a tie! My husband tells me he wished for Comfort, and there's no doubt but he's got it. We're not rich, of course, but comfortable, quite comfortable. He's only to express a wish, and it's there for him, and I keep a first-rate cook. But, as I said to him only to-day, he doesn't give himself a chance. Always slaving and worrying for someone else, particularly for the boy, and now he is getting quite big, and able to do for himself. It's wonderful how clever blind people become. Of course we all want to be helpful, but, as I say, there *is* a medium, and everyone notices how he has altered these last years. If you remember, he used to be quite stout—"

"Please, Marion! Spare my blushes. I am perfectly well, and my greatest pleasure is looking after the boy." Francis Manning spoke with quiet self-possession, nevertheless his hearers divined a hidden wound, and unanimously forbore from comment, but those who had known the man fifteen years before marvelled at the change which had come over his whole personality. It was more than a change, it was a transfiguration. What trumpet-call had sounded in this man's ears to rouse him from his sleep?



"It was just eight o'clock when the sound of the gong pealed through the house, and Mr. and Mrs. Ingram took their stand to watch the procession of their guests down the stairway."



Mr. and
May."

Drawn by
H. Schlegel

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Then Mrs. Ingram looked around and met the glance of John Malham, millionaire, leaning back in his chair with his head supported on his hand. Of all the men in the room he looked the most worn and exhausted, and she wondered if perchance at this very moment his tired brain was evolving another Titan scheme by which fresh coffers could be added to his store. Her smile had more of pity than envy as she addressed him:—

"Mr. Malham, it is unnecessary to ask your report. All the world knows how you have succeeded. It only remains for your old friends to congratulate you, and wish you a continuance of your success."

"Thanks very much, Mrs. Ingram. It is a great pleasure to be here, and meet you all again. I only wish I could have managed to make a longer stay."

Malham was obviously ill at ease, obviously annoyed when his wife took up the strain, and in her flat voice proceeded to enlarge on her husband's marvellous powers. With the obvious intention of avoiding the ordeal he bent forward towards Juliet, and, pointing to a miniature which hung from her neck, said in a low voice, "Is that one of the six? The little girl? May I see?"

Juliet beamed broadly as she held out the pearl-rimmed case containing a pretty, round, young face. "And you? How many have you?"

"None," he said shortly, and Juliet hurried to retrieve her mistake.

"Yes. That's the girl. A great pet, of course. I called her Celia. Her father thought it too fanciful, but he had had his own way about the boys, so I insisted on it. It's such a pretty name, so sweet and winsome, don't you think so? And uncommon. One meets so many Gladyses and Phyllises, but so seldom a Celia. Did you ever know a Celia?"

She looked at him, and the motherly smile faded at sight of his tortured face.

"Yes. I knew a Celia," he said thickly, and Juliet looked hurriedly in another direction, her heart leaping to a swift conclusion.

"He loved a girl called Celia, and she died, and he married Lady Anne for her position. All his success has not brought him happiness. Oh, the poor, poor man!"

Meantime Lady Anne's voice had trailed into silence, and Rupert Dempster was

answering Mrs. Ingram's unspoken summons. Like Manning he had but little to say, but there was all the difference in the world in his manner of saying it.

"I wished for Eve," he said simply. "Here she is!" and again he slipped his hand through his wife's arm. As a matter of course, he had seated himself by her side; as a matter of course, Eve had looked for his coming. For all their friendliness and courtesy, there was about these two an air of detachment from their surroundings, an air of living apart in a world of their own, fenced round with an ambuscade through which no darts could pass. The affectionate camaraderie of the Lessings and Maplestons was a good and pleasant thing to witness, but the bond which bound these two was finer, more exalted.

Eve's eyes were deep and luminous at that moment, but their beautiful glance held no remembrance of her companions. All her thought was for her man.

"Ah, Rupert, yes! you have gained your wish!" Mrs. Ingram said deeply. She looked at the two as they sat side by side, and a reflection of their own radiance showed in her own face. "It was a great wish," she said, "a wish that was worth while, for your treasure can never be taken away. Death itself is powerless to divide your souls. Dear Rupert, I am glad for you. We are all glad. It is good to have you among us to-day."

Hereward Lowther bent forward in his seat, the firelight playing on his eager, animated face. Throughout the evening he had worn an air of expectancy, and now he burst eagerly into speech.

"Mrs. Ingram, I have to thank you for a tremendously interesting evening. My wife told me that she had a special reason for wishing to accept your invitation. I understood that we were to celebrate some sort of anniversary, but as old friends you will remember that she is chary of words, and I was entirely ignorant of its nature. I have been intensely interested in the history of the various wishes, but I confess that my chief feeling has been curiosity. Please tell me—what was my wife's wish?"

Mrs. Ingram looked at the corner by the fireplace where for the last hour a white figure had sat silent, immovable, her face shadowed by an outstanding beam. Even so fifteen years ago had the girl Lilith West-

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neys watched and waited, until at her hostess's summons she had moved softly forward to make her extraordinary pronouncement. The remembrance of that moment was vivid in the minds of her old friends, as Mrs. Ingram answered:—

"Lilith," she said deliberately, "wished for Power."

The next moment the silence was broken by a peal of laughter. It was Hereward Lowther who laughed, giving way to a gust of amusement with the boy-like unrestraint which still characterised his moods.

"Power! Lilith? Lilith wished for Power? Of all the inexplicable wishes! I might have guessed for months but I should never have guessed that. Lilith? the most humble and retiring of women. Look at her now! That's where she would always be if she were not driven forward, hiding in some out-of-the-way corner. And you tell me that she wished for Power? When was that—fifteen years ago? And we have been married for twelve. How extraordinarily she must have changed!"

Through eight different minds the reflection was passing—How extraordinarily Lilith remained the same—but it did not become mere friends to contradict the verdict of a husband, so they remained silent.

"Well!" he said presently, "we may say that—vicariously—she has gained her wish. As my wife—" he checked himself as though fearful of seeming to boast, and added quickly, "I am delighted to feel that I have been able to provide Lilith with anything for which she asked."

Lilith bent forward and sent him a smile of acknowledgment. Then her eyes travelled round the circle and rested on her hostess's face. The two women looked at one another long and steadily, and a flush crept into Mrs. Ingram's cheeks.

"I think," she said quietly, "I must reckon Lilith among my successes. Mr. Lowther, may I tell you how proud my husband and I feel to number you among our guests to-night? Ordinary people who can only stand by and watch, feel a profound gratitude to workers like yourself, who are types of all that is honourable and disinterested. England owes you a great debt."

Every man present joined in a murmur of assent, for though political opinions differed, one and all acknowledged the singleness of Lowther's aim. Across one or two minds

flitted a remembrance of the tragic eclipse which had marked the statesman's early career, but in each case the remembrance brought with it an increased admiration. Not one man in a thousand would have had the power to climb out of so deep a ditch!

And now, one by one, the eight histories had been discussed, and the company instinctively drew their chairs nearer the fire, watching with questioning eagerness the eloquent face of the woman whose words had had so large a bearing on their lives. Here she was, an old woman now, worn to the point of breaking, yet vital as ever, with the flame of an encompassing sympathy.

"Ah, dear people," she sighed, "dear people, it is so good to meet you again! I am so grateful to you all for coming. The remembrance of this night will be company for me during many quiet days. I shall have much to think over, but at present I am conscious only of one thing—that my prophecy is true, is almost *terribly* true! We are only faintly beginning to understand the real power of steady, concentrated will. The thing that a man aims for, with a strong, single, undeviating aim, that thing, sooner or later, *a man can have!* So much is certain, but I blame myself for not insisting more upon the initial question. *Is it worth while?* Oh, dear people, so often our ambitions are *not* worth while. An aim which is to ride dominant over every call, an aim for which all hindrances are to be cast aside, must needs have a spiritual nature, if it is to satisfy a spiritual being. In the days to come, teach your children the importance of this great decision; teach them their power, but be sure—be very sure, to teach them to think long and earnestly, lest in their blindness they choose the chaff, and go starving all their days!"

John Malham leant back in his chair, so that his face was in the shadow. Francis Manning's eyes gazed deeply into space. Across the silence broke the harp-like tones of Eve Dempster's voice.

"Mrs. Ingram, you have gained your own wish. It is written in your face that it was worth while. Will you tell us what it was?"

The hostess looked down at her thin, locked hands. Her voice trembled, as she slowly recited her answer, dwelling with eloquent emphasis upon one of the earlier words:—

"I have—LEARNED—in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content!"



The Fruit Market,
Bethlehem.

Photo : American Colony,
Jerusalem.

IN THE STABLE AT BETHLEHEM

Christmas at the Birthplace of Christ

By BASIL MATHEWS, M.A.

The little town of Bethlehem is of interest for all time. The writer tells how he spent Christmas at the scene of Christ's Nativity.

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year!" so the carol boys have declared at our door every year of my life, and so I believed till I experienced what seemed a wild freak of the time-machine in celebrating Christmas twice within a fortnight. The two Christmases seemed strange enough in themselves, but it added a touch of more than Arabian Night fantasy that I should celebrate the former of the two in the very centre of Roman Christendom, under the shadow of St. Peter's, watching the gorgeous and endless ritual of High Mass; while the second was spent at the birthplace of Christmas itself, in the rock-hewn cavern of the ancient stable, where—

"Away in a manger,
No crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down His sweet head."

The solution of the puzzle of the two Christmases within the embrace of a single fortnight lies, of course, in the fact that the Eastern Greek Church celebrates its festival thirteen days after the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Christmas of the West.

So it came about that having sailed from Naples a few days after Christmas in Rome and hailing the New Year on the Mediterranean to the sound of a ship's band, I found myself, on January 6th, riding out of Jerusalem, down

the Bethlehem road in the track of the countless Russian pilgrims. Bearded and wrinkled, dressed in black smocks that had gone grey with the dust of three thousand miles of travel, they trudged steadily on in their road-worn, high boots. Here a party of these devotees knelt in prayer before the stone on which Elijah rested; there they bowed to gaze in wonder and adoration into the magic Well of the Magi, where the Wise Men from the East, having become confused in their travel as to the direction in which they should go, saw the guiding star in the water as they stooped to drink, and so found Bethlehem and its Kingly Baby.

Along the road came strings of supercilious tawny camels, laden mountain high and led by rainbow-costumed men on absurd miniature donkeys, swinging their legs in ceaseless rhythm and cluck-clucking to stimulate the asses. Then a wild Bedouin horseman, his Arab's tail swishing the air like a flail, went by in a whirlwind of dust.

I came at last in sight of Bethlehem—a jewel village set with divine artistry in a mount of old gold. Jerusalem lay behind me, northward, glowing on its height in the splendour of the blazing sun, in a way that taught one why John should see the Holy City of his



Shepherd Boy
with Sling.

Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.

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Apocalypse to be a City of Gold. Farther eastward began those awful ravines and that strangely desolate Wilderness of Temptation that tilts wildly down to the Dead Sea. Southward the fawny-grey hills leapt up to the blunt steep summit of the mountain where the Murderer of the Innocents lies under the perpetual execration of humanity; while the olive groves break with dark emerald the grey of the wintry soil.

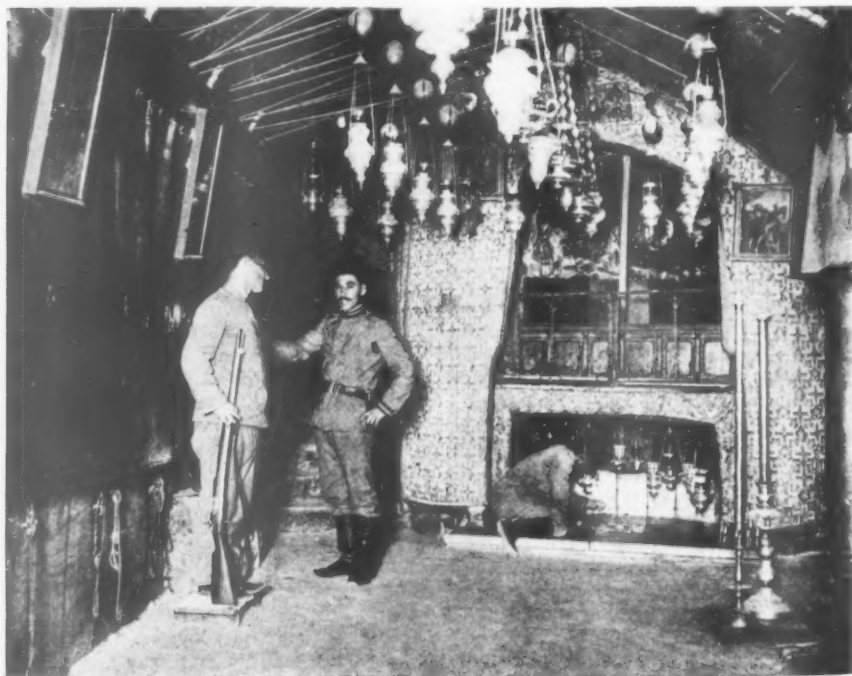
Bethlehem itself crowned a rugged hill, whose sides were hung with groves of olives and of figs, and surrounded by open field country where shepherds still watch their flocks by night. It was winter still; but the grotesquely twisted brown vines suggested the splendour of riotous purple and green that must festoon the hillside in summer when the grapes are ripe.

Lying as it does between the wilderness of desolation and the city of David to which the whole race of Israel turns, Bethlehem in actual situation seems, with divine appro-

priateness, to mediate between the busy noise of active life in Jerusalem and the meditation natural to those wilds where the shepherd David found his lyrical inspirations, and our Lord faced and fought the Temptation in awful yet glorious isolation.

As I came in full sight of the village of Bethlehem itself, I felt that, however hardened and *blasé* a traveller may be, it is surely not possible for any man to set eyes for the first time upon the last resting-place of Rachel, the scene of the exquisite idyll of Ruth, the playground of the shepherd-boy David and the scene of his royal anointing, and the cradle of Jesus Christ Himself, without being overwhelmed by the rush of recollected story, and stirred in no ordinary way by its divine associations.

As I went through the narrow main street of Bethlehem and saw the fine physique and frank, self-reliant bearing of the people, it was easy to see the qualities by which, in their free life among the hills, these people had earned their reputation for



Changing Guards in the Grotto of the Nativity.

Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem.

IN THE STABLE AT BETHLEHEM



**"Feeding their Flocks
by Night."**

*Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.*

(This is a unique photograph, specially taken for *THE QUIVER*, by the light of the stars, of shepherds with their sheep on the hills near Bethlehem. In every detail this is a replica of the scene when the angelic hosts came to proclaim "peace and goodwill to men.")

daing, physical prowess and ready address. And it was good to know that so fine a people in so holy a place were recognised as the most Christian village in all that land which now cringes under the scimitar of the Crescent.

My actual entry into Bethlehem had a grotesque humour of its own, in that I got involved among a wild troop of horse-soldiery, and finally dashed into the market square at a gallop behind the carriage of the Russian consul, who had come over for the Greek Christmas celebrations.

The market square was the most brilliant kaleidoscope of swiftly changing harmonious colours I have ever seen. Fair "Franks," brown Syrians, swarthier Abyssinians, black Nubians, with a continuous thread of serious, bearded Russians, went to and fro, while round about, squatting on their tiny stools and smoking "hubble-bubbles" with imperturbable calm, sat the patriarchs of the place, swathed in orange and crim-

son, black and citron, cloth and linen and sheepskin. A country lad, with a black kid in the fold of his short shepherd cloak, was buying his ten paras' worth of "small loaves." And scores of children ran in and out like shuttles of coloured silk.

The Church of the Nativity that faces the market square is spoken of as the oldest piece of Christian architecture in the world. Indeed, its columns of marble are said to have come from the ruins of the temple of Solomon himself. This Greek Basilica was built by Helena (Constantine's mother) in the fourth century. Underneath the building, and cut in the solid rock, lies the Khan, the stable to which Christianity has always turned as the cradle of the Faith.

Plunging through a small, low, dark doorway into the Greek church, I found the air heavy with incense and with the acrid odour of humanity. The priests were droning in antiphonal song. Pressing round the dense and swaying crowd which watched

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this service by the light of a thousand lamps and candles, I came to the entrance to the Grotto of the Nativity.

Here was the apex of pressure and—as I found on stooping and going down the steps—the climax of asphyxiation. The odour of the unwashed of Asia, Africa, and Eastern Europe rose up and choked me. But pressing on and down, I at last, by sheer slow gyration of the gradually moving packed pilgrimage, came to the exact spot

in the pestilential air above a seething, disordered congestion of humanity.

I escaped and slipped away, and out of the village on to the higher ground. On the way I met a young village mother with her infant boy. And her eyes showed that she thought of her baby what had been true of that infant Boy nineteen centuries ago here in this village—that he was the most wonderful child in the world. On the edge of the hill, as the sinking sun mellowed the



In Front of the Church
of the Nativity, Bethlehem.

Photo: American Qu'ang,
Jerusalem.

(To the right is the Armenian building, to the left the Catholic; the tall bell tower is Greek.)

where Jesus is said to have been born. Upon her knees, a girl of nineteen—about Mary's age, maybe—knelt and pressed fervent lips against the floor and moved away.

We went on again to the spot a few yards away where the manger stood; and there again eager pilgrims knelt down in dumb adoration.

Overhead, in the church, in the presence of the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem himself, the priests sung and a thousand lamps glimmered in jewelled gold and silver. Here, again, in the stable lamps flickered

land to a richer ochre, I looked out on the green place where the shepherds watched their flocks on such an evening as this.

Not in St. Peter's, nor in the Basilica at Bethlehem, nor—how it sickens one to say it—even in the stable itself, would an ornate ecclesiasticism, infinitely remote in its ritual from the simplicity of Jesus, allow us to celebrate His birth with an appropriate and joyful worship. But it was easy, out in the open air, to join song with the host of angels in the shafts of heavenly light that streamed from the setting sun of Christmas Eve over the Shepherds' Field.



**Christmas Day Procession
in Bethlehem.**

*Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.*

THE DUST OF LIFE

Serial Story

By JOSEPH HOCKING

CHAPTER IV

OSTRACISED

THE same evening Cedric Essex was sitting on a camp chair in the little patch of garden in front of the cottage where he had taken up his abode. He felt little the worse for his experiences of the morning, although a kind of languor possessed him. Ordinarily he found it next to impossible to sit still, the exuberance of his youthful vitality ever demanding expression. But this evening he sat looking away across the sea, where the sun was setting in a glow of wondrous glory. The breeze of the morning had now gone, and the sea was reminiscent of the figure of the old Hebrew seer, "a sea of glass, mingled with fire." Behind the cottage the hills rose, covered with heather and furze blossom, while away to his right the bold, rugged coastline seemed to challenge the march of the in-coming tide.

"No wonder dad used to swear by Cornwall," reflected the lad. "I never saw anything like it anywhere else."

Then his attention was diverted by the click of the garden gate, and turning, he saw an elderly man accompanied by a young girl.

"Excuse me," said the former, somewhat loudly, "are you the young fellow who is staying in this cottage?"

Without waiting for a reply, he went on, "Because I have to thank you for a deed of heroism which you performed this morning." And he looked admiringly upon the young fellow who rose to his feet at their coming.

Cedric flushed up to the roots of his hair. He did not know at all what to say. He had guessed who they were, but, like every other healthy-minded boy, hated thanks.

"But it was nothing at all, sir," he stammered.

"Nothing at all—but it was! I've heard all about it. I went away early this morning, and returned only an hour ago, but my niece here wouldn't let me rest until

I'd come to thank you. You may have heard of me, I'm Sir Colman Tresize."

"Oh, yes, certainly I've heard of you," replied Cedric. "But really you needn't have bothered. It was nothing. I hope the young lady is—is—that is, that she hasn't suffered anything?"

"No, thanks to you she's all right. I stopped in the village below, on my way here, and the fishermen who rowed out to you told me the story. Thank you, young sir, thank you very much indeed. God only knows how grateful I am! I ought to have warned my niece against bathing alone there after a rough sea. I know what those rocks are; only last summer two people met their death there. I shall never forget it, young sir, never!"

Cedric stood silent and awkward. He had not the slightest idea what to say, and he felt ashamed of himself for his confusion. But as he said to himself afterwards, "How could a chap hear such things without looking like an ass?"

Involuntarily, however, he turned towards the girl, whom he would scarcely have recognised. In common parlance, she was what might be called a "flapper," but with a distinction: there was something in her dark eyes which denoted character out of the ordinary, while her other features, though as yet somewhat unformed, foretold the fact that in a few years she might become a woman of no ordinary calibre. For the rest, she was rather tall, angular, and apparently ill at ease.

"It was a jolly sporting thing of you to do!" she cried impulsively, her dark eyes flashing and a flush mounting to her rather pale face. "You must have known what—that it meant, too! I never thought I should get out alive."

"Anyhow, I hope you will say no more about it," said Cedric, rather nervously, "it makes a chap feel so—so jolly awkward, you know."

"Does it?" asked the girl. "Well, I expect it must. But there, I couldn't help it.

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And when uncle knew, he insisted on coming with me."

"Yes," said Sir Colman, "I shall never forget it, never, and—and—" Here he seemed at a loss what to say, perhaps because he had not rightly understood the status of the youth to whom he was talking. The fact that he was living in this cottage would suggest that he was poor; on the other hand, he instinctively felt that he had to treat Cedric as an equal, and not as an impecunious youth to whom he could offer payment for his services.

"Are you staying here long?" asked Sir Colman.

"Another week, I hope," replied the lad. "An old school-fellow is coming to see me to-morrow, otherwise I should have left to-day."

"School-fellow, eh?" said Sir Colman. "What school, if I may ask?"

And then before Cedric realised what his answer meant he told him.

"Rugchester? Why, I know it well. Who doesn't? And so you're an old Rugchester boy, eh? How long have you left?"

"Just left," and Cedric flushed painfully. "Oh, I see, and what's your name, if I may ask?"

"Cedric Essex," was the reply.

"Why, I knew your father, of course I did. He was at Peterhouse when I was at Trinity. Oh, that's lucky!" And Sir Colman held out his hand and shook the boy's heartily. "Why, I'd no idea, my dear lad," he said, "no idea at all. Well, this is great! You must come up and see us. To think that Cedric Essex's boy should have rendered me such a service! I say, Issy, my dear, haven't you heard me speak of Cedric Essex?"

"I don't remember," was the girl's reply. And then, turning to Cedric, she added, "It will be splendid if you come up!"

"And you've left school now?" continued the older man. "What are you going to do with yourself? Going on to the 'Varsity? And are you going into the Law, or the Army, or the Church, or what?"

"I don't know," replied the boy, feeling vastly uncomfortable. "The truth is, I came down here to—well, to think it out, you know."

"Oh, I see." And Sir Colman Tresize divined what his words might mean. "Yes, I remember," he thought to himself, "Essex was a poor man, and he will have left very little to his boy."

"Then you've not settled whether you'll go on to the 'Varsity or not?"

"I've settled nothing yet, sir. You see, well—there are difficulties."

"Oh, yes, just so. Well, at any rate, I'm thankful to Providence you came down here as you did, and I hope to see a good deal of you while you remain. Let me think, I'm afraid for the next few days I shall be engaged, but—can't you come up next Saturday afternoon?"

"It's awfully good of you, sir, but my friend is coming to see me."

"Oh, bring your friend with you—he's from the same school, is he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, then bring him, by all means. No, I shan't have any refusal to that now. They must both come, mustn't they, Issy?"

"Fine-looking lad!" remarked Sir Colman to his niece a few minutes later. "Just a straight, clean-minded, British lad, isn't he?"

"Yes, he seems a good chap," replied the girl.

"We'll make a party on Saturday afternoon. We'll invite in two or three of the Molesworths, and I'll send a line to Tom Tremaine's boy and girl to come over. That'll be pleasant, won't it? It's a long time since I've seen a lad I like so well! It was a jolly plucky thing of him to do, too!"

The next day Cedric welcomed his friend, Roger Hereford.

"It is good of you to come, old chap!"

"Been lonely, Ced?"

"Oh, I don't know that I've been lonely so much, but—well, as I told you, I came down here to fight things out a bit, you know. You see," he added slowly, "I'm in an awful mess!"

"What's this I hear you've been doing since you came here? Rescuer of high-born dames or something of that sort?"

"Who told you that rot?"

"Oh, the man who drove me from the station. He talked about very little else during the whole five miles. I suppose this Sir Colman Tresize is a big gun round here, isn't he?"

"It seems so. He's the chief landlord, I hear."

"You've fallen on your feet, old man. What sort of a girl is she?"

"I'm afraid I didn't take much notice of her. I felt so jolly awkward, you know!"

"How old is she?"

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"Oh, about seventeen, I should think. She's called Granville."

"Yes, that's what the driver said. It seems that she's no end of a swell, too. A bit of a harum-scarum though, by all account!"

"Oh, I didn't notice that. Indeed, she struck me as being a quiet sort of girl, but she's good sport for all that."

"I should like to see her."

"Well, you will have a chance. Sir Colman invited me to go up to the Manor House on Saturday, and when I told him you were coming he included you."

"Good business, old chap! By the way, have you found out anything more about that—that?"

"No," interrupted Cedric. "Have you?"

"Not a breath. I've been a sort of Sherlock Holmes ever since that day, but I've no inkling."

"Do they believe I did it?"

Roger was silent for a few seconds. "There are always a lot of mean skunks, you know. I wouldn't bother about it, old man, if I were you. Let's forget it!"

"But I can't help bothering. Look here, you must have heard a lot about it after I left. What do the chaps think?"

"Well, I'm afraid things were made to look very black against you," was Roger's reply. "I suppose all sorts of inquiries were made, but no one was seen to go into your study. Of course, someone *did* go in, but there you are. Oh, crowds of chaps don't believe it a bit, just crowds, but there are all sorts of stories. I'm afraid the 'Varsity's out of the question, old chap."

"Oh, I know that. In any case, it depended upon my getting the scholarship, and now that's gone—"

"My dad would have paid for you," interrupted Roger. "But, you see, it's no use now. Whether you went to Oxford or Cambridge—but you know what these stories are."

Cedric stood for some seconds looking out over the sea. His eyes had become hard, and his lips were tremulous with passion.

"I mean to find out who did it, Roger, and then woe betide the beggar, whoever he may be! But there, that's enough about my affairs. I suppose it's all settled about you?"

"Yes, I'm going on to Trinity in October. Old Goggles has no doubt whatever but that I can get through the Littlego easily."

Cedric sighed. He was glad that the

future of his friend looked so bright; nevertheless, when he thought of what he himself should do he became embittered.

Next day, both the lads seemed to forget all about school troubles. They bathed and rowed and enjoyed themselves generally.

"It's splendid having you here, Roger," said Cedric, as when evening came they walked away over the hills together.

"And I'm glad to be here, Ced, old man. By the way, where is Sir Colman Tresize's place?"

"Over there, behind those trees."

"Let's walk around that way. I suppose it's rather a fine old house?"

"I have never seen it," replied Cedric, "but the villagers speak of it with a sort of awe."

Half an hour later they entered a lane which passed by one of the entrances to Tresize Manor, and both boys stopped to look at it.

"Rather a shabby-looking entrance," said Roger.

"Yes, but think of those old posts there, they must be hundreds of years old. As for the lodge, it is just a picture. The people around here say that church and manor house were built at the same time—back in the time of Henry VII., I think it was. I suppose the architecture is the same too. There is nothing at all of the parvenu about it."

"All the same, I like that Molesworth's place better," said Roger. "It's finer and more imposing."

He had scarcely spoken when they heard a sound of footsteps, and coming down the drive they saw three girls.

"Let's get on," whispered Cedric, "that's—that's—"

"Who?" asked Roger.

"The girl who—who—" but he did not finish the sentence, for Issy Granville, seeing her rescuer, rushed towards him with a laugh.

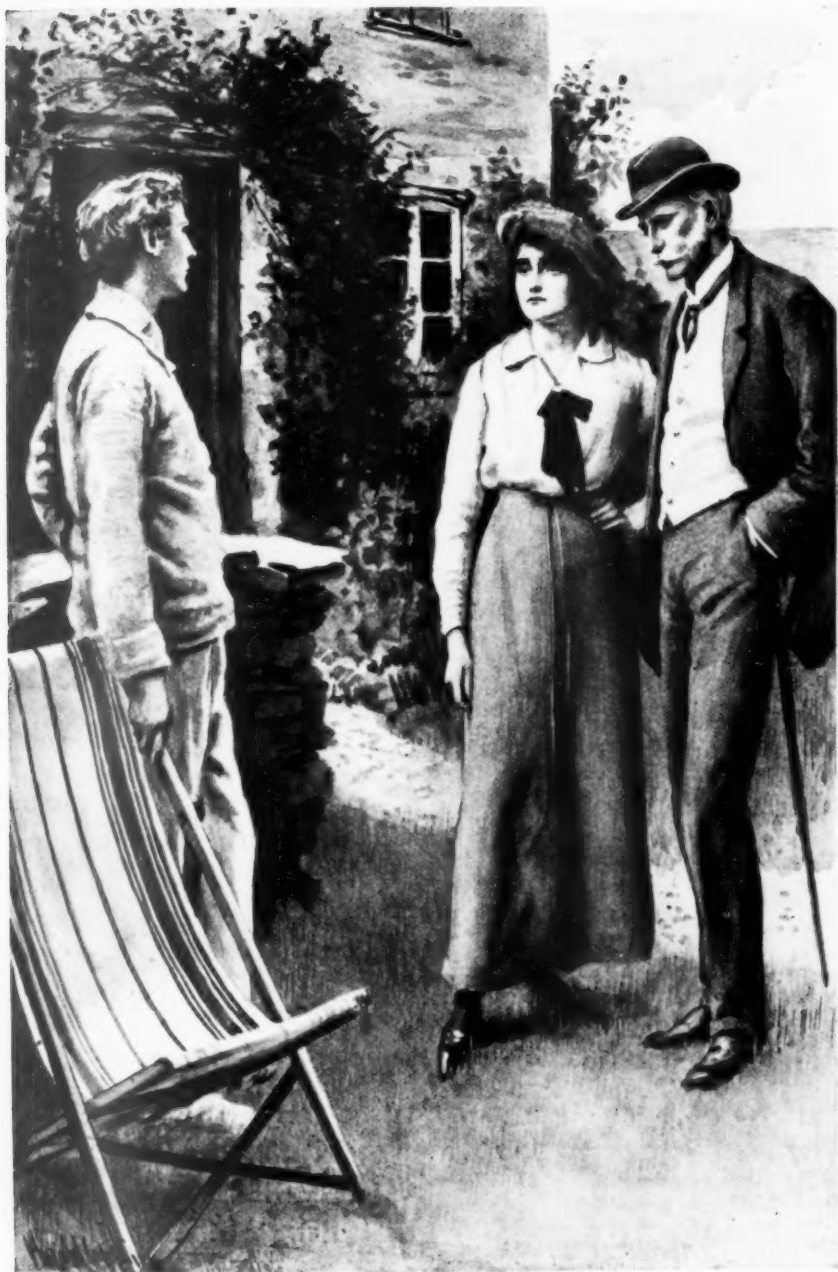
"Jolly evening, isn't it?" she said. "If I hadn't promised uncle, I should feel like bathing again. But men are such nervous creatures!"

"This is my friend, Roger Hereford."

"The one you were speaking about?" said the girl, and she nodded towards Roger. "I say," she laughed, "you ought to be awfully proud to have such a friend!"

"I am," said Roger, "and we've been pals all our lives, too!"

The girl looked at the two boys awk-



"It was a jolly sporting thing of you
to do!" she cried impulsively"—p. 126.

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

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wardly. She seemed to want to say something, but couldn't find words. Then she blurted out, quickly, "It must be grand to have a friend as strong and as brave as he is," and she looked at Cedric admiringly. "This is Hilda Molesworth," she added, "and this is Nancy. We shall be seeing you on Saturday, shan't we? Good-bye."

For some time the boys walked on quietly.

"I say, Ced, you are a sort of a hero!" said Roger presently. "I was down in the village to-day and everyone was talking about you."

"Oh, I say, don't, Roger, it makes one seem like such a silly fool! After all, it was nothing."

"You always did swim like a duck," said Roger. "Why, you have won the swimming prize at school for years. I congratulate you on your luck, old man."

After some time they descended into the valley again, where the village of Perranzeth lay. It was now sunset, and the people sat at their cottage doors, or leant over the walls of the harbour, as they related the latest village gossip.

"Awfully picturesque, isn't it?" said Cedric. "Just look, that street is only about seven feet wide, and they call it 'The Broadway.' Who shall say they've no sense of humour?"

"It's a dirty little hole," was Roger's reply.

When they reached the quay a group of fishermen turned at their approach.

"Evenin', sir, 'ow b'ee likin' thaise paarts, then?"

"Oh, it's glorious," said Cedric.

"'Ope you'll stay a' long time, sir. We sha'ant forgit you in a 'urry."

"Awfully kind of you," replied Cedric.

"We d' 'ear that the Squire do think a terr'ble lot of 'ee." And the boatman looked at Cedric admiringly. "Where ded 'ee learn to swim, sir, makin' so bould? 'Ave 'ee lived by the say all your life?"

"Oh, I learnt at school," replied the boy.

"Was that by the say, sir?"

"Oh, no," replied Cedric, "we had swimming baths there, and it was near a river, too."

"Oh, indeed, sir. We be told it was a terr'ble grand school. But you be brave'n ould to go to school, bean't 'ee?"

"Oh, yes, far too old!" laughed Cedric, as he drew his companion away.

"'Andsome chap, edn' 'a?" they heard one of the fishermen say. "Old Jimmy Jory,

who went out with the boat, do say that he never seed a chap swim like it before. He just skidded through the water! He must be a plucky beggar, too."

"They look upon you as a sort of demi-god," laughed Roger, when they were out of hearing.

"It makes a fellow feel as though he could take a first prize as an idiot," laughed Cedric.

Both the lads looked forward very eagerly towards Saturday, when they were to pay their promised visit to Tresize Manor. Nothing further was said about Cedric's school trouble, and the boy appeared to have thrown aside all dark and uncomfortable memories.

They had their lunch early on the Saturday, so as not to be late, and were on the point of starting, when they saw a man coming towards the cottage.

"Looks like a gentleman's servant of some sort," was Roger's comment as he came up to the door.

"Mr. Cedric Essex, sir?" said the man questioningly.

"Yes," replied Cedric.

"A letter for you, sir. No answer, sir." And the man walked away quickly.

Cedric tore open the envelope rather eagerly, but when he had read a few lines a look of utter dismay fell upon his face.

"Great Scott!" he gasped.

"What is it, old man?"

Cedric passed the letter to his friend without a word, who seemed almost as bewildered as himself.

"Who can have done such a beastly mean thing?" he cried indignantly.

This was what he read:

"SIR,—I have just received a letter, telling me the circumstances under which you left Rugchester School. Although I can never cease being thankful to you for the service you rendered my niece, I think it will be best for all concerned if you do not pay your promised visit here to-day.

"Yours regretfully,

"COLMAN TRESIZE."

"Who could have done it?" gasped Roger. "It was a low-down trick to play!"

Cedric stood still for some time without speaking or even moving. "Wouldn't I like to know who did it!" he gasped presently. "I'll find out too."

"But how can you?"

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"I'll go and ask Sir Colman!" And the boy's eyes flashed angrily. "No, he can't refuse me, old chap. Some fellow has his knife into me, you know—why, I don't know. If I ask Sir Colman, he's enough of a sportsman to tell me, after he's heard all about it. And then it may be I shall find out who did the thing. Come on, Roger, old man!"

"But you can't go after that!"

"Not as a visitor, of course, but he can't refuse to see me. Will you come with me, Roger?"

"I don't see how I can," said Roger uncomfortably. "You see, I don't know Sir Colman at all, and it would be awfully bad form, wouldn't it?"

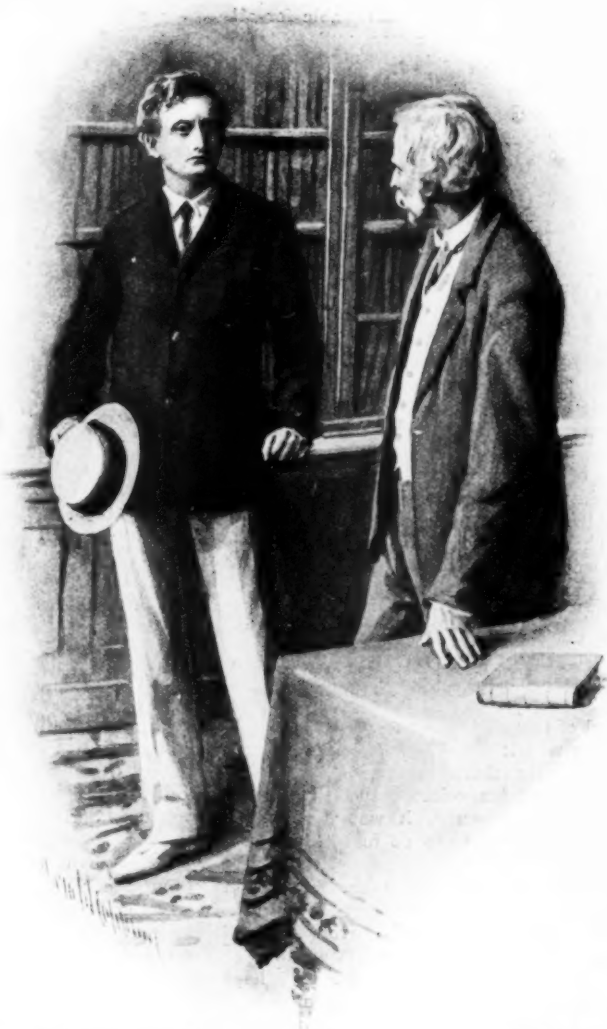
"All right, then, I'm going by myself."

"But I say——"

"Yes, I'm off. I'm beastly sorry this should have happened. It'll spoil your pleasure. But as you know, I can't help it."

And then Cedric rushed away, his face somewhat drawn, and his eyes hard and angry.

When presently he found himself in the library of Tresize Manor, he felt that he was perhaps acting foolishly. It might have been more dignified on his part to have written to Sir Colman, but he could not turn back now. He had obtained admission



"I don't want your thanks. I won't have them!" replied Cedric"—p. 132.

*Drawn by
Harold Canning.*

to the house and he must, as he termed it, "face the music."

"I came in answer to your letter, sir," he blurted out, when Sir Colman entered the room. "I have come to ask a favour——"

"I'm more sorry than I can say," said the older man, "but by some means the young people have also found it out."

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"Found out what?" asked the boy.

"About your school trouble. And, you see, it would be very uncomfortable for all of you if you met this afternoon."

"Excuse me, sir," said Cedric hotly, "but I did not ask to come, and I would not have been here now but for a purpose. Will you be good enough, sir, to tell me who wrote to you about this business?"

"I do not understand," said Sir Colman coldly.

"Ever since it took place," went on Cedric, "I've been trying to find out the hound who really did it. It was such a mean thing to do that I wouldn't touch him with a pair of tongs, except to wring his neck, and it seems to me that the fellow who wrote you must know something about it. If you are a sportsman, sir, you'll tell me who it is!"

Cedric scarcely knew what he was saying. He was simply carried away by the influences of the moment, and, as a consequence, uttered words which in his calmer moments would never have passed his lips.

"Then you deny it?" said Sir Colman.

"Deny it, sir, of course I do! What decent chap would do such a thing?"

"But was not the matter investigated?"

"I don't know about that, sir, I only know that I'm altogether ignorant about it. Of course, some swine has his knife into me, and his writing to you must be a part and parcel of the whole business. If you'll only tell me who it was——"

"Naturally that's impossible," said Sir Colman, and his voice became hard. "To use your own words, it would not be a sportsmanlike thing to do to betray a confidence."

"When one fellow has stabbed another in the back——"

"Naturally the one who wrote to me," interrupted the Squire, "wishes me to have some knowledge about the people I have here. Look here," he added, "I'm awfully sorry for this. I know you have rendered me a great service, and——"

"Then you believe I did it, and won't tell me who wrote to you?" cried the boy bluntly. "Very well, sir, I'm sorry I came. Good-day."

"Look here, Essex," said Sir Colman, "would it not be best to make a clean breast of it and begin afresh? Nothing is gained by denying the truth."

"It's *not* the truth, sir," interrupted Cedric angrily. "And I'll find out the name of the

boy who wrote you. He must know something about it, or he wouldn't have played such a low-down trick."

"Excuse me, Essex, it wasn't a boy who wrote me at all," replied Sir Colman. "I did not mean to say as much as that, but after you have accused a fellow-scholar I could do no other. I quite understand your anger and disappointment at not meeting the young people this afternoon as I had arranged, but, you see, it's impossible. Not that I thank you any the less for what you did the other day."

"I don't want your thanks. I won't have them!" replied Cedric. "As for coming up here this afternoon, will you allow me to remind you again that I didn't ask to come, and I'm sorry I've come now."

"I dare say I behaved like a clown," he reflected, on his way back to the cottage, "but I couldn't help it. It was worse than Old Goggles. But there, I can see there's no chance for me anywhere now. It might seem as though there were a plot to ruin me!"

Cedric's vision was distorted, and it seemed to him that everyone knew of his disgrace. He dared not even go through the village, for fear that the story had leaked out.

"It settles me, at all events," he cried. "This story will dog me everywhere, and there's nothing for me but to get out of the country. But I'm sorry for old Roger, it's a shame to spoil his fun."

"What did he say?" asked Roger, when the two boys met again, and Cedric blurted out his experiences in very unparliamentary terms.

"The chap who'll do this will do anything," cried the lad. "I've heard about secret enemies before, but I never believed in it until now. It's evident someone hates me, and whatever I do this lie will be hashed up against me!"

"Nonsense, Ced, old man. It will all be forgotten in time."

"Yes, and in the meantime Aunt Rotha will break her heart. It's decided me, though, Roger."

"In what way?"

"I'm going to Canada, or some such place," replied the boy. "Excuse me for leaving you, old man. I know I haven't the manners of a yard-dog this afternoon, and I must get away alone. I *am* sorry to spoil your fun!"

"Oh, stow that, Ced! I am sorry for

Hung "on the line" in this year's Academy, the original painting by Fred Roe, R.I., of which the above is a colour-photographic representation, was one of the pictures of the year, and attracted a great deal of attention, no less by its artistic excellence than by the reason of the historic incident which it portrays. The picture is of an episode in the life of probably the most beloved of our National Heroes, and relates to a complimentary banquet at which Nelson was seated next to Benjamin West: he expressed admiration for the painter's "Death of General Wolfe," and asked West what he had painted no more such pictures. West replied that he had never painted anything so good as that, and that he would not lose Nelson's picture. The subject is so well known that it is hardly necessary to say more. The picture has always made a strong appeal to British sentiment—more particularly so at the present time—and the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap have therefore, at very great expense, decided to issue a facsimile reproduction of the picture in colours. The reproduction, mounted as it is on best quality paper size 30 in. by 21 in., is a most handsome picture, worthy to grace the walls of the most tasteful home. It will be sent by post to the address of the advertiser, and will be accompanied by a full-colour photograph of the original painting, together with 6d. to cover postage (Inland). Foreign postage extra. Address, "Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark Street, London, S.E. The pictures will be ready for dispatch on November 20th.

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you. But we'll find out the beggar who did it."

"When I do, he'll know it!" And Cedric's eyes burned with anger. "See you again in an hour, old chap." And he rushed away alone.

CHAPTER V

THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

THERE is only one other incident necessary to record during Cedric's further stay at Perranzeth. On the day following his interview with Sir Colman Tresize he made his way to a lonely spot some distance from the village, Roger, for some reason or another, having declined to accompany him. The air was warm and balmy, and he lay quietly, his head pillowed in some soft heather. How long he lay there he did not know, but presently he was aroused to the fact that someone was near him, and looking up he saw the girl whose life he had saved some days before. He immediately rose to his feet, and took a step forward, then, recollecting what had taken place, he stood still, awkward and confused.

"Look here," said the girl. "I've come to speak to you. I was afraid I shouldn't have a chance of seeing you again, but when I saw you walking by yourself, I determined to follow you. I hope you didn't think that—" and then the girl hesitated, and became almost as confused as he. "I heard of what took place between Uncle Colman and you yesterday," she went on, after a few seconds' hesitation, "and I wanted to tell you that I don't believe you did it—why, you couldn't!"

"That's good of you," replied the boy, "but evidently your uncle believes I did."

"Yes, he seems to believe that the source from which he got his information could not be wrong. I tell you I was mad! It seemed such a mean thing to doubt you after—after what you did! I told uncle so, too. But Tom Tremaine, who came over yesterday—he had somehow got wind of it too."

"Who's Tom Tremaine?" asked Cedric.

"He's a boy who lives at Trevadlock, a few miles over there." And the girl pointed northward. "He's an Eton boy, and he said he got a letter from a Rugchester fellow, who told him all about it."

"Who was the Rugchester chap, I'd like to know?" asked Cedric quickly.

"I don't know," replied the girl. "But he told the others about it. I'm jolly sorry, but you can just see how it was. Of course, it isn't true, that's impossible, but you can see what the others thought."

"Nothing but a mean hound would do such a thing, of course," was Cedric's hot reply. "Fancy going to a master's desk and copying out examination papers! Why, it was—was—"

"I told them you *couldn't* do it," said the girl. "You are too good a sport for that! All the same, uncle couldn't have let you come—you would have been just—well, mad! Did you have any enemies at the school?" she went on.

"If I had I never knew of it," replied Cedric. "But there you are, the thing was made as black against me as it was possible to make it. Being in the Sixth Form, I had a study to myself, and a copy of the papers was shoved in my desk. Why—why—"

"It was jolly hard lines!" cried the girl sympathetically.

"I wish I could find out the skunk who did it!" cried the boy. "I'd wring his neck, I would, even if I had to swing for it!" And his face flushed with passion.

"That's a nice Christian feeling!"

"Christian feeling!" cried the boy. "How could a fellow help hating a cur who would do a thing like that?"

"Funny, isn't it?" she laughed. "I couldn't help thinking of it at church this morning. The vicar was preaching on the duty of forgiveness, and I wondered what he would do in a case like yours. Yes, it's funny. No, please, don't come back with me. I dare say I was wrong in following you, but I just couldn't help it. I wanted to tell you that—but, of course, I didn't believe in it, and I'm awfully thankful to you for what—what you did the other day. I wake up of a night screaming sometimes. I fancy myself being dashed against that awful rock!" And as she held out her hand, Cedric saw the tears in her eyes, saw, too, that her lips trembled. "Good-bye," she said, and Cedric thought her voice was husky.

The issues of life depend on very little things. Perhaps, but for the tremor in her voice, the quivering lips, and the tear-dimmed eyes, Cedric's heart would never have been set to leaping so wildly. He was only a boy, but there, in the quietness of that Sunday evening, within sound of the sobbing of the sea, he seemed to enter into a

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new world. For the first time in his life he had fallen in love, and the fact made the world new to him.

He sat on the cliff alone for more than an hour, wondering, resolving, praying. The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, and to Cedric the future was made all-glorious by his love. He would prove his innocence, he would fight, he would conquer, he would make himself worthy of this school-girl whom from that moment he idealised.

Before the boys left Cornwall he made his confession to his friend.

"Roger," he said, "I'm going to make myself worthy of her, and I'm going to marry her."

Roger laughed quietly, but said nothing. Perhaps he was wondering at the light in his friend's eyes.

"Cedric," said his aunt on his return, "do you remember a boy at Rugchester called George Winchester?"

"Remember old George, I should think I do! Why, I was his fag. He was in the fifth when I went there."

"I had a letter from him while you were in Cornwall. He wants to see you."

"Did he tell you what about, aunt?"

"Not exactly. There seems to be some project in his mind that he wants to discuss with you. He's just left Oxford."

"I shall be jolly glad to see him," was Cedric's reply.

Two days later George Winchester came, and before long he was eagerly setting before the lad the projects he had in his mind.

"No, we won't talk about that business of yours, Ced," was his reply, when the boy broached the subject. "It isn't worth considering. Of course you didn't do it. It's confounded hard on you, and enough to drive a fellow mad. Who the Uriah Heep is it is impossible to say, but there it is. Yes, I'm afraid it's closed lots of doors against you, and that's why I've come to see you."

George Winchester was a good specimen of an athletic English youth. He had a pleasant face, laughing blue eyes, and was of good general appearance. He was anything but brilliant from an intellectual standpoint, and was nineteen years of age before he crept into the Sixth Form at Rugchester. His father had made up his mind that George should be a scholar, and was blindly oblivious to the fact that he did not

possess the scholar's instincts. He had worked conscientiously both at the school and at the Varsity, but had constantly contradicted his father's belief that he was fitted for a scholastic career. He had just managed to obtain a pass degree and no more, and "a pass degree," as he declared to his father on his return, "is of no more use to me than side-pockets to a frog!"

His father was at length compelled to see that he had made a mistake about his son, and although he was greatly disappointed, was too wise a man to persist further in his mistake. A scholastic career was therefore given up, and the attention of both father and son had to be turned to different channels.

"I was awfully sorry to disappoint dad," said Winchester to Cedric, "but what was the use of it? I know I haven't got the brains. I'm not a fool, but the idea of my going in for one of the learned professions—why, it's absurd!"

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked Cedric.

"That's what I came to talk to you about. As you know, dad isn't a rich man, and it meant a great deal of sacrifice on his part to send me on to Oxford. Well, here I am, between two- and three-and-twenty. I'm not fit for any of the Services; I know nothing about business, and if I stay in England I'm sure I couldn't get a living, and I'm not going to make it harder on dad than I can help. There's one thing I am fond of, Ced, and that's farming. I know horses and love them. I think I know a good deal about cattle generally."

"But what are you driving at?" asked the boy.

"Dad couldn't afford to set me up on anything like a decent farm here in England, neither should I like it, but land is cheap in Canada, and only last week I had a letter from a chap who's done well there. Now do you see what I mean?"

"You mean that you want to go to Canada?"

"I mean that I've persuaded dad. He can't give me much money, and I wouldn't let him if he could. In this letter I got from Tom Gray, he tells me that there's some land near him which can be got for a song, and although it's a hard life it's a healthy one, and, if you're faithful to Nature, she's very generous to you, and will give you return for what you give to her. How does it appeal to you, Ced?"



"At all events, George," said Cedric, "it's wind-tight and water-tight."—p. 136.

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

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The lad became thoughtful. He loved an open-air life, but he had never considered becoming a farmer. As for going to Canada, he had never dreamt of it until a few days before.

For half an hour George Winchester unfolded his plan. He spoke in a hearty, boyish way concerning the life in the great Dominion which was beginning to loom largely in the life of the world. He told of villages which, five years before, were simply a few wooden houses, but had now become great towns; of men who, strong and brave, had, in spite of climatic and other difficulties, wrested a fortune out of virgin soil. He quoted the opinion of statesmen, who held that, in a quarter of a century, Canada would become one of the most important parts of our British Empire.

"Directly I heard of your trouble, Ced, I thought of you," went on George impulsively. "As I said, of course you never did it. Some flat-footed swine of a fellow owed you a grudge, or something of that sort. But there it is—it's made everything jolly awkward for you. But why should you care? Come out with me into a new country. The one thing that kept me from making up my mind when I was at Oxford was that I couldn't face the idea of going out there on a farm alone, but you and I have always been good pals. At any rate, you could try it for a year or two. It would give you time to look around."

That same night Miss Rotha Essex joined in the discussion. Although she was heart-sore at the thought of Cedric leaving England, she could not help believing that it would be the best possible thing for him, and before they went to bed Cedric's mind was nearly made up. He found, on talking the matter over with his aunt, that he was the possessor of over three hundred pounds, and this, although it was entirely inadequate to send him to the 'Varsity, might be enough, especially if united to the sum George Winchester could command, to begin life in Canada.

A few months later, Cedric Essex found himself with George Winchester on a tract of land some three days' journey from Winnipeg. It took him some time to decide finally to take this step, but he was eventually led to see that this was on the whole the best course he could pursue. It was probably a rash undertaking, as neither George nor Cedric had any knowledge of farming, and only a vague idea of what Canadian

life meant. Both of them read all the books at their disposal bearing on the subject, and made every inquiry in their power, and when finally their minds were made up, they decided to spend a few months with a man named Gray, who was a friend of Winchester's. Here they learnt some elementary truths in relation to Canadian life and Canadian farming; then before they were really ready for their work, they insisted upon starting on their own account, and risking their all upon the tract of land to which Winchester had referred in their first interview.

As may be imagined, the change from the life of a public-school boy to that of a Canadian prairie was violent in the extreme. The great wild wastes of land, where one might travel hundreds of miles without meeting a single soul, the awful silences, and the rigour of the climate can be better felt than expressed. Still, both of them were young and enthusiastic, and both of them made up their minds to succeed. Tom Gray proved a very valuable friend during their preliminary experiences. He gave them a great many hints concerning the nature of the land and of the course they should adopt. But for him they would doubtless have made many mistakes, and made their enterprise almost impossible from the start. They completed all their arrangements concerning the purchase of the land early in the spring of the following year after Cedric had left Rugby, and then, the land being yet in the grip of the winter frosts and snows, they set to work building their place of residence. As may be imagined, this was of the most primitive nature, but they worked with a will and almost laughed at their hardships and privations.

"At all events, George," said Cedric, when at length their house was completed, "it's wind-tight and water-tight. What more can we want, and why isn't a wooden house as good as a stone one? I know it will be mighty cold in winter, and hot in summer, this galvanised roof of ours makes that inevitable, but then we didn't come here for comfort."

"For that matter, it's quite dandy!" replied Winchester. "We had our windows all sent up ready from the window-manufacturers in Winnipeg, and I consider that our house is nothing less than miraculous. The building of it has kept us from moping too. In a few weeks now we shall start turning our first furrow and trying to over-

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come the difficulties which face us."

It is not my purpose to dwell at great length on Cedric's experience as a Canadian farmer, but some little attention must be given to it, as the life he lived there may help us to understand what followed in later days. Both of them started on their work with brave hearts and determined minds. What others had done they could do, and they would do, too! Of money they had little, of experience they had none, but both determined that the want of these things should be more than atoned for by perseverance and steady endeavour. To Cedric it was almost like a revelation when, on the first day of the ploughing he harnessed his horses. The air was chill and clear; the silence was wonderful. All round

him was a wide stretch of land which seemed to him a great wilderness, and it was for him and his friend to make this wilderness to bloom and blossom. King Frost had given up his grip on the soil. The days were lengthening, and, as it seemed to him, the land seemed to say to him, "Come, use me; give yourself to me; give your seed to me, and I will yield you a hundredfold." And so, although he knew nothing about a farmer's work, the spell of the great country was upon him, and as the plough turned the first furrow he felt his heart quiver with a joy which he had never realised before.

Of course, their capital did not allow them to obtain a very large tract of land, especially as they had to buy horses and



"'Winchester,' said Cedric suddenly, 'which has done most for you, Oxford or Canada?'"—p. 139.

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

implements as well as seed. Neither, indeed, were they capable of dealing with a very large area. Even as it was they had obtained more than was necessary for their immediate needs, and certainly enough to tax every power which they possessed.

In one sense it was almost pathetic to see these two young fellows, one only a boy, grappling with wild Nature. They were able to obtain the services of only one man who knew anything about Canadian life, and they had to depend upon their own foresight and their own labour for everything which they might obtain. The life at Rugchester and Oxford became almost like phantoms of the brain. Of what use to them was Greek and Latin now? Of what use higher mathematics and ancient

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history? Perhaps none at all, and yet doubtless a knowledge of these things had their value, while the life of a public school and a university were not without their influence on the career of George Winchester and Cedric Essex. They never stopped to consider it, but the qualities which had been developed on the Rugchester playing-fields stood them in good stead now. They needed patience, they needed endurance, they needed a quick eye to grasp possibilities and to make the most of every situation. Thus their training was not without value.

After the ploughing came the time of sowing, and this was followed by a hundred other duties which awaited them during the months their grain grew and ripened for the harvest. Those months were strenuous in the extreme, and the young fellows made many mistakes and gained much by experience. But in spite of everything Nature did in some degree reward them for their labours. It was not what they hoped for or expected, but when the last sheaf of grain was bound, they knew that they had not laboured in vain, or spent their strength for naught.

After harvest was passed and they had sold their grain, they had to prepare for the long winter which lay before them, and for the duties which faced them, and it was during the winter that their fortitude, their hopefulness and their endurance were put to the utmost test. Their nearest neighbour was twenty miles away, and there were no roads worth speaking of. Indeed, roads became entirely obliterated by the snow which fell almost as soon as the winter months had set in. Week after week, month after month, winter held everything in its icy grip. For weeks at a stretch they never heard the sound of anyone's voice but their own. It seemed like a land of death. A man might die and no notice be taken of it. He might be lost, and no one interested to find him. And yet Winchester and Essex enjoyed it. The air was clear and pure and life-giving, while the circumstances of their life seemed to strengthen and enrich every fibre of their being. As Cedric quickly realised, life in Canada was not a holiday jaunt, it was a stern struggle between man and Nature, and if the man were weak or half-hearted, or lazy, or failing in persistence, Nature would crush him or throw him aside as a useless cumberer of the ground. If, on the other hand, he were

brave and determined, if he would not admit a failure, and if he would not yield to disappointment, then Nature in the end became his ally and his friend.

Cedric had not been long in Canada, however, before he realised that he could not spend his life as a Canadian farmer. He was not cast in that mould; he was not fitted for that kind of life. Day by day it was revealed to him that his place was among his fellow-men rather than in a lonely region where practically nothing happened from day to day. Not that he was miserable—far from it. For the time, at least, he enjoyed the experiences which came to him there, and although he did not philosophise upon it, he was day by day becoming stronger, more self-reliant, and more self-controlled. Indeed, so enamoured was he of the life they were living that he ceased to regret the circumstances which made it impossible for him to spend three or four years at Oxford or Cambridge.

Another year passed away, and still Cedric and his friend found themselves on their farm, their whole interest centred in its success.

"We're going to do well this year, Ced," said George Winchester one evening as they stood watching the broad stretches of wheat which were already beginning to ripen.

No one who had known them two years before would at first glance have recognised them now. George Winchester had been noted for his care in the selection of his tailor, for his well-fitting clothes, and for the perfect harmony which always existed between the colour of his socks and ties and other garments, while Cedric, as soon as he had become a "blood," rejoiced in having a certain amount of liberty in relation to his attire. Now, however, their clothes were weather-stained and toil-worn; their faces were browned with the hot, burning sun; while their hands were hardened and roughened by continuous labour. Perhaps the kind of life they had been living had robbed them of something of the springiness of their walk and the military precision of their movements, and yet it was easy to see that they possessed something now of which they knew nothing then—a quiet confidence, a steady endurance—which is only gained by being brought face to face with the great realities of life. Cedric, indeed, had changed more than Winchester. He had left Rugchester a boy of eighteen, and he had suddenly become a

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man. The incident of the examination papers had a greater influence upon him than he realised. It was not merely a matter of his not going to Oxford or Cambridge, it was the setting into motion of certain forces which affected his whole being.

"Yes, I think we shall do well, George," was his reply. "But every penny will have to be swallowed up. We need new machinery, more horses, and more help."

"We can't expect to make our fortune in a day," was Winchester's reply.

"I'm afraid I do not see a fortune at all; still, we're getting a living, and—and I think we are learning to live. Anyhow, we've learnt how to work."

Cedric was perfectly right in his prophecy concerning the future. Their second harvest, although a good one, was only good enough to meet their immediate need, and they more than ever realised that patience and long endurance were essential to success, that he who would garner a great harvest in Canada could only do so by steady, persistent, and long-continued toil.

"You are becoming restless, Cedric," said Winchester when their third harvest was approaching.

"And you, George?" asked the lad.

"It's mighty slow, old man," was Winchester's reply after a long pause.

"And yet we are told that we have been fortunate," said Cedric.

"In a sense I suppose we have been," replied Winchester. "Of course, we came here as ignorant about Canadian life as children in arms—just a couple of school-boys commencing farming. We knew nothing of the country, nothing of the hardships it involved, nothing of the ways of the land, and we've made heaps of mistakes—still, I love the life, and shall be content to live here a few years longer. Do you feel that way?"

"I don't know," replied the boy. "I think I came out here with the idea of finding myself. Just fancy, if I had gone on to Oxford, I suppose I should have been just thinking of taking my degree. I think I should have got my blue, too; at any rate, I might have, and I should have contracted all sorts of expensive tastes. I should have been very particular about my ties and socks. I should have belonged to my college cricket team, perhaps to the 'Varsity team, and if I were successful in getting a

first-class degree, I might have got into one of the Services."

They were both sitting in camp chairs under a rough veranda which they had placed in front of their wooden homestead, and were looking over a broad tract of land which was fringed in the distance by a belt of trees.

"Winchester," said Cedric suddenly, "which has done the most for you, Oxford or Canada?"

Winchester was silent for a few seconds before replying. "I'm glad I went to Oxford," he said, "although it was no preparation for this. In a sense, Oxford was playing with life, while here I've been living. By Jove, Ced, this place has done more towards preparing you for life than either of the 'Varsities would have done."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it."

"And yet I wish I had gone somehow," said Cedric quietly. "I wonder what the beggar is doing who stole those examination papers?"

"You've never forgiven him, I suppose?" said Winchester quietly.

"And I never shall!" said Cedric between his set teeth. "I've a feeling, you know, that I'm going to find out all about that business, and whenever I do, woe betide him! It shall be an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. Yes, I'll pay him out, and with compound interest."

"Don't you feel the air is chilly to-night?" asked Winchester after they had sat some time without speaking. "It might be April instead of nearly harvest time. I'm dead tired, too, and I'm going to bed."

The following morning Cedric woke with a shiver. It might have been winter instead of summer. The air was crisp and cold and biting, and one hand, which had been lying outside the bedclothes, was almost numbed with the cold. With a vague dread in his heart, he leapt out of bed and looked out of the window, and as he looked a feeling of fear came into his heart.

"Winchester," he shouted, "come here!"

"What's the matter?"

"There's something wrong with the wheat. It's changed colour!"

"Changed colour?" And a few seconds later his friend stood by his side. "So it has. What can it mean?"

"It's the frost, George. Tom Gray told me about it a few months ago. He said he

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had lost one whole harvest by one of these late frosts."

Cedric was rapidly clothing himself while he spoke, and a few minutes later he was standing amidst the wheat to which his attention had been drawn. There could be no doubt about it, a heavy frost had fallen during the night, summer time as it was, and laid its deadening fingers upon the ears of wheat in which the grain was beginning to swell.

"It may not be so bad after all," said Winchester, but Cedric noticed that his friend's voice was almost toneless.

"It may not all be destroyed if we have no more frosts," said Cedric, "but another night would mean that there's nothing here of any value but the straw. And how much is wheaten straw worth?"

"How we slaved, too!" said Winchester. "We've worked night and day almost."

Their worst fears were realised. The following morning, when they again looked out of the window, they saw that the frost had again made its appearance, and both young men knew that there would be no harvest for them.

"We're ruined!" said Winchester when presently they returned to the house and began to prepare their breakfast.

"Yes," said Cedric after a while. "We shall have no money to buy seed. We shall have no money to—to— We ploughed extra land this spring, and we risked our all, and now—this! Still, it's no use giving up hope. We must wait a bit. This is the first time this sort of thing has happened to us, and we must be careful that we do not lose our heads."

Three days later they again carefully considered their whereabouts. Tom Gray and one or two other farmers whom they had visited, and who had themselves suffered similar experiences, offered to help them.

"It's fallen jolly hard on you, Winchester," said Gray. "And it's a knock-down blow. But still, we've all had to go through it, and we're not going to let you go under."

"What do you mean?" asked Winchester.

"I mean that some of us are going to help you."

"But you've all had hard times yourselves."

"Yes, I know, and I've pulled through because others have stood by me, and we're going to stand by you. Priestley is going to let you have some grain for seed next year, and so am I, and we're going to help you in other ways, too."

"But we may never be able to pay you."

"We must risk that. Both you and Essex are clean, straight chaps, and you deserve to succeed. And we're not going to let fellows like you go under because of a mishap. Yes, I know it's hard on you, but you keep a stiff upper lip, and you'll pull through all right."

When Winchester returned to their house he told Cedric what these men had said to him. "You don't seem to take kindly to it, Cedric," said Winchester after a time.

"I hate being in debt," was Cedric's reply. "Debt is like the old man of the sea or Sinbad the Sailor's back. It simply crushes. Besides—"

"What?"

"Williams says he's going to leave us."

"Going to leave us! Why?"

"Well, he thinks we shan't be able to pay him, and—and there's something else. Have you heard the news, Winchester?"

"What news?"

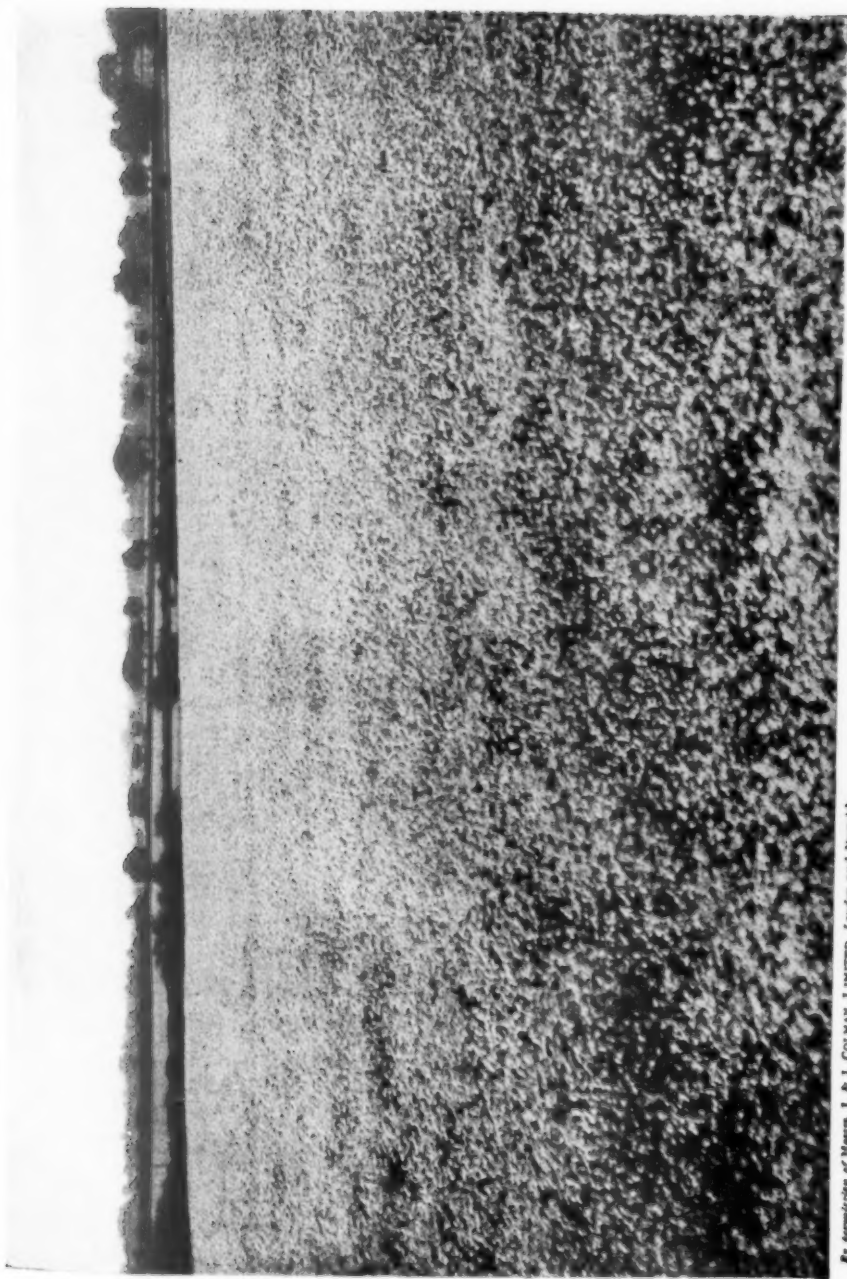
"Well, while you've been to see Gray and Priestley I, as you know, have been down to Winnipeg, and I doubt very much whether Gray or Priestley will be able to give us any help. They won't be able to keep their own men. They're all off to the goldfields."

"Goldfields? What do you mean?"

"You've not heard of it? We've been so wrapped up in our own life and work here, never seeing a newspaper or anything of that sort, that we've been ignorant as to what has been going on. Up northward great goldfields have been found—millions of pounds' worth, so they say. I heard a rumour of it, and while you were away I went down to Winnipeg. I got some newspapers, and I talked with some men down there. Here, man, read for yourself."

[END OF CHAPTER FIVE]



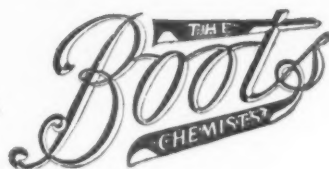


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FACING THE WINTER

Rallying the Forces to Combat War Distress

By AMY B. BARNARD, LL.A.

The winter always means suffering to the poor, this winter the War will throw its blight on larger numbers. What is being done to combat distress?

WITH the approach of winter, we in the Motherland are rallying our forces to meet the foes of hunger, pain, and destitution; and it is a great satisfaction, therefore, to note the perfectly lovely spirit of service that is everywhere. It is as though a healing touch were laid upon our much-tried country.

Everyone is eager to give, first and foremost to the special funds, such as the Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund, the War Refugees Fund, and the Work for Women Fund; but in the effort to contribute to these and others as generously as means permit, old-established societies, also working to relieve distress, are in danger of suffering severely. The truth is they need more rather than less help, because extra demands are being made upon them owing to conditions arising from the war. I have been greatly impressed by the faith, courage, and devotion of the noble men and women whose reliance on the goodness of God and man is so strong that they think their work will never be suffered to go under.

What the Salvation Army is Doing

For example, the Salvation Army has a stupendous task before it. By October it had collected some £2,000 towards the Prince of Wales's Fund, mainly by collections at church doors and gathering the poor man's penny in the streets; but the homes and corps of the Army will not benefit by the Fund; nor, indeed, would it be sufficient to meet the many appeals within its own scope. Yet the Army's needs are great and pressing.

All the officers, to their great credit be it said—for their pay is known to be a subsistence wage: "just enough to keep themselves tidy," in the case of the sisters—are taking less pay, and office expenses are reduced to a minimum. The exchequer is badly affected, and the Industrial Homes are specially feeling the pinch.

The Women's Social Work is ministering as usual night and day to the sick, poor and distressed, and greatly needs help.

A special work has been done during the war in erecting tents and huts at military encampments, where the Territorials may procure refreshments, write letters, obtain first-aid, get parcels forwarded to the Front, and be mothered by kind-hearted women of the neighbouring corps.

Thus the war has entailed new responsibilities and opened up fresh avenues of work at a time when the Army has lost numbers of its best workers through their being called to the colours, when its work overseas is also overshadowed by the war cloud, and when "there seems a greater readiness than usual to think of the eternal verities."

On the North Sea

It is easy to understand how the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen has been disorganised by the war. Much of the work of the fishermen is at a standstill, or diverted far from their homes on the East Coast to the South-West and West. When war was declared, the Mission's three hospital steamers were stationed with the fishing fleets, and they remained afloat until the trawlers were called in; then they laid up in enforced idleness. They were offered to the Government to carry wounded sailors ashore, but this service was not required. Over one hundred steam trawlers were chartered for the dangerous work of mine sweeping and manned by some thousand volunteers, while seventeen of the Mission's employees either volunteered for this work or joined the Naval Reserve. One of the latter returned safe from the *Aboukir*. Two of the hospital steamers have followed the fishing fleet westwards; the third has remained in the North Sea with a small brave fleet of trawlers, some of which have been sunk by mines.

Apart from this disturbance of work on the

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high seas, the Mission's activities in its eleven shore institutes at fishing ports have increased. At Folkestone the institute has housed wounded and distressed Belgian soldiers; at Gorleston the institute has entertained about a hundred bluejackets and men from the destroyers and submarines; and at Milford Haven the Marie Mission Hall has had a very busy time looking after the fishermen migrated from the East Coast, and also some Belgian trawlers, sometimes with wives and children aboard. Fleetwood, Brixham, and Newlyn have had to make provision for strangers from the North Sea.

Thus the sphere of the Mission's work has been changed, and there is for it a busy winter ahead. It looks to the Young Trawlers' Union to make warm garments and collect articles for the fishermen, to get up working parties, sales, and concerts. *Toilers of the Deep* makes special requests for help, for never in the thirty years' history of the Mission has it more needed support.

The Church Army

The Church Army is trusting to generous friends to help it meet distress during the winter, and is appealing to them by advertisement or circular. Offertories are collected, and the annual Sale of Work at the Portman Rooms is, as usual, contributing to the funds. In one way or another, hearts are being stirred to assist—now a lady gives £140 for a recreation tent; now a child sends 2s. 6d., the proceeds of the sale of blackberries she gathered; and then a lady sends a pearl necklace, valued at £800, which she bequeathed by will, but thinks "the Army had better have now."

Not only has the Army equipped and sent to the Front a war hospital to serve under the French Red Cross, at the cost of £200 a week, but it has offered its Labour Homes for hospitals and organised a Women's Relief Depot for soldiers' wives and women hard up through the war, employing them in making garments, some for Queen Mary's Needlework Guild. Recreation tents have done good work for soldiers, and Belgian and French refugees have been assisted at the Women's Hostel, and boys at Stourbridge Park.

The Ragged School Union

Sir John Kirk believes that at the present crisis the Ragged School Union is doing the

most effective work in confining its activities to the usual channels of effort. It was delightful to hear this veteran worker describe how employers of labour have risen to the occasion and nobly helped his boys to get work. A sore need has been fresh workers for the 140 centres—to take the place of men gone to the Front—that there should be no neglect of the 50,000 poor and crippled children, and that the Holiday Homes should not suffer through the winter.

On the outbreak of war, letters were sent to the mayors of the London boroughs offering the use of missions and halls for feeding centres and retreats for young people out of work, and to the heads of sewing parties, urging the making and collecting of warm clothing. Sometimes payment is made for working on these garments, and that also relieves distress.

Dr. Barnardo's

It surely needs some courage to face this winter with nearly 8,000 destitute and orphan children to provide for, and the more so when this immense family is being added to daily. Yet in big letters across Dr. Barnardo's head-quarters is the legend, "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission." In a room beneath that motto of faith, I listened to the story of the transformation of children from derelicts to useful members of society—the fascinating tale of one branch of work after another.

One hundred and thirty-two boys and girls were added to this family in the first eight weeks of the war—quite a large family in itself! These children came from almost every county in England. Wales and Ireland were also strongly represented; and one came from Singapore. One case was especially sad: The father, a Reservist, was called to the war. The mother died while he was away, and three little nites were left. One was a mere baby of eighteen months, and the eldest was only five. They are all now comfortably housed at Babies' House in the beautiful village at Barking-side.

In the playground at Stepney Causeway was a poor lad without legs, his body resting on the ground; yet he looked perfectly well and smiled up at my conductor. "Oh!" I whispered in pity; "do his companions carry him about?" "Why, no," was the

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reply; "he walks on his hands. Learning tailoring—quite happy."

The strong and healthy boys are eager to help in the war. A list of Barnardo Boys in the Army and Navy is being prepared, and it reached over 700 on the date of my visit. The first Buglers to join Lord Kitchener's new Army were Barnardo Boys!

The autumn months are usually lean ones, but in former years gifts have come by Christmas time, and there is trust that those who know of the work of the Homes will not let them suffer loss.

Orphans and Waifs

The Church of England Waifs and Strays Society is able to announce that already more than twenty children, rendered destitute through the war, have been provided with homes, but the society is in urgent need of funds to carry on its already large work. No one who sees what this valuable society is doing could be deaf to this appeal.

The society now has over 4,500 little children under its care. Over 19,000 have been sheltered, fed, clothed and trained since the commencement of the society's operations 33 years ago. There are 115 Homes in England and Wales, and 2 in Canada. Many of the society's old boys are serving their country on sea and land to-day, and thus gratefully repaying to the nation every ounce of help they have received with a patriotism which does not hesitate at the offering of life itself.

The Orphan Working School at Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill, is continuing its good work despite the war, and looking forward with faith to providing a home through the winter for its 500 fatherless children.

At Farningham

At one of the Farningham Homes thirty boys on the outbreak of war put the pennies they had saved together to make £1 and brought it as their gift to the Homes. Boys on the staff offered "to live more economically" (!), while the staff expressed willingness, if need be, to take but a small fraction of salary till the end of the war. What stronger proof could there be of the value the inmates put upon the work of the Homes? These are prepared to take twenty sons of sailors and twenty sons of soldiers killed in the war. Somewhat over £1,200

a month is needed, but when only a few sovereigns a month are coming in, the position of the 500 lads in the Homes becomes serious. Some of the lads pass to the Royal Navy, the Mercantile Marine, the Army, and a few have gone to the Royal Flying Corps. This is the jubilee year of the Homes, but the Secretary says he is reluctant to press for assistance from friends who say, "Give us time; we will help you later on. We must give to other funds now." The branches of the Young People's Union all over the world are denying themselves for their protégés. One member writes, "We are working for the War Fund, but we are not going to forget our little boy." And since the war is now leaving so many orphan boys to be cared for, it would be well for many deserving institutions if others did likewise.

The London City Mission

One of the institutions that has felt the pinching effects of the war most keenly has been the London City Mission. Everyone who is familiar with the work of this old-established society knows that at the best of times the Missioners are none too well paid. But, so great was the financial effect of the war, in August and September the salaries of these men had to be reduced by 20 per cent. Fortunately, a number of friends rallying round, this was afterwards altered to a 10 per cent. reduction. Even now the position is a critical one, and help is greatly needed.

Ten City Missioners were engaged in special work among the troops. But the ordinary work of the Mission has to be maintained. It is a valuable work, among railway servants, policemen, cattle drovers, vanmen—indeed, among the thousand and one specialised occupations that keep London a living city. This work must not be allowed to fall.

The Incurables

It is a peculiarly British trait to look after the wounded, and the wounded in the battle of life ought surely to have all the help and comfort that the more fortunate can provide for them. The war will not lessen the number of the incurable, and the British Home and Hospital for Incurables will need all the help it can get to tide it over the winter.

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Friendless and Fallen

This little account of how the great societies are facing the winter has already taken us out of the zone of the distress immediately caused by the war. But it must be reiterated that we do not live in water-tight compartments; as a community we stand or fall together, and, whereas on the one hand the war will increase the ordinary distress that is with us at all times, so the poverty, vice, and pitfalls that are deplorable at any season are more particularly dangerous to the community now, and call more urgently than ever for treatment if we are to be kept sound and healthy for the struggle.

Take such an institution as the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution. It only needs a reference to those wise words of advice from Lord Kitchener to the soldiers about "women and wine," and a knowledge of the fact of so many thousands of the new recruits in Kitchener's Army being unoccupied in the evenings, to see how enormously important it is to make sure that all agencies that tend to lessen vice are kept up at least to their normal standard throughout these months of war. The society which for over fifty years has done such splendid work for the "Friend-

less and Fallen" can fairly claim to be indispensable just now.

Field Lane

But I must return to the more legitimate sphere of this article, and refer to the preparations which the Field Lane Institution is making for the increased distress which is bound to come its way this winter. £1,800 has been recently expended on necessary alterations and rearrangements of departments so as to be absolutely efficient. No one can watch the hundreds of hungry poor partaking of the charity of Field Lane on a Christmas morning without a lump in one's throat. But the work is not just for Christmas Day; many a man at the end of his resources has been kept from despair and ruin by Field Lane, and the committee are determined that they will do their duty this year, hoping and firmly believing that they will have the necessary financial support of Christian people.

Indeed, this is the spirit that animates all the great charitable organisations this winter. The need is great; they will not shirk it, but in doing their duty they confidently rely on the great heart of the Christian public to see that their burden does not get to the breaking point.

THE MESSAGE OF THE LARK

"Transeunt nubes: cælum manet"

SWEET warblers in a sunny sky,
Your glad some song I hear,
For though so high aloft ye soar,
The wafted notes are clear.

The air is filled with melody
From that pervading strain,
Which to the view fresh charm imparts,
Though featureless the plain.

And with the bright surrounding scene
So well accords the song,
'T would seem as if to sunshine's hours
Alone it could belong.

The message fell on willing ear,
And soon I ceased to sigh,
While musing on that wondrous theme,
Unchanging Love on high!

But no! for well I can recall
A sombre cloudy day,
When all the heavens were curtained o'er,
Without one cheering ray.

In somewhat sad, desponding mood
I walked, and all seemed dark,
Till from beyond the mist I heard
The singing of a lark.

"Uplift the heart! away with gloom!"
The music seemed to say,
"The glorious sunshine still is near—
The cloud shall pass away."

June, 1914.

J. C. G.



"Ah, Mr. Bolton," she said,
'How pretty!'"—p. 149.

Drawn by
H. M. Brook.

THE ANGEL WITH THE PACKING-CASE

The Story of a Christmas Prodigal

By BRENDA ELIZABETH SPENDER

"IF you please, my dears, do you think your mother would let me have lodgings here?"

That was what the old gentleman, whom They afterwards called the "Angel with the Packing-case," said when, their mother being out because it was visiting day at the hospital where their father was, They in a body answered his ring at the front door bell. He was a very big old gentleman, stout and red-faced, with fierce grizzled eyebrows and great hands.

One might have expected that They would have been afraid of him, but, although he looked so like a disguised ogre, his manners were mild, and as he stood staring at the

doorstep a long, long way down beyond his large round waistcoat and spoke in the meekest voice imaginable, They, though astonished, were not alarmed.

"I'll ask," replied Oswald, the eldest, and with his sisters retired to the little back dining-room to compose a suitable reply. His own opinion was that the stranger should be invited to call again.

"Thith ithn't the thea-thide, though," the smallest sister objected, incurably serious and convinced that lodgings, like sand-castles and goat-chaises, were peculiar to watering-places. It was Doris, known as Dove, who carried the day by pointing out that the old gentleman once sent away

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might not return, and if their mother happened to want him that would be a pity.

"Let's just pretend he can come and live here, and then if mother wants to send him away she can say 'It was just those tiresome children having one of their games with you' when she comes back."

This solution of the difficulty leaving, as it did, the final settlement in other hands, and also promising amusement for the rest of the afternoon, met with the approval of the entire committee, which accordingly adjourned to the hall and invited the old gentleman in from his vigil upon the doorstep.

*They amused him
to some effect*



Little did he guess when Oswald, with a sober face and punctilious truthfulness, ushered him into the drawing-room and invited him to take a chair, assuring him that his mother was busy but would come and speak to him presently, that the lady of the house at that moment was a couple of miles away sitting by a bed in a long hospital ward trying to laugh down a sick man's troubled questioning as to ways and means.

"Would you like a newspaper or shall we stay and amuse you?" asked Dove politely, regarding the would-be lodger with an extraordinarily innocent expression of countenance. "I 'spect amusing would be better for your eyes."

The big old gentleman choosing the alternative to which she had tactfully pointed him, They amused him to some effect and made him aware of their simple family history long before the front gate opened and their mother arrived, to his and her own mutual astonishment.

Dove and Oswald met her at the door, incoherent with excitement, telling a most improbable story of having let lodgings to a large old gentleman, and she, entering the drawing-room, discovered that the large old gentleman was not, as she had supposed, one of the imaginary playmates to whom They frequently introduced her, but a very real large old gentleman indeed who sat there with her youngest daughter upon his knee, and rose as she entered in a state of such pitiable apology, shyness, downcastness and sudden perspiration on the forehead that their mother, who was naturally not at all a bold person, seemed almost extraordinarily self-possessed and was able to ask him for an explanation of his presence there in quite the most dignified manner possible. A very confused and disconnected sort of explanation it was when, after many heavy breathings and much flourishing of a large handkerchief, he gave it at last. He had been lodging not far off for some time past, and often going by her house in his walks abroad had wished that he might live there. He seemed to have inquired of the milkman or the baker or the policeman on the beat—he mentioned them all in

such a way that it might have been either or all of them—and had, apparently by the help of these worthies, arrived at the conclusion that, properly approached, she might condescend to "receive" him "into her house," which was his nice way of saying "let" him "lodgings." Their mother, listening, with her mind still full of that trouble as to ways and means that she had laughed at so bravely with such a sinking heart at her husband's bedside that afternoon, fell to wondering with amazement why it had never occurred to her before to try to let lodgings! In the stout old gentleman panting out his explanation before her she seemed to see that Providence Who, in her mind, as in that of many another anxious soul, was closely connected with the commissariat department, had sent an answer to all her troubled speculations. In her wise, simple eyes the big old gentleman became at that moment a heavenly visitant.

By the time that the early dusk of that

THE ANGEL WITH THE PACKING-CASE

October day had changed to night, the "Angel with the Packing-case," under the more usual name and style of Mr. William Bolton, had taken possession of the drawing-room and best bedroom of Sunnyside, Freedavies Road, Stroud Green, at a rental which, as their mother said, in writing the news to their father, was beyond the "dreams of avarice." The Angel certainly was an eccentric person, for instead of trying to see how cheaply he could get what he wanted, his ambition seemed to be to see how much he could be allowed to pay, and when their mother, having considered his massive watch-chain and the quality of the cloth of his heavy overcoat, asked him a weekly sum which seemed in her eyes almost an imposition, he answered, looking up from the carpet for the moment, "Double that—never pay less."

Their mother, who was wonderful at keeping nasty things to herself, was at this so overcome that afterwards she spoke of it openly to them.

"I think he must be sent by Providence to help us. I was so worried, and your father was fretting terribly too. But it's ridiculous that he should pay so much: perhaps there's something wrong with him after all. Perhaps he's going to steal something. In London one never knows."

She spoke wistfully, looking with a puzzled expression at the little pile of sovereigns paid in advance by the Angel, and They kissed her, feeling pitifully that, after the manner of grown-up people, she was finding trouble where younger and more sensible persons saw only sugar in one's tea and new boots.

"You said Providence had sent him," Dove reminded her. "Providence wouldn't send an old thief; that wouldn't be any good, of course. If he's a sort of Angel he most likely wouldn't know what to pay and he might want you to have a lot of money."

From that arose their habit of calling him—behind his back—the "Angel." The "packing-case" arrived later with his luggage, a modest portmanteau, and occasioned much comment.

"To travel with a packing-case looks most extraordinary," said their mother.

"But not for an Angel—an Angel wouldn't know about that," They objected, and, the packing-case proving to contain harmless books, their contention seemed to be justified.



"Mr. Bolton, what is the matter? What are you doing?"—p. 150.

Drawn by
H. B. Brook.

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As though the Angel had indeed brought with him some happy influence, the time of his advent marked the beginning of a wonderful era of peace and prosperity for the little family at Sunnyside. The sick man away at the hospital even seemed to feel its power, for he took quite suddenly that turn for the better of which his doctors had scarcely entertained a hope. The old familiar worries about ways and means vanished under the weekly stream of guineas so completely that the only worry their father and mother, talking matters over on visiting days at the hospital, could find to cultivate was that the Angel might as suddenly as he had come take it into his head to go away again.

To Them he was a never-ending source of interest, amusement, sweets, 'bus rides, presents, and entertainments. They grew easy with him to the verge of familiarity, and whenever their mother could be induced to believe that their presence would not trouble him, went tap-tapping at his door, asking whether They might play draughts with him or a some such flimsy pretext, insinuating themselves into the room which had once been their own very ordinary drawing-room and had now become mysterious and wonderful because the "Angel with the Packing-case" inhabited it.

For the "Angel with the Packing-case" himself that was a time of unexampled happiness. Nobody but a child would have been able to guess what his feeling for Them was, and not even They could know what their friendship meant to his lonely old life, nor realise the joy it was to him to be roused from some dark memory by their discreet taps upon his door, nor guess how often, as he looked at their fair heads bending over some game or book in the light of his chandelier, those yellowed eyes of his under their grizzled eyebrows grew very dim.

As Christmas time drew near, he made many secret expeditions to the great shops in the West End, stumping to and from the station on slow, gouty feet, leaning upon his thick silver-headed walking-stick, enduring crushes in tube lifts with an expression of the greatest ferocity and manners of the utmost mildness. From these expeditions he generally returned with a parcel under his arm or bulging his overcoat, and They, once or twice momentarily refused admission to his room, heard the hasty closing of a

cabinet door after much rustling of tissue-paper, and came easily to the conclusion that he was making great store of Christmas "s'prises," and began to grow pleasantly excited and hopeful because of it.

On Christmas Eve he came back from a last expedition, and They being out, looking in toy-shop windows and speculating upon which, of all the most enticing of the wares spread out to tempt purchasers, were likely to prove the Angel's choice of gifts, he dared to open the cabinet, bring out all his parcels, spread them out upon his table, and gloat over their contents. There were dolls, of course—two of them: one a baby doll with marvellously life-like, chubby limbs and downy hair painted upon its china head; the other a fashionable lady doll, complete in garden party frock and parasol. Then there was a model aeroplane which, as he had proved late at night when They were all in bed and asleep, could really be persuaded to fly, and that without, after the manner of model engines, burning anyone's fingers or filling the house with the appetising odour of methylated spirit for many hours beforehand. Also there were boxes of crackers and candied fruit and sweets, besides amusing trifles for which he had searched the Christmas toy-market on Ludgate Hill, and his purchase of that afternoon, two pots of bright pink begonias, for their mother, because he had discovered that she loved flowers and thought it a sinful extravagance to buy any for herself.

He stood there staring down at the presents, touching them now and then, setting straight the lady doll's stylish sash or tucking down the white sheets of paper which the West End florist had put about the begonia pots, and his great hands were amazingly tender and gentle. Once or twice he almost lost sight of his treasures, not because the day was short and the light waned early, but because he was so happy that a contradictory dimness in his eyes would spoil his view of them.

Their mother, coming into the room, found him getting up red-faced from the floor, and, had she been less absorbed in other things, might have discovered two pots of pink begonia hidden from her very ineffectually in the dusk among the table-legs. Her happy eyes—she was looking wonderfully happy with a flush in her cheeks and an air of well-being which made her old

THE ANGEL WITH THE PACKING-CASE

everyday coat and skirt and the furs, which had been her best almost all her married life, look somehow smart and prosperous—did not fail, however, to take in the significance of the toys and sweetmeats spread out before him.

"Ah, Mr. Bolton," she said. "How pretty! What a dear baby doll! The children will be so delighted! It's too good of you, really. But I came to tell you something quite different. My husband is much better. You have been so kind inquiring about Bob—I thought you would be glad to know."

"I am indeed, madam." He always called her "madam," just as he always rose heavily to his gouty feet if his amateur landlady came into his room, were it only in answer to his bell. "That was just what you wanted to make it a real happy Christmas—what? I told you he would get well. I told you about my son having the same trouble—he got well too. I was right."

"You were right!" said their mother. She was not very young and not particularly pretty, and yet that winter afternoon in the dusk, with the firelight on her lips and eyes revealing something he had not seen there before, she seemed both to the old man peering at her.

"I suppose he will be coming out of hospital soon—coming home here?"

"He is here now."

The "Angel with the Packing-case" stared, clutching at the table where his treasures were displayed.

"Here now?"

She laughed, and her laugh, like her face, had grown younger.

"Yes, didn't you hear the cab?"

He nodded.

"But I never thought——"

"Why, of course not—nobody did, but

he has improved steadily for quite a time now, and last week he got so much better again and he was just longing to have Christmas at home here with the children and me. He asked the doctor about it, and they're very busy at the hospital now and wanted his bed, so the doctor said—it was kind of him—that if I could promise to give him a fire in his room and plenty of nourishing things he would discharge him, and I could promise because you were here and paying so generously, so he came back with me now,

Mr. Bolton. Won't the children have a 's'prise,' as they call it? And I can't help feeling that but for you he would have been in hospital still, and I wanted you to know."

"I tell you I had a son myself delicate like your husband."

"I know, I know. Bob wants to see you, Mr. Bolton, presently—to-morrow perhaps, when he's rested—he wants to thank you for being so kind to us all."

"I paid for what I got, madam, that's all," said the old man shortly, but after she had left him he let himself down into his chair and sat there in

the dusk with his face hidden in his hands. It was dark before he moved again, lit the gas, and, with a curiously grim expression on his face, rolled one by one the various gifts each in its own wrapping and wrote upon them one or the other of the three names, Oswald, Dove, or Baby, and laid them by upon the side-table.

He was intent upon a newspaper when the maid—for since his visit had shown no signs of terminating, a little maid had once more been added to the menage—came in to lay his cloth for tea and afterwards to clear away the things. Presently, however, when the home seemed quiet he moved about the room collecting a few trifles, his glasses, his cheque-book, his bottle of medicine,

"Be gentle with him, Bob."



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which he bestowed carefully in his pockets, then went upstairs to his bedroom, took a few papers from his locked despatch box, put on carefully his muffler, overcoat, gloves and hat, and with much effort took off his shoes, which he carried in his hand.

He put his head out of his bedroom door and listened. There was a subdued murmur of children's voices coming from the back parlour; evidently they were all much engrossed with their father and less noisy than usual for his sake. Furtively, with his shoes clutched against his breast, starting at every sound, the Angel made his way downstairs, his eyes on the hall door, his heart in his mouth. Half-way down it occurred to him that it would have been wiser to put on his coat and hat in his own sitting-room downstairs, but even to have been seen carrying them might have roused comment, for it was a matter of habit with him never to go out after dark.

He had almost reached the bottom of the stairs, in another moment his gouty feet, noiseless in their socks, would have been padding across the cold, tiled floor of the hall, when the dining-room door was flung open and out came They and their mother with a penny spray of mistletoe, ready to hang it, as it is hung in hundreds of other little suburban houses, under the gas in the hall, and equally ready to kiss her and each other under it. The Angel made a valiant attempt to hide his shoes behind his back and take off his hat with his other hand, while They communicated to him in various forms the intelligence that "Dad" had come home, but their mother had seen and was too astonished not to comment.

"Mr. Bolton, what is the matter? What are you doing?"

He looked at her with old eyes which implored her silence, his hands were trembling, he could scarcely speak.

"I must go," he said, "I beg you not to keep me even for a moment. I have left money and other things on my table, and some gifts for the little people. I must go at once. I am sorry, but—I have had news of my son."

"Good news? Oh, Mr. Bolton, I am so glad." She offered him the ready sympathy of her happiness.

"Good news," he repeated after her, stupidly.

"And you are going to him?"

"No, I am going—— I must go—now—at once."

She was puzzled by his manner, but, accustomed to his eccentricity, not much disconcerted.

"But you will come back?—to see us, at least!" To do her justice, she had forgotten until then that with the Angel's departure the wonderful stream of guineas that had meant so much to them all must come to an end. Now she remembered and her heart seemed to contract at the thought, but she tried to smile. "At least, you must come some day and see my husband. I want him to thank you for all your kindness to us."

"I—I shall not come back." The big old man stood before her, his shoes in one hand, his hat in the other, and something in his twitching face reminded her of her husband's in the first most agonising days of his long illness.

"Couldn't you spare just a moment to see him now?" she asked gently, and as she spoke a feeble hand clutched at her shoulder. Her husband stood behind her in the doorway, leaning on his stick and staring at the big old man at the foot of the stairs. She wanted to speak, to explain the situation, but something tied her tongue, for she saw that there was already between her husband and the old man some secret understanding more vital than any explanation of hers could have given them.

"You!" said her husband, and his weak voice sounded strange to her ears, for she had never heard that bitterness and contempt in it in all the hard years of their married life.

Under the sick man's stern eyes the old man on the stairs stood still, and his shoulders sank and his chin fell on his breast, and he said, "Bob," just the one word, in a voice that asked for mercy.

"That is my father," said the younger man to his wife. He had forgotten the children, Baby clinging to her skirt, the elder ones watching, vaguely puzzled, conscious of something beyond their understanding, and yet a thing to make one afraid. The wife looked from her husband to the old man with a quick look of alarm that was a little tinged with repugnance, and renewed in that moment the memory of a day which now seemed very long gone by when Bob, with a white face and an air of hard indifference which had not hidden his

THE ANGEL WITH THE PACKING-CASE

pain from her, had told her, in asking for her love, that his father had closed a career of extravagance and profligacy by becoming concerned in a scandal of such a nature that there was no course left open to him but to flee the country, leave his wife to pine slowly under the blow, and his sons to grow up ashamed to bear his name. At the time it had not seemed a great matter to her, but now she looked at the old man with a sickening feeling that the sordid past had suddenly come very near to them all. She stifled an hysterical inclination to laugh, because the thought crossed her mind that the children called him "the Angel," and she sent them back into the dining-room.

"What are you doing in my house?" said his son.

The old man raised his eyes and looked at them, and his deep-set dumb misery smote on his daughter-in-law's heart so that she pressed her husband's arm against her side and whispered, "Be gentle with him, Bob." Aloud she said, "He has been very good to us."

Her kindness seemed to give the old man courage. He raised his head and spoke, though his voice was scarcely audible.

"Bob," he said again. "I see you haven't forgotten. I didn't expect you to—and your wife knows—and when I went away from England you were only a bit of a lad. Well, I beg your pardon for coming here. I did well out there at the mines, but money isn't enough. I heard when your mother died, and I thought after that I'd never care to come back to the old places again, but I was wrong. I got hungry to see you and Freddy; in spite of all the shame and hopelessness I just had to see you once more before my own time comes, so I came back and traced you and found that Freddy was gone too, poor lad, and you were married and had these little ones. I am changed a lot in all these years and, of course, I couldn't use my own name, but I was afraid you'd know me if you saw me; but I saw you. I got lodgings not far from here, and I used to ask people, tradesmen and so on, about you and watch the children in the streets. Then I heard you were ill, and I guessed with the start in life your father gave you wealth hadn't come your way, and your wife there looked so anxious and—you'll think it worthy of me to go sneaking round like that, but I had to know—I found she wasn't

taking as much milk for the children as she used to. I knew if I sent her money anonymously she wouldn't use it, so I dared to come to your house and pass myself off as a stranger. I have been very happy, I think the children are a little fond of me even—I do fancy so."

There was a moment's silence.

"And that was why you were going to-night—so that Bob shouldn't know who you were?"

The old man nodded.

"There are some things," he said hoarsely, "that you never can wipe out and make as though they hadn't been. Thirty years of straight living out there—where it's hard, too—have only made me more ashamed, more able to understand why you and Bob can never even think kindly of me. There is no blotting out, no forgetting for me, but I've seen the little ones—I thought I would have had just this one happy Christmas with them—like a grandfather."

His voice broke and he stooped, sighing, and began to draw the shoes on to his swollen feet with a shaking hand. Their mother turned to her husband and said:

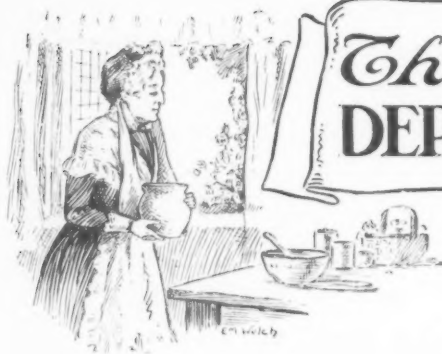
"He has been so dear with the children. He has looked forward so to Christmas, made such preparations all for them—couldn't you—couldn't we ask him to stay just one more day—just for Christmas?"

Her husband looked into the sweet face turned up to his own, and to his prejudiced mind his wife with that tender pity in her eyes, that tremulous sweetness on her lips, was beautiful. He had hated the thought of his father and his father's sin for many years, but he had never guessed until now that his father himself might have loathed his own sin and loathed it bitterly and unavailingly.

"Stay one more day—just for Christmas?" he repeated. "Good heavens, Ally, I'm not perfect! I've been sitting in judgment on him all the while, even if I'd never done anything else." The old man edging towards the door stopped, arrested by a sudden unbelievable hope. "Father! It's Christmas Eve, the day when everyone comes home—couldn't you stay with us?"

"What?" the old man gasped. "Why, Bob, if you start forgiving me I'll be able to believe God does!"

So on that Christmas Eve the "Angel with the Packing-case" commenced to stay.



The HOME DEPARTMENT

CHRISTMAS, 1914

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

CHRISTMAS DAY of the year 1914 is going to be quite different from any other we have ever experienced. As my readers know, *THE QUIVER* goes to press several months in advance of its publication, and it is very difficult for me, writing in October, to suggest any plans or advise any particular kind of preparations when the terrible war is occupying the minds and energies of my fellow country men and women.

Whatever the outcome of the present strife and stress, one thing is certain—i.e. that it is up to us womenfolk to wear a brave front—to lead, outwardly, at any rate, lives that are as nearly approaching the normal as possible, and, by so doing, to cheer and hearten those who depend on us for comfort and support. Sad, heavy hearts are, alas, the inevitable accompaniment to war, but the women of England, true to the traditions of the race, have given nobly and without stint of their best beloved to fight for and maintain the honour of their country, and, having no more to give, are content to do their duty by ordering their homes wisely and economically, and assisting those who are in more straitened and sadder circumstances than their own.

The Children's Festival

Christmas is, first and foremost, the children's festival, and remembering the old saying, "Christmas comes but once a year," and also because happy childhood occupies such a short space of the span of life, no true woman, be she mother or not, will hesitate to do all in her power to make this day of days as happy for the little ones as

it is possible under existing conditions. Children are always willing to play any game when the grown-ups take up their rôles with convincing enthusiasm, and this year the game is going to be one of how to make the most of what we have, and to see into how many portions we can divide the Christmas pudding and cake.

Economical Substitutes

Much will doubtless be written on the subject of economy in the abstract, but as my readers know, it has always been my endeavour to assist them in a practical rather than a theoretical way, and I want, in this article, to suggest some simple, economical, and at the same time appetising substitutes for the customary Christmas fare. As far as one can foresee, most of the usual delicacies of the season will be available, and there is no reason why the affluent housewife should not buy a turkey or goose, for the farmer's wife is depending on the sale of her stock of birds to pay the rent and to provide necessities of life for her family and dependents.

Poultry, too, will probably be plentiful, for the year has been a record one for farm stock and produce of all kinds. Fruit trees, particularly apples and pears, have seldom yielded such abundant crops, and although home-bred beef and mutton may be a trifle dearer than usual, there is an abundance of excellent foreign meat, which has risen but slightly in price.

In matters culinary the average English housewife of the middle class could learn many advantageous and economical hints from the Belgian and French refugees in our

THE HOME DEPARTMENT

midst, and it is more than probable that the presence of these practical women in our homes may be a true blessing. It is a well-known fact that a French peasant can produce a substantial and delicious dish from what, in many English houses, is daily wasted, and their methods of using fresh and dried vegetables to eke out a modicum of meat amounts to a positive science.

This science consists, largely, in the simple process of prolonged and very slow cooking, the utensil commonly used being the closed earthenware saucepan, technically called a casserole. The merits of this form of cookery have already been discussed and strongly advocated in these pages, but as it is undoubtedly the cookery *par excellence* for economy, and therefore of particular interest at the present time, I do not feel that an apology is necessary for introducing the subject again. Casseroles can be obtained from almost any china shop, and many grocers and oilmen also stock them. The smaller ones cost but a few pence; one large enough for a family of six would be about 1s. 6d. They are made of reddish-brown clay, glazed inside, and fitted with a lid of the same material. In them food of almost every description can be cooked, and because of the slow, gradual process employed and the closely fitting lid (which prevents any goodness escaping) the food retains all its nourishing properties and full flavour. Before using a casserole it should be filled with water or weak stock and placed in a warm oven for twelve hours. If this precaution is neglected the first food cooked in it is liable to taste of the glaze.

The Useful Rabbit

When meat is scarce and poultry beyond the housewife's allowance, the homely rabbit, of which there are quantities in this country, will provide a cheap and substantial meal for the hungry family.

Town dwellers are apt to despise rabbits, and even in the country they are not treated with the respect due to them, chiefly, I think, because people will not take the trouble to find out new and dainty ways of cooking and serving them.

Rabbits should be hung at least one day before they are cooked. Young ones are naturally best for table purposes, and when selecting them press the jaws between the finger and thumb. An unyielding stiff jaw

denotes an elderly rabbit. Another test is whether the paw has a little nut in the joint, for this is only present when the animal is young.

Here are some recipes for cooking rabbits which may be new to some readers:

Rabbit Cooked in a Casserole

Joint the rabbit as neatly as possible, and wash the pieces in three different warm waters. If the gall bag has not been removed from the liver this must be carefully cut out and thrown away, and any superfluous fat should be taken from the kidneys. Divide the liver into several pieces. Pare a dozen small onions, or cut four medium sized ones into slices. Place the pieces of rabbit, liver and onion in layers in the casserole, seasoning each with pepper and salt, then pour in enough cold water to cover the contents. Put on the lid and stand the casserole in a warm oven or on the stove for 1½ hours. Have ready a teacupful of washed rice (Patna for preference) and sprinkle this into the gravy. Cover and cook for another half-hour or until the rice is quite tender. Serve in the casserole.

This dish can be varied by omitting the rice and adding a crust made of 2 ozs. of shredded suet (or clarified dripping) mixed with 6 ozs. of flour, a grating of nutmeg and pinch of salt, moistened with cold water. The crust should not be placed over the contents of the casserole until they have boiled, and the lid is used to cover the paste. Well-soaked haricot or butter beans, macaroni or other forms of Italian paste can be used instead of rice. Sliced potatoes, carrots and turnips cut into dice, and shredded cabbages can be added, and a few mushrooms greatly improve the flavour of the stew. In the country, where skimmed milk can be had for the asking, this form of liquor is generally used for stewing rabbits, the milk providing extra nourishment to the dish.

Baked Rabbit

Put 2 ozs. of clarified dripping into the casserole and stand it on the stove. Mix 1 oz. of flour with salt and pepper. Roll each piece of rabbit in the seasoned flour and fry in the hot fat. When lightly browned on both sides lift the rabbit on to a plate and fry some sliced vegetables (carrots, turnips and onions) in the fat. Arrange the meat

THE QUIVER

and vegetables in alternate layers in the casserole, pour in enough stock or water to cover them. Put on the lid and cook for 2 to 2½ hours in a warm oven. Little forcemeat balls (made as for jugged hare) or rolls of fat bacon cooked separately are a great improvement, and if the store cupboard can produce red currant jelly so much the better. Plain boiled rice is a capital substitute for potatoes with all rabbit dishes.

Rabbit pie and pudding, curried and fricasseed rabbit are all excellent, and minced rabbit, or rissoles made from the remains of a stew, are every bit as good and nourishing as when those dishes are made from chicken meat.

I expect that most of my readers have made Christmas puddings and mincemeats according to the recipes they usually employ, but to those who have not I can heartily recommend these personally tested recipes:

Sago Plum Pudding

Soak 6 tablespoonfuls of small sago in ½ pint of milk overnight. Next day put it into a basin with a large breakfast-cupful of fine breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, 1 breakfast-cupful of stoned raisins, ½ teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, and 1 oz. of shredded candied peel. Warm ½ pint milk and melt 1 oz. of butter in this, then pour on to the other ingredients. Mix thoroughly and put into a well-greased basin. Steam for three hours and serve with cornflour or arrowroot sauce. Half breadcrumbs and half flour can be used instead of the whole amount of the former ingredient, and, if preferred, currants, sultanas and raisins can take the place of raisins only. This pudding is very light and digestible and can be freely partaken of by children and invalids.

Economical Plum Pudding

(without Eggs)

½ lb. each of beef suet, flour and breadcrumbs, 6 oz. currants, 6 oz. stoned raisins, 1 lb. brown sugar, ½ lb. each of grated carrots and potatoes, 1 oz. chopped peel, 1 oz. freshly grated lemon peel, 1 lb. treacle and a pinch of salt.

Shred the suet finely, grate the carrots and potatoes, and mix them with the other dry ingredients. Lastly stir in the treacle and pour into a well-greased basin or floured cloth. Boil for 4 to 5 hours. Lemons are always expensive at Christmas, and a few drops of lemon essence can be used instead of the peel. This pudding should be mixed the day before it is to be cooked, for the ingredients blend much better when a soaking process is allowed.

Emergency Mincemeat

Wash ½ lb. currants and dry them, then chop coarsely and mix them with equal quantities of coarse brown sugar, minced candied peel, and, if handy, a couple of tablespoonfuls of stewed apple. A pinch of spice and a few chopped almonds are liked by some people.

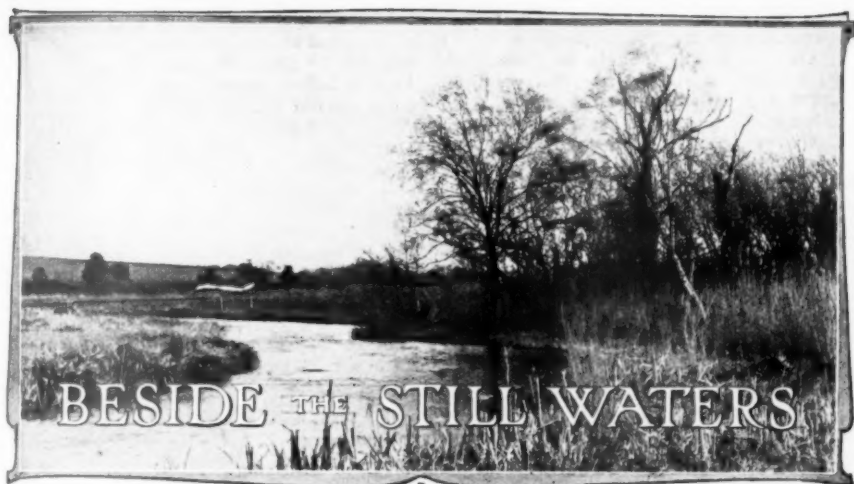
A Delicious Spice Loaf

Beat 4 ozs. of butter to a cream, add 4 ozs. brown sugar and 2 eggs well whisked in 3 tablespoonfuls of milk. Mix 6 ozs. flour with 1 teaspoonful of baking powder and ½ teaspoonful of allspice. Shred 2 ozs. candied peel, wash and dry ½ lb. currants and ½ lb. sultanas. Mix the flour, etc., gradually with the beaten eggs and butter, adding lastly the fruit and candied peel. Line a tin with two layers of ungreased paper, pour in the cake mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for two hours.



CHRISTMAS FOR GIRLS

Those who want to give a pleasurable surprise to a girl this Christmas cannot do better than buy her a copy of the Christmas "Girl's Realm." It is full of Christmas stories and articles touching on present-day events; in fact it is an ideal Magazine for any girl who is facing life in a serious, hopeful spirit.



Be Strong !

BE strong !
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift ;

We have hard work to do and loads to lift ;
Shun not the struggle ; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong !

Say not the days are evil—who's to blame ?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—Oh, shame !
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong !

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long ;
Faint not, fight on ! To-morrow comes the song.

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.



The "Blue Christmas"

AMONG the beautiful and tender memories of the happy childhood which Frances Willard always counted one of the richest possessions of her life was that of the "Blue Christmas."

Times had been hard that year, and although actual want had not visited the prairie home, there was no money for gifts ; and to the father, ill with ague, things looked dark and gloomy. But the children were not sick, and they did not know discouragement ; Christmas had always brought its gifts before, why should it fail now ? So the two girls hung up their stockings, and the brother put his book-strap on the front door-knob.

Of course the gifts came. When in all their lives had their mother ever failed them ? The next morning the book-strap held Pollok's "Course of Time," and each stocking contained a few little sea-shells long treasured by the mother, an artificial flower and a false curl, relics of a fashion of Mrs. Willard's younger days.

Poor, pathetic gifts they sound to us, but to the happy, healthy-hearted little trio they were all that could be desired. As for entertainment, what could be more full of winter delight than going to the woods and dragging home great branches for the Christmas fire ? To Frances Willard the woman, looking back through the years, those kindling flames still shone with their old radiance.

"We thought it was great fun," she wrote, "but father called it his 'Blue Christmas.'"

Does not Miss Willard's memory of her happy Christmas bring a message of hope to those whose purses are empty this Christmas ? Children are the happy possessors of two magic powers which those of older years too often lose—freshness of imagination and a keen zest for life. A tiny home-made present and a holiday atmosphere, if it be created by nothing more than a Christmas pie, will make the day a shining one in the child's memory.

•



The Lord's Chastenings

WHEN I was in Kimberley I was taken to the great diamond mine there,

THE QUIVER

and saw first the blasting of the rocks; then that they took those rocks and laid them out under the sky to be desiccated. And after six months these rocks, full of diamonds, were placed in mighty crushing machines, driven by an engine of 1,000 horse-power. This grinding process was intended to rub down the rocks till they became dust. Out of the dust diamonds were caught on the grease of the pulsating machine, whereas the garnets passed on and were lost. God grinds us to the very dust, because it is only out of the dust He gets His diamonds. Out of the dust He can mould and fashion us.—REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A.



My Service

I ASKED the Lord to let me do
Some mighty work for Him;
To fight amidst His battle hosts,
Then sing the victor's hymn.
I longed my ardent love to show,
But Jesus would not have it so.

He placed me in a quiet home,
Whose life was calm and still,
And gave me little things to do,
My daily round to fill.
I could not think it good to be
Just put aside so silently.

Small duties gathered round my way
That seemed of earth alone;
I, who had longed for conquests bright
To lay before His throne,
Had common things to do and bear,
To watch and strive with daily care.

So then I thought my prayer unheard,
And asked the Lord once more
That He would give me work for Him,
And open wide the door,
Forgetting that my Master knew
Just what was best for me to do.

Then quietly the answer came:
"My child, I hear thee cry;
Think not that mighty deeds alone
Will bring thee victory;
The battle has been planned by Me,
Let daily life thy conquests see."



For Times of Adversity

WE once lived so near and in such relation to a tower-clock that in the winter we could clearly discern the hour of day. Why we could not thus refer to the generous dial in summer can be easily guessed: the foliage, the beautiful leaves,

interposed an effectual bar. The summer was, of course, delightful, and the shade, the flowers, the gentle breezes, were appreciated to our fullest capacity, but we were conscious of our limitations. We could hardly outline our neighbour's home; the street-lights cast their forbidding shadows; and on cloudy days the umbrageous arms of the trees but intensified the gloom. Above all, we could not tell the time of day. But when the "melancholy days" drew near (alas! that they were ever called such), and the leaves fell fluttering away one by one and in bevies, the sky began to be revealed; and when at last the trees stood clean and bare and beautiful (for we insist a tree is charming in winter as well as in summer), it meant a widening of our horizon: we could see houses and fields; could catch the contour of the hills; the lights along the street now penetrated to the farthest corner; but above all else, the white face of the public clock was clearly seen. Our orientation was complete. After all, we thought, our losses are fully, if not more than, compensated.

The lesson is not difficult to extract, nor the process violent. There is none of us but would choose the foliage of life. We want all that Nature meant we should have, and would not object to an overflowing measure. That is why many who have the means migrate with the birds. But there is a deeper, more sacred aspect of life than that, just as there is a more glorious vision of the bleak winter.

The foliage of life—its pleasures, its comforts, its gratifications—are more like confections than aught else we can think. But must we conclude that they contain life's richest treasures? Assuredly not. Examples are many to prove that we are not capable of our best effort until the "leaves begin to fall."

Adversity is life's great revealer. The finest poems, the sweetest songs, have thus been wrung from singers' hearts; the greatest deeds of bravery, the finest examples of citizenship, have sprung from adversity. When the limbs are bare, then the sunlight can flood through, and the sky above seems so familiar. Above all, we can relate ourselves to eternity. The hands on God's timepiece can be discerned.



SAD-HEARTED, be at peace: the snow-drop lies
Under the cold sad earth-clods and the snow,
But spring is floating up the southern skies,
And the pale snowdrop silent waits below.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

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UNSHRINKABLE
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Neat Gift Boxes

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TOFFEE-DE-LUXE

THE SWEETMEAT FOR OUR LADS IN BLUE;
THE LADS IN KHAKI LOVE IT TOO.



A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR THE FIGHTING MEN.

Behind the guns, in the trenches, there'll be need of English Cheer this Christmas. Nothing you can send your fighting friend will be so welcome as a 4lb. tin of Toffee-De-Luxe—a comes of Christmas Cheer from Old England. 6s. per tin, 1s. 6d. per lb., of all confectioners everywhere.





EVERY MAN TO HIS TASTE
From the Painting by Frank P. Mahoney

BY PERMISSION OF
THE DAIMLER COMPANY, LTD.

THE QUIVER

Start To-day—Get rid of YOUR OVERSTOUTNESS.

AS water dissolves sugar, so Antipon absorbs and eliminates superfluous fat. If you suffer from overstoutness, and are weighed down by congesting fat, if you are bulky instead of being gracefully slender, it is because you have not taken Antipon. It succeeds where famous doctors, British or Continental spas, and all other treatments and so-called remedies have failed.

No weeks, or perhaps months, of treatment are necessary for you to prove the efficacy of Antipon. By the second day, after the small dose with each meal, Antipon effects a reduction varying from 8 oz. to 3 lb. in weight. You can prove this yourself by the scales.

By absorbing and eliminating the excess fat, whether it be only subcutaneous or deep-seated about the internal organs, Antipon bestows a new lease of life. The figure is vastly improved by its return to natural slender proportions. The face assumes the glow of health. You look younger as your energies revive. The ailments which have been chronic during obesity disappear.

Your breathing becomes easy again. The heart which was weak regains strength as the fat which has congested it is removed. New energy awakes in you, for Antipon tones and braces the body in restoring it to its proper slenderness. Enjoyments and pleasures which have been denied you become yours again as the overstoutness is removed.

All this Antipon does without disturbing your way of life, or placing any restrictions upon your habits. No especial dietary is called for the Antipon cure—you can eat and drink whatever you like. Antipon permanently cures obesity, and there is no return of the excess fat.

Also, Antipon is a purely vegetable preparation, containing no minerals, and harmless to the most delicate constitution. It is sold in bottles, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by all chemists, druggists, etc., or, in case of difficulty, will be sent post free, in plain cover, on receipt of remittance by the Sole Manufacturers, THE ANTIPON COMPANY, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

REMEMBER! If you suffer from overstoutness, it is because you have not taken Antipon.



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The properly fed child is almost always cheerful and contented.

Thousands of mothers attribute the sunny smiles and jovial merriment of their little ones to the fact that they have been fed, since weaning, on Robinson's "Patent" Groats. This popular conviction has the support of the highest medical and chemical authorities, who confidently recommend

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The LAST DAY

1st Prize
£100

2nd Prize
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3rd Prize
£25

5 Prizes
of £10

25 Prizes
of £5

350 Prizes
of £1

750 Prizes
of 10/-

2,000
Prizes
of 5/-

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30,
is the last day on which we can
accept your White Squares
for a Free Quaker Oats Cooker
and the Cash Prize Competition.

**Don't waste White Squares—send them all
—they will be useless after November 30th.**

How you obtain your Free Cooker

On receipt of 60 White Squares from Quaker Oats packets,
not later than Nov. 30th, 1914, we will send a Quaker Oats
Cooker, carriage paid, to any address in the United Kingdom.
The portion of the Quaker Oats Packet called the "White
Square" looks like this, and may be cut from the front of every
Quaker Oats Packet. The 60 White Squares refer to those
from the large packet, but 2 squares from 3d. packets, or 6 from
1d. packets, equal 1 from large packet.



IMPORTANT—If you have not saved the 60 White Squares re-
quired for a Cooker, send in all you have saved, together with a halfpenny
for every White Square less than 60. Thus, if you have only 36 White Squares,
send with them one shilling (stamps or postal order).

Only one Cooker can be sent to the same family—but the
White Squares sent for a Cooker and all additional Squares
will count for you in

The Competition for £1,575 in Cash

£160 will be sent to the competitor from whom we receive by Monday, November 30th
(1914) the largest number of White Squares. £50 will be sent to the one from whom
we receive the next largest number, and there are 3,131 other cash prizes. Remember
to send in ALL your White Squares—they will be useless after November 30th.

(Cheques will be sent to the Prize Winners about December 15th, 1914).

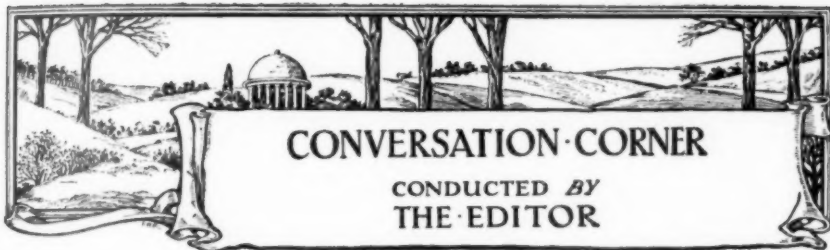
To prevent Loss please be sure that—

The parcel is fully post-paid, your name and address enclosed, and
addressed to—QUAKER OATS, LTD., 11, Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.

An announcement as to the Prize Winners,
with Accountant's Certificate,
will appear in the "Daily Mirror" and
"Daily Sketch" of December 23rd next.

Quaker Oats

Nov, 1914.



A Happy Christmas

IT is without any hesitation that I pass on to my readers my cordial wishes for "A Happy Christmas." It would be out of place this year of the war to wish people a *merry* Christmas, but I take it that it is the bounden duty of each and every one of us to make it as happy a time as is possible under these sadly unique circumstances. Let us realise that we can further no good cause by long faces, and that, indeed, depression and gloom are forces of weakness to be combated. No, let us have a happy Christmas, and—as we have all been told from early childhood—the way to be happy ourselves is to make others happy. There will be many in want of cheer this Christmas time; let us serve out happiness with a royal bounty.



Agencies that Help

I HAVE been in touch with many of the national agencies that are usually in evidence at this time, and from what I have seen and heard it seems to me that we shall have to be very careful that injustice and hardship are not committed. I want to bring this matter very strongly before my readers. All of us have been doing our level best, during these past few months, to help the national funds that have been created to deal with the war distress. The growth of these funds has been marvellous, and the utmost praise is due to those who have organised them, and those who so liberally responded. But one effect threatens to be disastrous. People have helped these war funds with abundant generosity, but have been in danger of forgetting the ordinary charitable societies whose work goes on year in and year out.



Indispensable Auxiliaries

NOW I have nothing to say against the administration of the Prince of Wales's

Fund—I have helped in it myself, and realise something of the gigantic task it is to administer a temporary fund of these proportions on such a national scale. But the more one sees and hears the more one must realise that the Prince of Wales's Fund alone cannot perform this great task, and that we simply cannot do without the aid of those societies that, with the experience and organisation perfected by years of work, are doing just this kind of work regularly and permanently.



Facing the Winter

IN another part of this issue Miss Amy B. Barnard reviews the outlook for the winter, and shows how some of these great societies have helped war distress and are planning the winter campaign. Yet everywhere they are held up for lack of the funds to which they are ordinarily accustomed, but which, in many cases, have dwindled down to the barest proportions.

As Miss Barnard shows, some of these great societies have actually taken a hand in relieving the distress in France and Belgium, etc., but more than that, they are all tackling those social problems which need more, and not less, attention at this time than in the normal years.



A Christmas Appeal

I TAKE it that practically every one of my readers, to a smaller or greater extent, has already helped the national relief funds. I want, as my Christmas message to my readers, to make an urgent and earnest appeal for offerings for the societies that in this time of war are going on with their ordinary as well as special work. I cannot go over the list here; the full details of the needs of the various institutions will be realised by a glance at the appeals in the advertisement section of this number. I want to say that I hope every reader will be able to spare a trifle at least for some

THE QUIVER

of these good works. I shall be pleased to receive and acknowledge gifts. In this tight little island of ours, girt by the narrow seas, we have had much to be thankful for this year of years. Shall we not this Christmas-tide, out of our comparative abundance, put aside a little as a thankoffering to God for the safety and prosperity we still enjoy?



The Women of Russia

ONE of the early effects of the war was the revulsion of feeling on the part of most of us in regard to Russia. We have been taught to think of Russia as a vast, inhospitable country, seething with revolution, secret service detectives and Anarchists. Now that Russia is our ally, how are we to regard her and her people? What we most need at the present time is information; we are so ignorant of everything Russian that it is not to be wondered at that we are hardly able to form any judgment at all. In order to give a little enlightenment on a subject of present importance I have arranged for an article on "The Woman of Russia" to appear in my January issue. It is well-informed and useful.



The Boy Scouts in War Time

ALL honour to the Boy Scouts! Before the war everyone agreed that they were the most successful little citizens of the country; now that war is upon us—

Well, I have asked the Rev. J. G. Stevenson, B.A., to tell us just what the Boy Scouts have been doing. Certainly they have been active in a surprisingly varied assortment of ways, and the article, which will appear in my next number, will be fully illustrated.



For Christmas Reading

MANY of my readers will regret that the exigencies of the situation have necessitated that this issue has to take the place of the Double Number with which the Christmases of other years have been associated. To such I would recommend our sister magazine, the *Girl's Realm*, the Christmas Number of which is of unusual interest to all women. Here are some of the features: "Lord Kitchener: An Appreciation of the Man at the Front"; "The Truce of Christmas: The Christmas Bells on the Field of Battle"; "How Women are Doing the Men's Work: One Result of the World-War"; "Miss Cook in Germany," the stirring adventures of a Girl Guide; "A Snow Storm and Betty," by John Barnett; "In the Blue Room," by Katharine Tynan; and a remarkable article by a girl, "A Girl and the Times: Some Things that are Changing for Us." There are other items which, altogether, make the December *Girl's Realm* one of the best Christmas Numbers of the season.

The Editor



PEACE AND GOODWILL

O THAT the song the angels sang
On that first Christmas morn,
Might soothe with its enchanting strain
A world with tumult torn,
That "Peace on earth, goodwill to men,"
Might sound beneath the stars again.

O that the Babe of Bethlehem
Might now be born anew,
Not in a manger-cradle laid,
Known only to the few,
But, by the power of saving grace,
Born in the hearts of all our race.

O that Christ's reign might soon begin,
His mild Millennial sway,
That this dark night of War might pass
Into that full orb'd day
When men should own Love's deathless might,
Safe kept by its indwelling light.

But though the gloom of war is deep,
God's lodestar gleams on high,
And wise men watch, with eyes of faith,
Nightlong yon Eastern sky,
Full sure that Godlike Peace, reborn,
Shall rise and bring the world's new morn.

A. B. COOPER.



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COMPANIONSHIP CHRISTMAS PAGES

Conducted by *ALISON*

*How, When and
Where Corner,
Christmas, 1914*

MY DEAR BOY AND GIRL FRIENDS,—I write for you the old greeting, "A Very Happy Christmas," while the war din is loud and strong. It is impossible to forecast what will be the position when you read my little message. Perhaps you may feel it almost a mockery to be wishing that wish and all it means when the world is torn by the miseries and suffering of this terrible war.

"Peace on earth and goodwill among men" seems at strange variance with so much that is happening around us. Yet I do wish you that beautiful wish. And it is one that may be very generously fulfilled for each of us. It won't be fulfilled, though, by mere outside things. It will only be really and truly fulfilled through your own inner self-consciousness.

And it is that—the highest form of happiness—that I wish for you, my dear Companions, everywhere. I wish that each of you may be so quietly joyous and strong, through the peace you have in your own self, that you may be able to be sweet and beautiful, and to bear all that is outside and around you with nobility and high courage. This is only possible if you know that you have made, and made whole-heartedly and for ever, the gift of *yourself* to the Christ, and that all the time you are trying to learn His will and to do it. Then you will have the peace and joy which He alone can give to anyone, and your happiness this Christmas will be of the very best kind. If this sounds puzzling to any of you, just at this time make the test by doing what I have said has to be done, and see if it is not true. Then from each one will radiate influences that will all tend towards the spreading of the Christmas thought and ideal everywhere, and help to bring that kingdom of His for which the world is wearying.

I do wish we had our usual Christmas Pages, for I have so many letters to give you; but they must wait. Let me tell you what DOROTHY LIX is doing. She has Chinese friends who want to join, but do not know English. She is translating our Pages month by month into Chinese, and writing them in a little book for them—they will then know all our news and work for us. Isn't that delightful of her? It is quite an exhilarating letter.

And from Grenada, JOCELYN D'ARCY sends news of how all the West Indian Islands are thinking and praying for us all in this crisis, and helping too—so splendidly. "You would be surprised," she says, "to know how eager the descendants of the slaves are to help." You must have her letter soon. And then there is all the news about gifts for our S.E.D. Some extracts from letters about them you shall have in a moment.

David Earning his Living

An important piece of news has come to me from the Barnardo Homes. Our friend DAVID is now at work, earning his own living. The money for him will therefore not be required any longer. All of you who have helped to give him the equipment for life will be proud and glad to hear that "his health is good, he is in a very good situation, is said to be a nice, agreeable boy, and doing well in every way." Aren't you shareholders in our business thankful? But we all are glad together, and wish him "God speed" on his career. I am writing to him, and hope to hear from him soon. If any of our boy Companions would like to send a note of congratulation, I shall be pleased to forward it.

Now we have only the three children to provide for, and with the pressure caused by the war we must not take any hasty decision as to our future work. Of course, as soon as we can we must go forward. There can be no going back. We must think and plan, and *keep our Violet Fund* going, with all our energy and wits. Then we shall presently, perhaps, have money enough to launch out together into some other life-saving, true empire-building work. Tell me your thoughts on the matter.

I am glad to say the report is good concerning LENA and VIOLET and PHILIP. The latter's school report is excellent. More of them next month.

Now I want to thank every single friend who helped Our Special Effort. A personal note to all who sent in gifts has told my Companions of my appreciation. This is for the wider circle of mothers and others. The mothers have been splendid in their support of all sorts of efforts.

Don't flag; go forward. Our children must be kept, even though war funds make heavy demands upon us. Help our work, please, more—not less—than before.

THE QUIVER

Some Special Effort Day Gifts and their Stories

How you would all relish the reading of this pile of letters that came with Our Special Effort Day gifts! How much I enjoyed them all I can't possibly tell you. Last month, I believe, I said I was prepared for the utter failure of Our Day owing to the war. It was joyous work to open letter after letter from you, and to learn that you—so many, at least—had *not* forgotten. I know that a large number of Companions found it impossible to fulfil the plans they had laid for Our Day. But the smaller gifts had a peculiar value, and I treasure all the love and loyalty which each one has manifested. You shall glance at some of the contents of a few letters.

W. ALLISON LAIDLAW (Ireland)—who, by the way, had been working hard for the Middle Grade Intermediate examinations, and won "two exhibitions of £20 and the first place in English in the grade in Ireland"—(congratulations, Allison!)—wrote:

"Let me congratulate you and all our Companions on our 'official birthday.' I hope each birthday will find us more prosperous, with the number of our protégés increasing. I also hope the object of the S.E.D. will be amply realised. I must tell you what I did. On Saturday, directly after coming from school (12.30), I began gardening, and continued till evening. My work included mowing, shearing, raking, etc., and as we generally have a gardener for this, mother said she would give me his wage, so now I am sending you a P.O. for 2s. 6d. with my best wishes. I only wish I could send a larger amount. I expect some Companions will have hit on excellent ideas for their S.E."

DORA M. GREAVES (Yorks) began:

"DEAR ALISON,—I am sending you the enclosed P.O. as the result of the S.E.D. I am afraid you will think it not a special effort at all to earn 2s., but I am also collecting for the Belgian Relief Fund. I got the money by making little fancy bows for blouses. With best wishes for 'Our Four.'"

WINIFRED TOPLISS (Somerset) wrote, with her gift:

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I cannot let our S.E.D. go without a line of greeting to you. I am writing before breakfast, as I know I shan't have another chance. I know you will be very busy to-morrow, and I am sure all your Companions will think of you. I shall think of you and pray that we may have great success. I am sorry I cannot do more, but you will understand, I think."

This is an extract from WINNIE ADAMS'S (Northants) letter:

"It was such a surprise to me last week, when reading through Our Pages, to find I had received a prize for a letter; but although the shock was great, the pleasure was greater. When I received the book I thought it an exceedingly nice one, and am now nearly at the end of it, it is so interesting. With regard to the S.E.D., I am very sorry that I cannot send you as large a gift as I could wish, and that which I am sending is gained by no S.E., but just a very little self-sacrifice. Some time ago mother and I were trying to think of some way in which I might get some money for this Day, and I decided to crochet some lace which mother said she would willingly buy. However, I had only just begun when we were called upon to help our poor brave soldiers, and since then I have been busy working for them. I could not do the lace, but I am giving a little of

my own money, with the addition of a small amount from mother, and here it is."

AGNES HUSBAND (Fifeshire) wrote:

"DEAR ALISON,—I am sending you stamps to the value of a shilling, which I hope will help a little. Your Leven Companions did not forget the S.E.D., although we did not club together this time. Nannie McDonald and I talked it over, and we decided that each of your Companions here would just send what they could. Well, on Friday I saw as many of them as I could, and told them to try and write you a letter at least. Ronald McDonald was telling me they were passing on the words 'Remember the S.E.D.' at school on Friday."

EMILY RAMSAY (Ayrshire) sent me a gift of 2s., "made by weeding, etc."

DOROTHY M. PRATT (Suffolk) said:

"I am afraid you think me a very bad Companion, but I know you will excuse me when I tell you I have been very ill and am *not* really better yet. . . . I enclose 3d. for the S.E. I wonder if any of the Companions could tell me where I could get the pillow, etc., for making pillow lace? I should be so pleased if they could."

NAN and NELLIE RODGER (Fifeshire) sent loving short letters with their gifts; Nan promised a longer letter soon, and Nellie was "saying up to send more later."

JESSIE H. ANDERSON (Glasgow) wrote:

"This is just a short note, to wish Our Corner 'Many Happy Returns.' I think that to-day all our minds will be filled with kind thoughts for Our Companionship, and a desire to further its splendid work."

DAISY VALENTINE (Aberdeenshire) said:

"I am writing to apologise for not doing anything 'special' on Saturday. I am sending a P.O. for 5s. I should have liked to send much more, but shall try to send another little gift before very long."

From EMILY PRETSELL (Midlothian):

"I am sending you a postal order for 5s. for our S.E.D., and I hope you will get a lot of money."

MARION WEBB (Somerset) said:

"I am writing to thank you very much for the very nice copy of 'Alice in Wonderland.' Mother and I are delighted to think I got a prize; it is the first I have had except school prizes. I am sending a P.O. for 3s. for the S.E.D.; 2s. 6d. I have saved up, and mother gave me 6d. for embroidering two cake doilies."

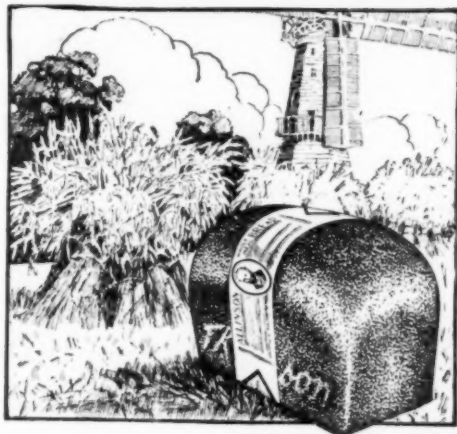
JOYCE HASELER (Shropshire), in an interesting letter sent with her gift, remarked:

"I am looking forward to entering for our competitions; they are all so interesting, especially the essay on the literary or historic associations of the places where we live, and the European countries one."

DORA STEWART (London) sent a special shilling for Our Day, and also, a few days later, with her regular subscription, an extra shilling "from my garden; it is only a little. I hoped to have made more. I am going to try to think of something else to do in the winter."

This is from ISABEL DOBSON (Westmorland):

"DEAR ALISON,—Our S.E.D. is here at last, and although I have not been able to do anything for Our Fund on the day itself, I have been trying to make a 'special effort' all summer. The enclosed P.O. for 6s. is the result. I know you like us to tell you how we make our money, so I will try to account



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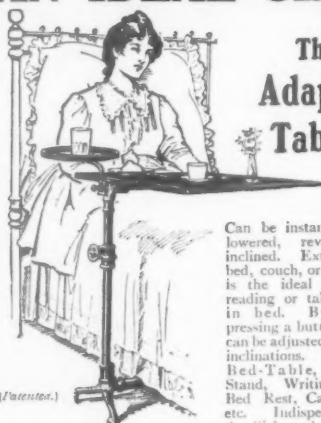
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COMPANIONSHIP CHRISTMAS PAGES

for mine. We have not got a very big garden, but our sweet peas were doing very well, so I asked father if I might sell some of them for Our Fund, and he said I could have as many as I liked. A man in the village who takes flowers and vegetables to — every Saturday sold them for me. I sent some big white daisies (out of my own garden), and Japanese anemones along with the sweet peas, also a vegetable marrow. By this means I made 4s. Mother gave me 4d. for some wild raspberries which I gathered in the woods round here. We made them into jam, and it is the nicest raspberry jam I have ever tasted. Mother used to buy me a penny monthly magazine, and by giving that up I made 6d. A friend gave me 4d., and the remaining 10d. I have had by cleaning my sister's boots at the week-ends."

A S.E.D. Sale in Anglesey

MADGE WILLIAMS (Anglesey) and MARGERV WEBB-WILLIAMS wrote of the sale they had planned and, with considerable pluck, managed to carry through.

"MY DEAR ALISON," says Madge: "With this letter you will receive the proceeds of our 'S.E.' We found that it would be quite impossible to hold it on the Saturday, so we had to have it on Friday instead. This war has upset everybody, but we were well satisfied with the result, and we do hope you will be too. By 'we' I mean Margery, Mollie, Dilys, and myself. Blodwen and Nora were unfortunately away, so could not help us; but Nora's sister sent us in a cake for the table. Our Sale commenced at three o'clock, and we were kept quite busy. Mother let us use our dining-room and breakfast-room. We had the things arranged on tables draped with red, white, and blue muslin in the breakfast-room. On the largest table were the articles we had made or given us: nothing was marked at more than 3s. 6d. On another table we arranged penny and twopenny articles, such as tins of polish, packets of post cards, and pencils; these, with dusters, tea-cloths, etc., made up the 'Household Table.' There was a third table for home-made cakes, jams, and pickles. The fourth and smaller table was for lemonade and sweets. We had a very good show of flowers, all of which were given us. There was also some fruit. Tea was served in the dining-room; it realised about 9s.—all clear profit, since mother provided the tea. I do wish you could have peeped in and seen us at our busiest. We had, several days before the sale, sent written notices to several people; others we asked personally. I think about twenty came. We had practically finished by six o'clock, so we packed up some of the remaining goods and took them to one or two people who had been unable to come; we made a few shillings in this way. The rooms really looked nice with the gaily-draped tables and the big jars and bowls of carnations, daisies, and asters. We had hoped to make about £1, and when that was reached and passed, the total reached £2, and finally £3 1s. 6d., we were very pleased. I hope the Special Effort of all the Companions will bring in more than what is required for the upkeep of 'Our Four.' This year we shall watch eagerly for the Christmas QUIVER with the details of all the efforts. Your loving Companion, MADGE."

MARGERV's letter is interesting too. The following details are given by her:

"We had quite a busy time from about 3.30 until we closed. . . . Madge made the sweets. The cakes were almost all sold before we commenced our Sale. On the 'Household Stall' were nail-brushes, post cards, tea-cloths, floorcloths, iron-holders, and many more such articles. We charged 3d. for tea and bread and butter, and then they could have extras. . . . Our stalls were quite gay with muslin, which mother lent us."

Every one of you will admit that our group in Anglesey showed a fine spirit in carrying out the plan they had made. We are very grateful to Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Webb-Williams, and everyone who helped. The proceeds gave a much-needed "lift" to our Fund.

Still more Gardeners

NORA SMITH (Cumberland) says:

"I am sending 2s., which I got on the S.E.D. I earned part of it by cutting the grass on the lawn, and I gave my weekly pocket-money which I get every Saturday towards it. I do hope you will get a nice lot of money from the Companions."



David

(who is now earning his own living).

Her sister MARY has written a loving letter, and sent another 2s.:

"Nora cut the lawn and I weeded the flower-beds and paths, and we got paid for doing it. I enjoyed doing it very much, and it was the only way I could think of to earn money. . . . You will be pleased to hear that Nora and I have both passed the Junior Cambridge examination; next year we both hope to try for honours."

GRACE WILLIS (Hampshire) remarked:

"DEAR ALISON,—I am sending you a P.O. for 2s. for the S.E.D. One shilling of it is from my mother. I hope there will be a nice lot of money sent in—enough, perhaps, for another child. Will you have a boy or girl next time? . . . I am knitting a helmet for the soldiers. I wonder if any of the other Companions are making things."

HILDA PHILLIPSON (London):

"I am sending sixpence, which I have earned by helping grandma and aunts, for our S.E.D. I am

THE QUIVER

still staying with grandma, and am getting quite well and strong."

MARIAN HARDY (Norfolk) wrote:

"We went blackberrying yesterday. I got 3 lb. and Joan got about 4 lb. Mother bought them from us, and we are sending the money with our letters for the H.W.W.C. One sixpence is what I made on S.E.D. Another sixpence is what I got by the blackberries, and 8d. is from Joan."

PHYLLIS BRISSENDEN (Kent) sent me a beautifully "typed" letter which contained 5s., her S.E.D. gift.

NANNIE McDONALD (Fifeshire) confessed:

"It is hard to believe that this is September 5th, our S.E.D., here already. The weeks just seem to have flown. It is so disappointing, too, that our interest in Our Corner must take second place to-day owing to this terrible war. However, I cannot let it pass without at least writing this letter along with my small contribution to the Violet Fund."

RONALD McDONALD, her brother, said:

"Our band was not able to make a S.E. on Saturday, but I am sending you this letter along with a small subscription for the Fund."

We must congratulate Ronald on winning a prize for history and mathematics.

From MARGARET HARDING (Hants) came a short note:

"I am very sorry I was not able to do anything 'special' on September 5th, but I have been saving up, and have managed to get 2s. 6d., which I am enclosing."

This is a joint letter you will all appreciate:

"MY DEAR ALISON,—Very many happy returns of September 5th. We enclose a postal order for 5s. We are sorry it is such a small sum, but our money is scarce, with giving to the Red Cross and the Relief Funds. It was a beautiful day on the 5th here, and I hope the other Companions had fine weather too."

We are going to get another Companion to join. We hope Violet, Lena, David, and Philip are all well and happy. We had a lovely holiday. With love and best wishes to all, from your loving Companions, MARGARET J. DAVIDSON, MARY M. DAVIDSON, MYSSIE S. DAVIDSON (Midlothian).

HERIOT HUGHES (London) sent me a beautiful little letter with £2 as her S.E.D., the result of a letter-writing campaign amongst her friends and relations.

ANNIE ANDERSON (Berwickshire) contributed 2s.

ELEANOR CHAMBERS-HUNTER and D. JEAN BEST (Aberdeenshire) sent 10s., the result of a combined "effort":

"We are sending you 10s., which Jean and I collected on Sept 5th," wrote Eleanor, "for the S.E.D. We asked our friends to draw a pig with their eyes shut, and charged them the modest sum of one penny, and gave prizes for the three best pigs that were drawn. Next year we hope to send more money. I am a member of Jean's 'Violet Magazine,' and enjoy reading it."

And JEAN wrote:

"We were going to have a little cake and toffee sale in Eleanor's house, but this dreadful war made us put it off for another year, as so many of our friends had given all their money to the war funds. I wish you could have seen some of the pigs we got in our books—they were so funny. Everyone seemed so pleased to draw them for us, and we had great fun watching the results."

VERA K. BLACK (Pforfarshire) made 10s., but does not say how.

JANIE M. CRAWFORD (Lanarkshire) sent a contribution of half a crown, "with every good wish for a successful E.D., and much love."

MAUD and DOLLY ARMSTRONG (Northumberland) made toffee, and sold it to their friends. They were getting orders for pinafores for the

"THE QUIVER" COMPANIONSHIP FUNDS

The following is our account from July 1st to September 30th, 1914:

| | £ s. d. | | £ s. d. | | £ s. d. |
|------------------------------|---------|---------------------------------|---------|-------------------------------|----------|
| Brought forward | 6 8 0 | Madge Williams, Margery and | | William Allison Laidlaw | |
| Daisy Valentine | 0 2 6 | Mollie Webb Williams, | | (S.E.D.) | 0 2 6 |
| Gracie Budd | 0 9 0 | Dilys Jones and Friends | | Dora Stewart (S.E.D.) .. | 0 1 2 |
| D. M. Adams | 0 1 0 | (Proceeds of Sale) (S.E.D.) | 3 1 6 | Yvonne Thorpe Martin (S.E.D.) | 0 1 0 |
| Frances M. Boston .. | 0 1 0 | Jessie H. Anderson (S.E.D.) | 0 5 0 | Hilda Philipson (S.E.D.) | 0 0 6 |
| Dorothy Powell | 0 2 6 | Nan Rodger (S.E.D.) .. | 0 2 6 | Doris Moffat (S.E.D.) .. | 0 1 0 |
| Adah Pollard Urquhart (for | | Nellie Rodger (S.E.D.) .. | 0 1 6 | Marian & Joan Hardy (S.E.D.) | 0 2 0 |
| Lena) | 0 2 6 | Gwen Aguilar (Jamaica) (S.E.D.) | 0 1 0 | Vera K. Black (S.E.D.) .. | 0 10 0 |
| Frieda Martin (Grenada) .. | 0 2 6 | Iris Aguilar (Jamaica) (S.E.D.) | 0 0 6 | Maud Armstrong (S.E.D.) | 0 0 1 6 |
| Annie and John Dolson and | | Gracie Willis (S.E.D.) .. | 0 2 0 | Dolly Armstrong (S.E.D.) | 0 0 1 6 |
| Friends (Proceeds of Sale) | 3 12 0 | Nannie McDonald (S.E.D.) | 0 2 0 | Winnie Wood (C.B., 3/6; | |
| Enid and Ida Jones | 0 5 0 | Marion R. Webb (S.E.D.) | 0 3 0 | S.E.D., 2/-) | 0 5 6 |
| Jocelyn D'Arcy (Grenada) .. | 0 3 0 | Marie Goodin (Jamaica) .. | 0 0 6 | Doris Trotter | 0 2 0 |
| Mildred Lopp (Jamaica) .. | 0 1 6 | Isabel Dobson (S.E.D.) .. | 0 6 0 | Isabel Young | 0 1 0 |
| Eileen and Muriel Nelson | | Joyce Haseler (S.E.D.) .. | 0 1 0 | Edith Penn (C.B.) | 0 2 0 |
| (Melbourne) | 0 7 6 | Nora and Mary Smith (S.E.D.) | 0 4 0 | Kitty Willers (S.E.D.) .. | 0 1 0 |
| Marian Hardy | 0 2 6 | Dorothy M. Pratt (S.E.D.) | 0 0 3 | Margaret M. Begg | 0 2 0 |
| Kathleen and Granville Green | 0 3 6 | Agnes Husband (S.E.D.) .. | 0 1 0 | Dora M. Greaves (S.E.D.) | 0 2 0 |
| Kathleen M. Burges | 0 1 0 | Emily M. Ramsay (S.E.D.) .. | 0 2 0 | Dorothy Mildred Sharp .. | 0 3 0 |
| Margaret Harding | 0 1 0 | Margaret, Mary and Myssie | | Dorothy Powell | 0 3 6 |
| Erica Welsh (Sydney) | 0 2 0 | Davidson (S.E.D.) | 0 5 0 | | |
| Ivy M. Slesser (New Zealand) | 0 1 0 | Ronald McDonald (S.E.D.) | 0 2 0 | | 25 0 3 |
| Heriot Hughes (S.E.D.) .. | 2 0 0 | Margaret Harding (S.E.D.) | 0 2 6 | Less Philip's Expenses | |
| Elizabeth M. Marshall .. | 0 0 6 | M. Lopp (Jamaica) (S.E.D.) | 0 3 6 | for the half-year— | |
| Inez Aguilar (Jamaica) .. | 0 4 0 | Winnie Adams | 0 1 0 | December 1913 to | |
| Bertha Tyrrell (S.E.D.) .. | 0 2 6 | Dorothy Buckley (S.E.D.) | 0 5 0 | May 1914 | £10 10 0 |
| Winifred Topliss (S.E.D.) .. | 0 5 0 | Phyllis Brissenden (S.E.D.) | 0 5 0 | Less Lena's Expenses | |
| Emily Pretsell (S.E.D.) .. | 0 5 0 | Winifred Johnston (S.E.D.) | 0 2 0 | for one year | 11 0 0 |
| Winnie Adams (S.E.D.) .. | 0 3 0 | Daisy Valentine (S.E.D.) .. | 0 5 0 | | 23 10 0 |
| Annie Anderson (S.E.D.) .. | 0 2 0 | Dorothy Jean Best (for Violet) | 0 11 0 | | |
| Janie M. Crawford (S.E.D.) | 0 2 6 | Eleanor Chambers-Hunter and | | Balance | £16 1 3 |
| Mrs. F. M. Gregory | 0 2 0 | Dorothy Jean Best (S.E.D.) | 0 10 0 | | |

YOU CAN SIT AT THE PIANO and Play tunes TO-DAY

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Naunton's National Music System



This is not the impossible task which some people would have you believe. With Naunton's music to guide you, the piano is the easiest instrument in the world to play, for there is no drudgery, no practising tiresome exercises, no scales, sharps, flats or accidentals, no unexpected or unnecessary difficulty whatever.

Naunton's National Music System is not a mechanical device nor a vamping method, but a **SIMPLE, RAPID & PERFECT System of Musical Notation** which you can learn to read, play and understand almost instantaneously.

You play tunes on your very first lesson.

Over 50,000 people are already playing the piano by it

Playing with taste and skill, charming other people, delighting themselves, getting more and more enjoyment out of life every day, and all because they ventured to try Naunton's National Music System. They proved for themselves that what we claim to be true is true, and the opportunity is now offered to you also.

What others have done quickly and well, you also can do with equal speed and ease. Not one of the 50,000 people just mentioned had a better offer given to him or her than that which is given to you now. Read carefully through the coupon at the foot of this page and see the promise contained in it. If you then have a desire to play the piano perfectly, send your **1/-** with the coupon to-day, and in return we will send you our **"Special No. 1,"** containing five tunes, which we guarantee you can play. Thus you can judge for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to **you** just as it has done for the 50,000 and more people who are already playing by it. Never in all your life will you have spent a shilling to better purpose.

We say for ourselves only what our pupils are more than willing to say for us. Just read their

CLEAR TESTIMONY TO THE IMMENSE VALUE OF OUR WONDERFUL SYSTEM

This from a Pupil who has taken nine lessons out of the fifty which comprise the whole System: "I had tried to learn under many masters for about nine years, but at last had to give it up. I can read and play by your system easily."

This from a Pupil who has taken only six lessons: "I can play well, and am teaching two of my friends."

From a Musician who has composed over 3,000 popular songs: "I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

From a Proud Mother: "Florrie can play splendidly, and I can play also. Your system is certainly splendid, and is just as easy as you said."

From a Composer: "I think it **Al**, easy, excellent. Any person could understand it."

From many Pupils whose testimony can all be rolled into one: "When reading your advertisement I could scarcely believe that any system could achieve what was there stated. But on studying your first lesson I realised that at last a system had been discovered which would help persons who formerly held the idea that to play the piano was utterly beyond them. Naunton's National Music System is splendid. It is the acme of simplicity, and is as perfect as it is simple."

From a Pupil who thinks that one good turn deserves another: "I am recommending it to all my friends, and two of them are sending to you for their lessons."

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SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

To THE MANAGER, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.
Being a reader of THE QUIVER, and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for **One Shilling**. In return for which please send me your **"Special No. 1,"** published at **2/-**, containing five tunes, with your instructions how I can play at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a THOROUGH musician by your Course of instruction.

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE

THE QUIVER

THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS

and

THE HOMES FOR LITTLE BOYS.

Farningham and Swanley (Ined.).



Ready for Sea

THESE Homes were founded in 1864 to shelter orphan and fatherless boys. For fifty years they have been rearing, training, and turning out MEN.

In addition to many trades taught, hundreds have been trained for the Navy and Army and the Mercantile Marine. To-day seventy of the 500 boys in the Homes are sons of naval men who have died for King and Country. The majority of these boys will pass into the Royal Navy.

Boys have been sent into forty-one of His Majesty's Regiments, and many are now taking part in the war. In addition, we are represented in the Army Service Corps and the Royal Flying Corps. Five boys have risen to be Bandmasters. Sixteen lads have enlisted since the war began.

The Committee has offered to provide homes for boys rendered destitute by the war. Already applications have been received on behalf of those whose fathers have fallen.

HELP is urgently NEEDED. These Homes are entirely supported by voluntary contributions.

Treasurer—LORD BLYTH.

Chairman—WALTER HAZELL, Esq., J.P.

Secretary—PERCY ROBERTS,

56 and 57, Temple Chambers, E.C.

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Of all leading Chemists—if any difficulty in obtaining, send crossed P.O. to

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who will send them POST FREE.



THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

bazaar they were expecting to hold, and were working really hard for us. Maud has started her secretarial work.

YVONNE MARTIN (Kent) included in her interesting letter 38. "I earned it mostly by doing needlework." She had been into Folkestone, where many Belgian and French refugees were landing:

"Folkestone seemed to me just like a Continental town—there were so many foreigners about, and I heard hardly anything but French spoken. We went straight to the harbour, but none could get on the pier, as the gates were locked. There were a policeman and a porter on duty, and nobody was allowed through without a pass. It was a busy sight; there were many standing outside, waiting to see if their friends came. There were some interpreters, with printed bands on their arms, to help the refugees that could not speak English, and a lot of little boy Scouts (some on bicycles) to help in whatever way they could.

"We did not see very many come from the boats that day; there were two or three wounded officers, two on stretchers. There was one sad little group of women; as they had no money they were being sent to London. What things they had were tied together with ropes; they were so calm and quiet, but looked so sad.

"As we went in an Indian soldier got on to our motor. He looked so grand in flannel trousers, an orange cummerbund, a khaki coat, and a straw cap with an orange turban twisted round it and hanging down his back with a green tassel at the end. He wore a Red Cross badge on his arm, and had been doing Red Cross work in Belgium. He was very tall and handsome, with beautiful eyes and teeth.

"We saw him again at the harbour, with some soldiers singing 'It's a long way to Tipperary.' One of our Sunday School children told us yesterday that there was a little Belgian boy on the Parade who had been shot by Germans, so we went to see him. He was a little French refugee, but had not been shot. He is an invalid—such a dear little boy, seven years old. He is strapped on to a stretcher. Kenneth (a friend of mine) and I went to see him again to-day,

and he got quite friendly, and laughed at our French. We took a scrapbook, and he told us the names of all the pictures, but he would not keep it. I have had a lovely holiday and lovely weather and bathed nearly every day. Your affectionate Companion, YVONNE THORPE MARTIN."

BERTHA TYRRELL'S (London) S.E. took "the form of cake-making and sketching, for which I am pleased to be able to enclose half a crown."

WINNIE WOOD (London) included with her collecting book a gift of 2s. as her S.E.D.

You will see from our list that various other gifts have come to me alongside of the S.E.D. money. DOROTHY BUCKLEY (Lancs), from whom I was glad to hear again, sent 5s. JEAN BEST (Aberdeenshire) had made another 11s. with her enterprising "Violet Magazine." MRS. GREGORY again sent a kind note and gift; and there are others. They are too many to mention all individually; I just name a few: MARIE GOODIN, IRIS and GWEN AGUILAR, MILDRED LOPP (all of Jamaica); ISABEL YOUNG (Worcestershire), DORIS M. TROTT (Devonshire), KITTY WILLERS (Cambs), EDITH PENN (Somerset), DOROTHY POWELL (S. Wales), DOROTHY M. SHARP (Essex), WINIFRED JOHNSTON (Orkneys).

MARIAN's sister, JOAN HARDY (age 9; Norfolk), EDITH F. CLARK (age 20; Norfolk), and EDNA M. BURGESS (age 13; Lincs), KATHLEEN's sister, are new members to be welcomed by you.

Autumn Competition results next month. I hope many dolls, etc., will have reached me by the time you have this letter.

S.E.D. Letter Prizes go to MADGE WILLIAMS; YVONNE MARTIN; the DAVIDSON trio are to share one; ISABEL DOBSON; MARIAN HARDY.

The Foreign Letter Prize goes to JOCELYN D'ARCY (Grenada).

Many letters, please,
for Your friend,

Thorn.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

King and Country Need You

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

"A NOOK, a book, and solitude" has expressed many a man's acme of happiness. But R. L. Stevenson loved to escape from books—that he might make them. Maps inspired him as books could not; to revel in pictured rivers, islands, and mountains was to set his imagination afloat and generate another of his matchless stories.

It is one way of fruitfully learning geography. But there are others. War, for instance. Who knew, a short time back, that there was such a place on earth as Przemyśl? But who does not know it now, shrink as he may from trying to pronounce it? What tourist, however much given to trudging his way with rucksack, had ever, till lately, located Roye, Thorn, or Eydtkulmen? Yet he can now put his finger on these spots as deftly as he can on Charing Cross

in a London map. This is the costliest way of learning topography—costly and grim, alas! to many—but very retentive. We read of schools which have charted their playgrounds with chalk, and the scholars can now foot it from some world-known city to the obscurest townstead without missing the route, splashing through lakes, or striding across impossible frontiers. It is good training, and bound to be useful some day.

For widest scope and practical worth, however, commend me to the Post Office letter-sorters. It is not every correspondent who indicates on the envelope either the nation or department where his missive should find its proper terminus, but the sorter knows it at a glance. Greenland, Arabia, Norway, Ireland—he is at home in them all, like the Wandering Jew, and in a trice

THE QUIVER

jerks the letter into its proper pigeon hole. This man's knowledge has not been dinned into him by cannon nor been whetted by hopes of publishers' cheques; it has been gained only for the sake of being helpful to somebody somewhere. I can admire his gift, but can never hope to emulate it.

From all the World

Yet I find myself having gentle leanings in that direction. When first the Crutch-and-Kindness League was started I had a fine, vague, tolerable idea of the parts of the world in which "all people that on earth do dwell" were most at home. Not that I had learnt this at school; there we were strenuously taught of lands we were never likely to be in or have any dealings with. But travel, railway maps and general reading had filled up considerably the gaps left by the schoolmaster. What a lot, however, I have gathered since from the monthly budget of letters on the Crutch-and-Kindness League! At its beginning these letters came mostly from within the five-mile radius, then farther afield from Scotland and Ireland, then over a wider and wider range till they hailed from Natal, Moscow, and Vancouver. It was naturally a peculiar delight when I found there was a contingent of members in Jerusalem.

There is food here for reflection. What is it that attracts these letters from Everywhere to London? The reason is much the same as that which has drawn Allies to us from all parts of the world. In every land there are local matters which absorb attention to the exclusion of all other interests. These affairs are as the branches, needed for extension, storage of life-sustaining rains and dews, and the fertilising of the roots. Their care is urgent, for their work is essential. But there are stem things too—things which concern the very heart—and when these are reached it is the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Has a cruel wrong, for example, been done to any people? All peoples, black or white, brown or yellow, who hear of it, feel the injustice, and, down in their hearts, resent it. Circumstances may hinder their giving active help, but it is in them to render it, and they do what they can. Hence the gathering of the clans to England's help just now; a great wrong has been done, wantonly done, and no matter what tongues men speak or what fields they till, the grand, world-wide instinct is in them to stand for the injured.

It is the same stem spirit shown in another way which brings these letters from Everywhere to London. For here there are weak ones—very weak, very frail, poor, and ceaselessly suffering—and wherever there is a good heart, there must be the longing to do what it can for them. In London alone there are more than 12,000 poor, crippled children. There are more cripples, of course, but they are not poor, and the League can only mother the needy. Love and loving sympathy are the spring of it all.

The Omnipresent Post Office

Why, in these days, should distance be a barrier between sympathetic hearts and suffering

children? Have we not the Post Office? By this the farthest is brought close. What the League seeks is to bring each lonely little cripple into touch with some friend, young or old, man or woman, by a monthly letter. This may seem little, but how much it is to the lonesome one! To have a letter all to his or her very own self, to know the fragrance of kindly, helpful words, this, to such a one, is a true thrill of life.

It is not difficult to realise the boon and blessing this gives to the pale, handicapped, weak one. But what of the unseen friend? It is not long before the blessing soaks into that heart too. There is a pretty post card I have just seen: a dear little baby in a perambulator with the red-printed words pasted on the front—"Your King and Country need you!" We smile at the quaint contrast—the words that are summoning the brave, strong youth of our land to rally to the dear blood-bought flag, and this tiny weakling! But how the smile goes and the throat grows lumpy as we think—it is true, quite true: the weakling will grow, and, man or woman, will yet be needed by King and Country.

Wherever, then, there lives a boy or girl, man or woman who would fain be a friend to the very feeble, the Crutch-and-Kindness League offers the opportunity. There is only one fee, the shilling for entrance, just enough to cover expenses and the beautiful card of membership.

All other particulars concerning this gracious and pitiful work may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, J.P., Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH

Miss Hope Aitken, Kokstad, East Griqualand.
Miss Batten, West Faling, London, W.; Miss Katherine I. Boal, Londonderry, Ireland.
Mrs. Caldecot, Kuching, Sarawak; Miss J. L. Campbell, Bendigo, Victoria, Australia.
Miss Kathleen Davies, Swansea, S. Wales; Master Billy Doran, Ardee, Ireland; Mrs. Leo Dohme, Colombo, Ceylon.
Miss Fenwick, Nuneaton, Warwickshire; Miss Rosa Findlay, Johnshaven by Montrose, N.B.
Miss Dourie Gooding, Barbados, B.W.I.; Miss W. E. Gresham, St. George's, Grenada, B.W.I.
Miss Agnes Hampshire, Caversham, Reading; Miss Marjorie Harris, Gyllyngvase, Falmouth; Miss Joyce Hoadly, Wyld Green, Birmingham.
Master Harry Judge, Wakefield, Yorks.
Miss Louise Kleeter, Southport, Lancs.
Miss Jessie Parker, Rosebank, Cape Town; Mrs. Marie Louise Percombe, Barrow-on-Humber; Miss Edith Phillips, Caversham, Reading; Miss Pritchard, Herne Bay, Kent.
Miss Nan Reith, Edinburgh, N.B.; Miss Ethel H. Ross, Mosman, Sydney, New South Wales.
Mr. Albert E. Tipping, Malvern Link, Worces.
Miss Joy Wall, Melbourne, Australia; Miss Ward, Ongar, Essex; Miss M. A. Wayne, Thames, New Zealand; Miss Eugenia Wilde, Marton, New Zealand; Miss Doris Williamson, Hawera, New Zealand; Miss Mary E. Witt, Cornhill, London, E.C.; Miss E. Williamson, Taranaki, New Zealand; Miss Dorothy Wills, Auckland, New Zealand.
Masters S. and Wiltshire Ware-Austin, Master J. Vickers, and Miss Marjorie Ware-Austin, T. Missa Damant, Johannesburg, South Africa. (Gro' 30.)

ESTABLISHED UPWARDS OF 60 YEARS.

Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL



Is the most reliable in weakness and disease; it acts promptly, is undiluted, consequently is the most active and economical of all remedies.

**FOR DISEASES
OF THE
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AND
CHEST.**

*"It will sustain life when every-
thing else fails."*

Sir G. D. GIBB, Bart., M.D.

*"A pint of Dr. de Jongh's Oil is
of more value than a quart of any
other."*

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Of all Chemists, in Imperial Capsuled Bottles.

Half Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 6d.; Quarts, 9s.

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Incontestably proved by more than SIXTY YEARS' MEDICAL EXPERIENCE
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The most Easily Digested.

The most Speedily Efficacious.

CONSUMPTION & DISEASES OF THE CHEST.

It has long been a well-established fact that DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL produces to the fullest extent the curative effects of the remedy. Hence the importance of its administration in CONSUMPTION and DISEASES OF THE CHEST, so that invaluable time may not be lost through the use of Cod Liver Oils deficient in the most active properties of the medicine.

Innumerable medical opinions attest the superiority of Dr. DE JONGH'S OIL.

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Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil.

THE FAILURE OF EXPERIMENTS TO SUBSTITUTE other fish, or animal, or vegetable oils, or fatty substances, or artificially to mix or combine or introduce chemical elements, or to refine or improve, by taking away supposed impurities or useless principles, which in fact may be essential or powerful curative constituents, tends to strengthen and confirm the prevailing conviction, that no one, but several, or all of the components existing in this Oil in its pure and normal state, unite in producing its marvellous beneficial results.

The importance, therefore, of administering this natural medicine in a perfectly pure condition cannot be too strongly inculcated.

THE EXTRAORDINARY VIRTUES OF THIS MEDICINE IN CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS are fully established. Administered in time, and steadily persevered in, it has not only the power of subduing all disposition to phthisis, but of arresting the development of tubercles; or, when the disease has advanced to the developed form, it has accomplished, in numerous instances, a complete cure.

Dr. HARDWICK, Medical Officer of Health, Paddington, wrote:—"In the class of tubercular diseases, including Consumption, so prevalent in our great centres of population, the use of Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is attended with manifold advantages: and I know of no therapeutic agent, which, in connection with judicious sanitary measures, is better calculated to stay the ravages of these great consuming plagues of the British Islands.

Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil.

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, ASTHMA.

In Diseases of the Throat the efficacy of this Oil is remarkably manifested.

SIR G. DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., M.D., I.L.D., Physician and Lecturer on Forensic Medicine, Westminster Hospital:—
"I have found Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil a remedy of great power in the treatment of many affections of the Throat and Larynx, especially in Consumption of the latter, where it will sustain life when everything else fails."

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA.

Medical men concur generally in extolling this remedy as far surpassing the most celebrated in relieving and curing CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, GOUT and SCIATICA.

Dr. SCHENK, of Siegen:—"This Oil ought to be considered as a specific in rheumatic and gouty diseases. It heals all chronic and painful affections of the human body, wherever they are seated, whether internal or external, if they have originated in Rheumatism and Gout, as surely and certainly as bark cures intermittent fever."

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

In these distressing and unsightly complaints, the curative effects of this Oil, after a few weeks' administration, have been so remarkable, that this safe and simple remedy is now regarded almost as a specific in the most prevalent affections of this nature.

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Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil.

Mr. THOMAS HUNT, Surgeon to the Western Dispensary for Diseases of the Skin, London :—" *If there is any one medicine which is at all to be compared with arsenic in its power over skin diseases, that medicine is the Cod Liver Oil sold in bottles as Dr. De Jongh's Oil.*"

GENERAL DEBILITY.

In addition to its remedial virtues in active disease, this Oil possesses powerful nutritive and restorative properties.

Mr. B. CLARKE, Surgeon, who suffered from dangerous debility, wrote :—" *After the Pale Oil, and all other remedies I could think of had failed, with little strength remaining, I tried, merely as a last resort, Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Oil. I received immediate relief; within twelve hours I began to improve, and its use was the means of my restoration to health.*"

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

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Capsuled and Labelled with his Stamp and Signature.

WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE,

By most respectable Chemists and Druggists throughout the World.

SOLE CONSIGNEES:

ANSAR, HARFORD & CO., Ltd.,

182, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

CAUTION—Beware of unprincipled attempts to substitute worthless preparations.

THE QUIVER

"ZEPTO" MAKES PEARLY TEETH



Shall I let you into a secret? I always use a Zepto Antiseptic Pencil, because I find my toothbrush is not sufficient to properly remove *all* the Tartar. Zepto gets into the little chinks where the brush can't go.

Your teeth will always be a credit to you—pearly white—you will never be troubled with decay, and its effect on your health if you will invest in a Zepto Pencil and use it periodically after you have cleansed you teeth in the ordinary way is most beneficial.

ZEPTO, the ANTISEPTIC TARTAR REMOVER

Lasts many months—costs but 9d.

Use it always for dental plates.

Of all Chemists and Stores, or post free from
Thos. CHRISTY & CO., 6 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.

ZEPTO ANTISEPTIC TARTAR REMOVER

C. BRANDAUER & Co., Ltd., CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.



Neither Scratch
nor Spurt.

Attention is
also drawn to the
**NEW PATENT
ANTI-BLOTTING
PENS.** Sample Box of
either series, 7d.

Works: BIRMINGHAM.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE: 124 NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

AVALON JEWELLERY

FASHIONED BY ARTIST CRAFTSMEN.

Avalon Jewellery combines beauty of design with delicate harmony of colour, and appeals to all who admire refined ornament. Hand-wrought, each piece represents talented and skilful craftsmanship, thus possessing a charm impossible to obtain in machine-made jewellery.

Please write for No. 30 set of Designs, Free.

AVALON CRAFT, 4 DOLMAN ROAD, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

NO LANCING OR CUTTING



Required if you use the world-renowned
BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.

It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Hospitals. The BEST REMEDY for WOUNDS and all SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS, TUMOURS, ABSCESSSES, ECZEMA, &c. Thousands of Testimonials from all Parts.

Sold by all Chemists, 7d., 1/11, &c. per box, or post free for P.O. from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 50, Gray's Inn Road, London. Advice gratis.

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

All goods sent direct from Factory to Home.

Do you know that practically **ALL** Bedsteads are made in Birmingham? Why not then buy one direct from the workman's hands in a perfectly new condition? I also supply **BEDROOM SUITES, SITTING-ROOM SUITES, SIDEBORDS, OVERMANTELS, &c.**, at very **LOW PRICES**, payable in any way that will suit you. My lists contain a very large assortment of most recent designs.

Prompt despatch. Packed free. Carriage Paid.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH, OR PAYMENTS TO SUIT BUYERS' CONVENIENCE.

Send post-card to-day for Illustrated Price Lists (POST FREE).

CHAS. RILEY, Desk 17, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.



WATSON'S BEST BRITISH BINOCULARS THE "INTENSE SUNICA" PRISM GLASS.

BUSINESS AS
USUAL.

This Prism Binocular Glass is intended for the hard, rough use of the Soldier, the Sportsman, Tourist, and all who want to see distant happenings with the clearness of nearness. Is damp-proof and dust-proof. You can immerse it in water without injury.

Send for Catalogue 4E.

W. WATSON & SONS, Ltd.,
Established 1837.
Works: BARNET, HERTS.



X6 diameters.
The best prism glass is the
"Intense Sunica."

DAMP PROOF & DUST-PROOF

£6 10 0 Post Free.

Manufacturers of Field Glasses and Telescopes. Wholesale and Retail, to the British War Office and Admiralty, and Foreign Governments.

313 High Holborn, London, W.C.

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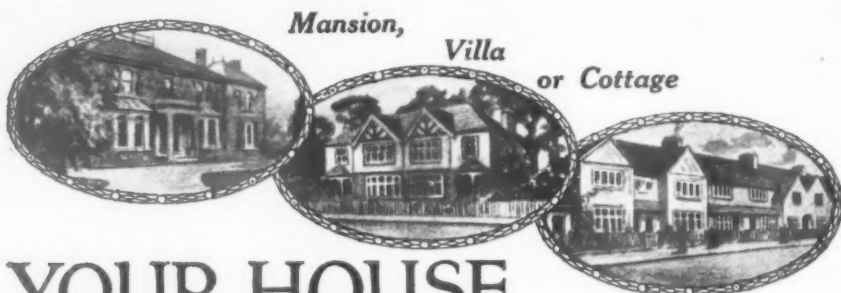
ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE.

The definition is superb. The angle of field of view is as wide as the eye can embrace. The stereoscopic effect causes the objects to be seen in correct perspective. Its luminosity is very fine.

Send cash for one to-day.

In Solid Leather Case with Neck Sling and Shoulder Straps, post paid to any part of the world. **£6 10 0**

or by 12 monthly payments (England only), 10 per cent. extra.



YOUR HOUSE

however large or however small—will gain in brightness and cheeriness during the long evenings if you install in it one of

RILEY'S Billiard Tables

—a source of endless amusement and recreation for all—parents and children, brothers and sisters—and their friends.

RILEY'S Billiard Tables (To place on your own) (Dining Table, as illustrated.)

Instantly Removed. Can be stored against wall. Will fit any size of Table. Superior Billiard Table in Solid Mahogany, French Polished, Best Slate Bed, Adjustable Feet, Rubber Shod, Low Frost-proof Rubber Cushions, Two Cues, Rest, Marking Board, Ivory or Crystalate Balls, etc.



Showing Riley
Miniature Table
placed on Dining
Table.

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

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| Size 4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in. | - | £3 7 6 |
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| " 6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in. | - | £5 5 0 |
| " 7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in. | - | £7 5 0 |
| " 8ft. 4in. by 4ft. 4in. | - | £10 0 0 |

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|----------------------------|---|---|------|
| Or in 13 Monthly Payments | { | - | 5/6 |
| as here shown, being only | { | - | 7/0 |
| 5 per cent. on Cash Price. | { | - | 8/6 |
| | { | - | 11/6 |
| | { | - | 16/0 |

RILEY'S Combine Billiard and Dining Tables, (as illustrated)

class Billiard Table. Made in Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, etc. Cash Prices and sizes for Solid Mahogany (Round Legs). Billiard Table and Dining Table are both the same size.

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

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|------------------------------|---|----------|-------------------------|
| Size 5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in. | - | £13 10 0 | Or in 13 Monthly |
| " 6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in. | - | £15 0 0 | Instalments, plus 5 per |
| " 7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in. | - | £18 10 0 | cent. on above Cash |
| " 8ft. 4in. by 4ft. 4in. | - | £24 10 0 | Prices. Also in 18 |
| " 9ft. 4in. by 4ft. 10in. | - | £32 0 0 | Monthly Payments. |

FREE on receipt of post-card, full detailed illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables and small or full-sized Tables and Sundries.

**PRICES INCLUDE ALL ACCESSORIES,
FREE DELIVERY TO NEAREST RAIL-
WAY STATION—AND SEVEN DAYS
FREE TRIAL.**

No charge for Packages. **LISTS FREE.**
Folding Bagatelle Boards from 30/-

E. J. RILEY, LTD.,
Brandon Works, ACCRINGTON.

London Address: 147 Aldersgate St., E.C.



Showing Riley
Combine easy method
of change.

CHRISTMAS IN WAR TIME

The Problem of Presents

SHALL we discontinue Christmas presents this year? The question has only to be put to be greeted with an emphatic negative. True, the world is at war, but, as we are reminded on all sides, we can only do harm and not good by cutting down our ordinary expenditures.

No; we must give Christmas presents as usual this year, as far as our means will allow. But certain of the more frivolous and extravagant items permissible at other times will be inappropriate in 1914.

For children, the toy problem is complicated this year, for the hosts of German-made goods are "taboo." Doubtless, British manufacturers will be rising to the occasion.

On the whole, it would be safe to say that a hardly more appropriate present, for old and young, could be found this season than a book. We must all read; the restricted lights and the military precautions do not encourage evenings in the streets, and by the cosy fire with a book will be the correct order of things this winter.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have taken courage in both hands, and produced their Autumn List "as usual," and it reveals a wealth of good things.

For young people there could hardly be a more lovely surprise than "Cassell's Annual for Boys and Girls." It contains nearly 200 colour pictures, and a Painting Competition, and in its two editions at 3s. 6d. and 5s. is wonderfully cheap.

For boys and girls rather older there is "The British Boy's Annual" (5s.) and "The British Girl's Annual" (5s.); whilst for girls from fifteen to twenty-one there is nothing to beat "The Girl's Realm Annual" (8s.).

One must not forget *The Quiver* volume (7s. 6d.), which makes an admirable present for all those who are not familiar with the magazine.

If I were given my choice of gift volumes I would vote for "Great Pictures by Great Painters" (Vol. I., cloth gilt, 12s. net). With its lovely collection in three colours

of the world's masterpieces, it is a book to linger over.

For an accurate pictorial record of Palestine people as they now live, move, and have their being, the Rev. James Neil's "Everyday Life in the Holy Land" (cloth gilt, 7s. 6d. net) stands pre-eminent. Some of Mr. Neil's wonderful collection of colour pictures were given in the Christmas Number of *The Quiver* a year or two ago; here we get the whole collection.

Messrs. Cassell publish all of the late Sir Robert Ball's works, and I know of no more entertaining way of learning astronomy than lounging through the leaves of Ball's "Story of the Heavens" (cloth gilt, 10s. 6d.) or "The Earth's Beginning" (cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.).

One might go on, but, after all, I think the safest plan is to send for Cassell's Complete Catalogue, or, if it is a book for the juveniles that is required, the Young Folks' Book Catalogue. Drop a card to Messrs. Cassell, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., and this will be sent by return.

Christmas Cards

It is anticipated that this year there will be more Christmas Cards sent, and not fewer. The explanation is that, owing to the war, many people will employ these tasteful greetings rather than the more expensive present. Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., the pioneers of the Christmas card vogue, have prepared a large variety to meet the needs of the times.

For the most part these consist of the sweet messages of peace and goodwill; for why should war monopolise our Christmas wishes?

But for those who require something more "topical" the firm have produced a series of "patriotic" cards, which, doubtless, will be very popular.

The selection of cards we have seen shows an amazing deal of ingenuity and resource, whilst the artists' work is charming.

Do not omit to send Christmas cards to your friends this year.

" THE QUIVER " AS A GIFT

A Practical Way of Helping People

DURING these anxious days of war, when the meagre news of the daily paper provides poor intellectual food, there are thousands of people who look forward with pleasure to the publication day of *THE QUIVER* month by month. There are many others who would gladly take in the magazine, but either feel they cannot afford it these hard times, or simply do not know what the coming of *THE QUIVER* month by month means.

What better surprise could you give to a friend this Christmas than a year's subscription to *THE QUIVER*? Two years ago I suggested a little plan for doing this, and both then and last Christmas it was taken up by numbers of readers, and gave great pleasure to their friends. Once again I make the suggestion, feeling sure that to hundreds of my readers it will come as a solution of the vexed problem of the Christmas present.

Let me explain just how it is done. Your

part is simply to fill in the form given below, and send, with a postal order for 6s., to Messrs. Cassell and Co. Immediately on receipt of this, our publishers will make arrangements with a local newsagent or bookseller to deliver to your friend, as soon as it is published each month, a copy of *THE QUIVER*.

In addition, they will send to your friend a large handsome Christmas card, setting forth that you have made arrangements for them to be supplied with a copy of *THE QUIVER* each month.

When to Send

Send your subscription in as soon as possible, as there is a strong probability of the Christmas Number running out of print. The Christmas card will be sent immediately—or withheld till nearer Christmas if the donor wishes it.

The subscription starts from the November number—the first of the new volume.

To Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.,

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

XMAS GIFT


Please make arrangements to supply "*THE QUIVER*" for One Year (commencing with the November No.) to

(Mr., Mrs.,
or Miss) _____

for which I enclose Postal Order for 6s. (9s. if Foreign or Colonial). It is understood that a Special Christmas Card shall be sent to my friend.

Signed (Mr., Mrs.,
or Miss) _____

MURATTI'S
High Class



CIGARETTES

"ARISTON" & "NEB-KA"

For Refined Tastes.

SOLD AT ALL TOBACCONISTS.

CLAROMA

should be in every household. The simplest and most effective remedy ever discovered for Colds, Nasal Catarrh, Hay Fever, Asthma, Bronchitis and Influenza. Cures the Worst Cold in a Few Hours—J. M. Bannerman, Chemist, Edinburgh.

CATARRH SCENT 1/12
OF ALL CHEMISTS.

Cheerful Evenings for Homes in the Country.



Make your home cheerful; dispense with oil lamps; adopt the wonderful Acetylene Light.

The Dargue Patent Acetylene Lamps

are self-contained, easy and clean to operate, absolutely safe, economical in use, and of handsome design in solid brass. They give a soft white light for five to eight hours from one charge and solve the lighting question for houses, farms, burglar-proof, shooting boxes, golf club houses, &c., situated near town gas supplies. *Two new Acetylene Lamps with burner, 10/6; other styles extra; fitted on illustrated with added iron hanging Hays, 1/6. The same lamp is supplied with special fittings for Travelling, Dining Room, Study, Kitchen, &c., all of which are illustrated in our*

Free Book on Country Lighting.

Send a postcard for it today.

Dargue Acetylene Co. Ltd.
No. 16 Dargue Chambers, Grey St.,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MONEY REFUNDED IF DISSATISFIED.

LOOK YOUR VERY BEST



CUTICURA SOAP

Used constantly and Cuticura Ointment occasionally tend to clear the skin, cleanse the scalp, remove dandruff, invigorate the hair, soften and whiten the hands and thus improve your appearance when marred by cutaneous affections. You need not buy them until you try them.

SAMPLES FREE

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book; Newbery, 27 Charterhouse Sq., London, Eng.; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A.

LITTLE POINTS FOR THE PRESENT-BUYER

By MARY ODELL

Economy in Sole Leather

In these times of general economising it is appropriate that we should direct attention to the really remarkable properties of the "Super-leather for soles"—"Dri-ped."

"Dri-ped" is economical not only in being really twice as hard wearing as ordinary leather, but also in being quite waterproof, protecting health, and saving doctors' bills.

Ladies hearing of the toughness of this special make of leather are sometimes inclined to think of "Dri-ped" as forming great, clumsy, hard soles; nothing could be farther from the truth, for "Dri-ped" Sole Leather, though quite impervious to wet, snow, sleet, or slush, can fitly be attached to the thinnest of shoes and slippers.

Footwear is greatly spoilt by continued re-soleing. This is why "Dri-ped" Soles should be insisted upon when buying new boots and shoes. "Dri-ped" not only wears twice as long itself, but also makes the whole boot or shoe last longer by doing away with the necessity for re-soleing.

"Dri-ped" Soles are now purchasable in conjunction with all styles of footwear—from dress slippers to shooting boots—for men, women, or children. Leading boot stores are stocking this double-wearing footwear at all prices.

Readers should write, in case of difficulty, to "Dri-ped" Advertising Dept., County Buildings, Cannon Street, Manchester.

A Tactful Way of Presenting Stockings or Socks

It seems to us that articles of clothing will this season be more than ever popular as Christmas gifts. Since the beginning of the war many conventions have been set aside; and what might perhaps a year ago have been considered by the recipient of the gift as a slight error in taste, will undoubtedly this year be regarded as evidence of the donor's thoughtfulness. There can be no doubt but that national economising and the increased difficulty of obtaining the comforts of life have widened our outlook; and there are many tokens that such homely gifts as stockings and socks will this year be exceedingly popular as Christmas gifts.

Of course, a man wishing to present a pair of stockings to his lady friend will be a little diffident about entering a draper's shop and personally choosing the stockings for presentation; and, quite similarly, a lady does not always care for the task of choosing socks for her favourites among men-folk.

But, as a solution to this difficulty, the famous "Jason" Hosiery Company, of Leicester, have arranged a method whereby the lady or gentleman presenting the gift first pays for the desired number of pairs of hose, and in turn receives the shopman's signature to a "Gift Cheque." This

signed Gift Cheque is handed to the recipient of the gift, who can then proceed to the dealer's to select the goods to his or her own taste—the Gift Cheque being accepted as a voucher for the stockings or socks.

When handling some of the recent additions to the "Jason" range of goods (which, by the way, are entirely British made) one cannot but remark upon the soft, silky "feel" of the fabric, the absence of seams, and the extra "splicing" in the foot, which are all distinctive features of the "Jason" products.

"Jason" quality stockings and socks are supplied by all "Jason" dealers in neat gift boxes of two pairs, suitable for posting. Readers of THE QUIVER are counselled to obtain a catalogue (containing six "Gift Cheques") from any dealer, or direct from the "Jason" Hosiery Company, Advt. Dept., County Buildings, Cannon Street, Manchester.

Toffee-de-Luxe and the Troops

RECENT writers who have been privileged to mix with our fighting men on their way to war, and have accompanied the wounded back to the base hospitals, speak in terms of the greatest praise of the glorious spirit Britain's soldiers and sailors show. In all circumstances they are possessed by the cheery boisterous optimism of the happy child. "Great big boys," one writer says they are.

This happy spirit of the fighting men is faithfully reflected in the Christmas advertising of Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe. This delicious toffee—the favourite sweetmeat with children of all ages from two to eighty—is also in great demand by soldiers and sailors.

Tommy and Jack, and the Red Cross people too, all like Toffee-de-Luxe, and thoughtful friends at home are sending 4-lb. tins out to "somewhere in France," where they will help to radiate true Christmas cheer inside the trenches and behind the guns. These mammoth tins, containing 64 ounces of real English cheer, only cost 5/-, and can be bought from any confectioner. Nothing more "Christ-massy" could be sent to that fighting friend of yours.

Modern Materials

TRULY we Britishers are a conservative nation. We get accustomed to certain things and methods, and, because these have the endorsement of years, we are very loath to recognise that they have been superseded by superior ones. This spirit is not altogether to be derided; it is only one of many evidences that we Britons have become so imbued with the idea that we are the leading nation in the world that we cannot for a moment think of defeat.

It is not presumptive to argue that this spirit

THE QUIVER

will tell as much as anything in the present great struggle, for, given a body of men on the battlefield thoroughly impressed with the certainty of victory, and it takes much to stop their onward march.

But when we come to everyday life and modern comfort we must recognise that modern science has made great strides, and that to shut one's eyes to this fact is to emulate the ostrich. Take, for instance, the upholstering of furniture. For want of something better, leather acquired the reputation of being the premier article for the purpose. Leather is not faultless: it is soon stained, and after a time begins to crack and peel, necessitating renewal; but its decorative effect is pleasing, and so its disadvantages have been endured. Now, however, all the advantages of leather can be secured, minus its disadvantages, by the use of Rexine. Rexine has every appearance of leather—the same grains and the same colourings; it is, in fact, indistinguishable from leather. But it never cracks or peels, wears infinitely longer, is stain, grease, and scratch proof, and if it becomes soiled may be washed and restored to its original new condition. In a word, Rexine supersedes leather in every way, and yet it is only one-quarter the price. As a matter of fact, although Rexine were double the price of leather it would prove a distinct saving, because it is so much better a material. Before buying new furniture or having your present suite re-covered it would be well to ask your furnishing house to submit samples of Rexine. Should you have any difficulty in obtaining these, a post card should be sent to the makers, The British Leather Cloth Manufacturing Company, Limited, Hyde, near Manchester, who will solve the difficulty for you.

The Bucks Cottage Workers' Agency

At a time when so much depends upon the efforts of village wives and mothers to keep the home going until the breadwinner shall have returned from the war, it is well to remember the real good that can be done to cottage workers by ordering lace, or lace-trimmed garments, through the workers' own accredited Agency, Olney, Buckinghamshire.

This Agency was the outcome of the dire need that existed for an institution that would collect and market the beautiful laces made by the villagers of Buckinghamshire; and it is extremely gratifying to note that the Agency is maintained exactly as it was started: that is to say it is self-supporting, and is worked upon a sound financial basis; its methods in no way encroach upon the independence of the workers, and no subscriptions are asked for or received.

Lace-lovers who desire to hear more about the delightful productions that can be secured through the Cottage Workers' Agency should write to the Secretary, Miss Armstrong, Olney, Bucks, requesting that the instructive and interesting booklet, detailing the work and progress of this fascinating home industry, should be sent by return post. The book is fully illustrated, showing many exquisite designs of modern and antique lace, as well as giving a great deal of information as to the history and development of this essentially feminine art. Its chapters on "The Evolution of Lace" (by H. H. Armstrong) and on "The Revival of English Lace" (by Jessie J. Williams) will be read with great interest by all who are interested in this most attractive of all home industries.

For Influenza Weather

THERE is not one of us but believes that Prevention of Colds, Coughs, and Influenza is far and away better than the most beneficial and most expeditious of cures; and it is chiefly as a safeguard against all forms of throat and chest trouble that Pinelyptus Pastilles have become famous all the world over.

It is well said that these pastilles act as a charm on the throat and respiratory organs, giving clearness and tone to the voice, and preventing the fatigue which comes from much speaking or from long exposure of the throat to the raw, damp atmosphere of early morning and late evening.

These delightfully refreshing pastilles owe their reinvigorating qualities to the choice pine of the Alps, which forms the basis of their composition. Blended with the pine are certain antiseptics which cleanse and disinfect the respiratory tubes and induce a perfectly healthy condition of the chest and throat; hence the outstanding virtue of Pinelyptus.

Pinelyptus Pastilles are manufactured only at the Pinelyptus Depot, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and are sold by Chemists and Stores.

No Use in Being Dull

THERE is no useful purpose served in being dull o' nights at the present time. We at home have our duty to do—to keep the home flag flying—to back up the work our noble soldiers and sailors are doing abroad. Therefore, let us keep happy and cheerful in the long winter nights and have bright entertainments in our own homes. What about billiards? A splendid home game—all can join in: mother, father, sisters, brothers, and friends. Messrs. E. J. Riley, Limited, Brandon Works, Accrington, make perfect home billiard tables in various sizes, exact reproductions to scale of their famous full-size tables. The prices are very nominal, from £3 7s. 6d. inclusive and upwards. A minute and a post card will suffice to bring list and prices.

Boisellier—the English-made Chocolate with the French Name

FOREMOST among the dainty products of the season are the Boisellier chocolates—famed everywhere for their velvety smoothness and delicacy of flavour and filling. It is especially to be noticed that the name Boisellier is purely French, and that the manufacture of Boisellier chocolates is carried on by the Watford Manufacturing Company, within easy reach of London.

The greatest novelty of the season produced by this firm is the Belgian Chocolate, which has been placed upon the market with the sole view of helping the Belgian Refugee Fund.

Belgian Chocolate is packed in boxes which sell at 1s. 6d., 3s., and 5s., and the special feature of this chocolate is that the manufacturer's profits go direct to the Belgian Refugee Fund. Already 100,000 Belgian boxes are on the market, and it is confidently hoped that the sales will eventually reach at least 250,000, in which case no less a gift than 5,000 guineas will be handed to the Belgian Fund. The boxes, which bear the Belgian colours and photographs of the heroic King and Queen of the Belgians, are to be had of all confectioners, or direct from the Watford Manufacturing Company, Watford, Herts, post free, for the prices named above.

THE QUIVER

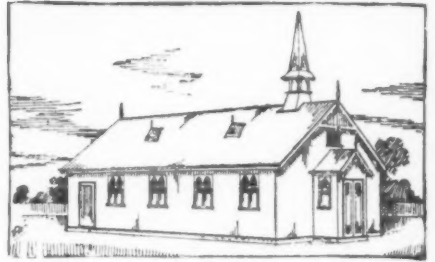
W. HARBROW, Iron Building Works, S. BERMONDSEY STATION, S.E.

Telegrams—"Economical, London."

Telephone—Hop 746 & 747.

CHURCH, accommodating 220 persons. Constructed of timber framework, covered externally with galvanised corrugated iron, lined internally with match-boarding, stained and varnished.

Price £182, erected complete on purchaser's foundations.



Design 1079.

BILLIARD ROOM, 26 ft. by 20 ft., with verandah. Constructed of timber framework, lined internally with match-boarding, painted rusticated boarding to external walls, and galvanised iron roof with Lantern Light.

Price £110, erected complete upon purchaser's foundations.

110 PAGE CATALOGUE of Churches, Chapels, Mission Halls, Bungalows, Cottages, Billiard Rooms, Hospitals, Stables, Sanatoria, Stores, Club Rooms, Farm Buildings, Sheds, Gymnasiums, Aeroplane and Motor Garages, Skating Rinks, Electric Theatres, &c., **POST FREE** on mentioning this Publication.

CHURCH FURNITURE AND JOINERY A SPECIALITY.

SPECIAL EXPORT CATALOGUE.

The Largest ACTUAL MANUFACTURER in the Trade.

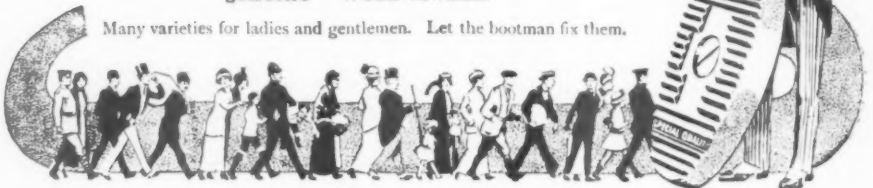
On the go all day WOOD-MILNE RUBBER HEELS

WOOD-MILNE Rubber Heels save your energy, prevent your weariness, protect your boots, husband your means.

"Wood-Milnes" will bring you to the day's end fresh and unfatigued, will add sunshine to existence, and zest to the daily round. They will pay for themselves again, again, and yet again—one pair will prove it.

**But be sure you get the
genuine "Wood-Milnes."**

Many varieties for ladies and gentlemen. Let the bootman fix them.



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Trade.

**FIRE MARINE
ACCIDENT**



**Security
£5,927,293**

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FIRE:

Simple Contracts. Latest Concessions.
Loss of Profits.

ACCIDENT:

Attractive Policies. Liberal Conditions.
Burglary. Plate Glass.
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MOTOR CARS:

Reduced Rates. Increased Benefits.
Policies, issued by this Company, cover
Accidental Damage. Public Liability.
Mechanical Breakdown.
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MARINE:

All kinds of Marine Business transacted.

Send for latest terms, etc., to
London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., Ltd.,

45, Dale Street, Liverpool.

155, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

or any of its 40 Branches.



Dr J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE

THE RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINE.
Doctors and the public in all parts of the world have
used it with unvarying success for over 60 years.

THE BEST REMEDY KNOWN FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

Acts like a charm
in **DIARRHŒA**,
and other bowel
complaints.

Effectually cuts short attacks of SPASMS,
HYSTERIA, PALPITATION.

A true palliative in NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE,
RHEUMATISM, GOUT.

Of all Chemists:

1/1½, 2/9, 4/6.

Always ask for a
"DR. COLLIS BROWNE."



GENUINE GALAXY BARGAIN BALE
CONTAINING

12 BLANKETS, 21/-

OFFERED BELOW WHOLESALE PRICES.

MONEY
RETURNED
IF NOT
FULLY
SATISFIED.

- 2 SUPERB QUALITY CREAM BLANKETS, soft, warm, and comfortable, 52 in. by 72 in., beautifully whipped with crimson.
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